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Sam'l. Miller

MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. MATTHIAS BRUEN.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM F. GEDDES:

PHILADELPHIA.

M. Bruen

Engraved by J.B. Longacre from a Miniature Painted by L. Arland in 1817

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Sam'l. Miller.

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. MATTHIAS BRUEN,

LATE

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

IN BLEECKER-STREET, NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK;

JOHN P. HAVEN, AND C. G. AND H. CARVIL:

CAREY AND LEA, AND TOWAR AND HOGAN, PHILADELPHIA:

AND PIERCE AND PARKER, BOSTON.

.....

1831.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

There is no study more interesting than that of the mind of man, whether regarded in its original dignity—the pure off-spring of God; or as perverted by alienation from its Source, or as recovered through the incarnation of Christ.

In each of these views human character varies indefinitely and will vary forever. Dr John Pye Smith,* says of Mr Bruen, in a letter occasioned by his death,—"My dear and never

* Author of "Scripture Testimony to the Divinity of Christ," &c.

to be forgotten friend was an extraordinary man. In him were found qualities which we think ourselves very happy to discover dwelling apart, each having a separate bosom for its temple." That the image of one so peculiarly beautiful in his moral and intellectual structure, might for a while be kept from forgetfulness, led to the request which this publication has fulfilled.

INTRODUCTION.

The consciousness of possessing some materials for a memoir, which no other person could possess, induced the compiler to yield to an urgency which in any circumstances it would have been very painful to disappoint. Now however, that the attempt has been made, a still more painful sentiment arises—the fear of causing disappointment by the imperfect execution of a task which is worthy of the exertion of a more skilful hand.

It has been difficult to attain some information which ought to have found a place in this

little work, relative to the earlier years of Mr Bruen. This however is not much to be regretted. In most memoirs the juvenile period of life furnishes but little that is instructive; nor is it till the moral character becomes developed, and the active period of manhood arrives, that we desire more minute details. It is therefore in the years which concluded a life daily increasing in its useful influence, that the lack of materials is to be lamented; and it is with feelings of profound regret, that in this case a sketchy delineation of the last few years is presented, instead of a finished picture. Passages of many letters which would have come home to the bosom of the reader, have been for obvious reasons suppressed. While others, of no great interest except to those who received them, have been inserted, for the mere lack of other details referring to the period of their dates.— If literary fame had been an object very im-

portant in his sight, it would be unjust to his memory to publish familiar letters, with only slight verbal alterations, written with amazing rapidity, often at the close of toilsome days, and with the indifference to style, which confiding friendship allows. It is certainly important that they should bear the stamp of genuine productions, and not lose their individuality by the improvement of the style.

To that country which he more than any man, has taught us to love;—To that church in whose prosperity he has taught us to feel an animated interest;—To those friends who, in common with us, deplore his early loss—this imperfect Memorial is presented, accompanied by the fervent wish that it may be enlivening and instructive to some of its readers.

LIFE OF

MATTHIAS BRUEN.

CHAPTER I.

When any arrangement of the Supreme Ruler baffles our calculations and our wishes, how readily do we exclaim—"It is a mysterious dispensation—It is an untimely event"—Blind, yet unwitting of his blindness, the *finite* sets about measuring the conduct of the *Infinite*, and having formed his own petty plan of what *ought* to be, he terms the plan of the Eternal mysterious, and marvels that He should act differently. When we see a man eminently qualified for important services, who has gone through long and arduous preparatory discipline, and is now entered on a course of successful exertion, suddenly smitten by disease, and cut off in the midst of his days, before the circle of which he was the centre, has had time to adjust itself to the new and unlooked for event, the voice of feeling, as well as of disappointed expectation, exclaims, "mysterious dis-

pensation—untimely event!" And so it is an untimely event to us, if we can cast our eyes no further than the boundary of our own little circle. Sad ruin of a rare machine of intellectual and moral power—Sad devastation of those means which are fitted to elevate the tone of human character—Sad frustration of those anticipations on which the Holy One himself looks with complacency!

The disappointed mourner must however remember, that as no man was ever created solely for the profit of others; so was no man ever removed from this our living scene, solely for their privation, or punishment. He is still in the universe of God, still a member of the great system of things that shall shew forth his glory. *We* have lost him. His philanthropic exertions shall no longer aid in subduing the oppressions, and alleviating the miseries of his fellows. No longer shall his tender sympathy soften our cares. No longer shall his sage counsel aid our perplexities. No longer shall his prayers call down blessings on our spirits. But *he!* Is he lost? Have his thoughts perished with him? Is his experience all unavailing? Are his generous affections, his melting sympathies all swallowed up by the devouring grave? Or are they all merged in a mere negative passive enjoyment in heaven, a region with which we are acquainted only by name? No—His Lord had need of him in another country. We thought he was fit to live,

and would fain have detained him. God saw that he was fit to die, and called him hence. How far are we mistaken when we regard death as having quenched the mental activity which has excited our admiration and love. As surely as the struggle which introduces a human being into this suffering dying world, is the fore-runner of a series of volitions and exertions;—so surely is the struggle which dismisses the faithful soul, an introduction to that unsuffering kingdom where plans are formed without selfish solicitude, and action exists without toil; and where all that in this world is accompanied with perplexity and perturbation, shall be met by a perfect acquiescence in the will, and a perfect confidence in the power and goodness of God.

The scriptures furnish us not so much with a description of what heaven is, as of what it is not. We have therefore nothing to encourage us to minute conceptions of what its positive occupations consist in. But knowing as we do, that benevolence even in this sinful world leads to strenuous exertion, can we suppose that the benevolence of the land of glory is slothful or drowsy? Or that where God the centre of love dwells, there is no occupation for those emotions in which He delights, and which He must delight to see producing all their heavenly fruits.

The very events which most we deplore, must on consideration teach us, that there is another and

a nobler scene of usefulness for man. He has been but a pupil on earth, and when we see him carried from us just when he has attained something of that for which he strove, we cannot suppose that the Being who makes nothing in vain, has cut him off from the exercise of those powers so calculated to give glory to their Creator.

"This excellent mechanism of matter and mind which beyond any other of His works, declares the wisdom of the Creator, and which, under His guidance is now passing the season of its first preparation, shall stand up anew from the dust of dissolution, and then, with freshened powers, and with a store of hard-earned and practical wisdom for its guidance, shall essay new labours, in the service of God who by such instruments chooses to accomplish His designs of beneficence. That so prodigious a waste of the highest qualities should take place, as is implied in the notions which many christians entertain of the future state, is indeed hard to imagine. The mind of man, formed as it is, to be more tenacious of its active habits, than even of its moral dispositions, is, in the present state, trained often at an immense cost of suffering, to the exercise of skill, of forethought, of courage, of patience; and ought it not to be inferred, unless positive evidence contradicts the supposition, that this system of education bears some relation of fitness to the state for which it is an initiation? Shall not the very same qualities

which here are so sedulously fashioned and finished, be actually needed and used in that future world of perfection? Surely the idea is inadmissible that an instrument wrought up at so much expense to a polished fitness for service, is destined to be suspended for ever on the palace walls of heaven, as a glittering bauble, no more to make proof of its temper!"*

Such thoughts put to silence our regrets for an "untimely" removal, and enable us to trace with chastened admiration, the wisdom of the divine guidance, which has led the departed soul from its first entrance into the spiritual life, through all the intermediate stages of learning, suffering, and acting, up to its entrance on life Eternal!

In that blessed region on which the just enter, all things must be new, surprising, overwhelming, to the soul; a style of existence strange to the spirit; a dwelling place whose modes are untried; society all pure, all energetic, all overflowing with felicity; one Presence, whose Holy Majesty, we of this scene cannot, and if we could, we dare not realize. But mighty as is the change, trying as appears to us the introduction, the spirit is encouraged to enter; for it is to the presence of a reconciled Father, and of a gracious and exalted Redeemer.

How different, may we not without presumption believe;—were the emotions of our removed brother,

* Natural History of Enthusiasm, p. 153.

when guided and welcomed by divine compassion, to the courts of heaven, from those experienced by his sensitive modesty, on making his way in foreign countries, into the society of his fellows! The delicacy, the painful sensibility betrayed by him, on first seeking the hospitality of those with whom his affectionate heart found a home on the other side of the Atlantic, is still present to me. The conflict between the desire to act the frank and practised traveller, and that natively retiring temper, which would rather linger under the cheering influences of friendship, than roam adventurously amid the conflicting hurry of a heartless world; the heart charged with all the melting charities, yet looking out with caution, yielding itself warily, and expanding at last under the confiding sympathies of christian sentiments; all these are before me now, vivid as they were in the summer of 1817, when first he crossed the threshold of his "Scottish home." Those who knew our lamented friend, know how attractive was his appearance; but those only who received him, knowing nothing beyond his name and country, could experience the animated interest of developing his sentiments by slow degrees, and discovering after some solicitude on the subject, that he was a lively and watchful Christian. He afterwards described the process of his own mind, in reference to his new friends, as nearly similar; and in after days of unchecked

frankness of communion, we have mutually referred to a conversation on caring for the souls of relatives, in which he had alluded to his private conferences and prayers with the juniors of his own family, as the point at which each of us became sure of a heavenly bond of union. It was at this point that we learned, not to dread the formation of a friendship, which must soon experience the pang of having a wide ocean to divide us. It was here that we felt we were acquiring treasures for Eternity. In twelve years of the closest intimacy, and the minutest sympathy, the bond has been but the more closely knitted; and now though severed by a darker gulph than the Atlantic, we are still friends, and look back on those broken bonds, not with helpless sorrow, but with chastened gratitude.

When he entered his Eternal abode, he knew that he should meet none who did not honor his Lord; when he entered the abodes of strangers on earth, he had reason to tremble lest he should meet with none who recognised his authority. In proportion to his fear was his joy, when he discovered those who were no strangers to his experience, and with whom he could participate his joys and fears. He complained of the unsettled state of travelling, as being very adverse to spiritual advancement, and rejoiced to pause and collect himself, and embrace a cessation from long continued action, for

inward meditation, and communion with his God If he rejoiced, no less did his new friends rejoice to hear the language of their adopted country, from lips from a foreign land, and to find their confessions and petitions poured out at the family altar by a stranger, with a union of sympathies, familiar as if they had been reared and educated together. The heart is in such circumstances quickly unlocked. The language of fellow pilgrims is the language of our Father's house; and that attraction which made our lamented brother quickly feel himself at home on earth, has doubtless, in a far superior degree, familiarized his now glorified spirit to the blessed dwelling place where there is no alloy of evil in the friendship he is forming, and where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

This solicitude about spiritual improvement was a convincing evidence that he had chosen the heavenly country for his country, and the God of heaven for his portion. How often is the period spent in foreign travel, regarded by the young as a period of license, when they may cast off the restraint of early training, and under the plea of improving by seeing every thing, participate in scenes of folly, and plunge into enjoyments, which in presence of their christian friends, and their church, they would think sinful. In this respect Mr Bruen was a pattern of singleness of view, and oneness of purpose. The observer to whom

his conscience gave account, is every where present. The purity after which he aspired admitted of no stolen indulgence, of no secret stain. With a mind whose expanded observation might have found an apology for examining man under all his varied phases; with purposes of usefulness in future life, which might have led him to imagine that mingling with the lighter part of society would teach him how to influence it, he still walked circumspectly, and kept himself unspotted from the world, justly believing that the surest way to have a salutary moral influence on others, was to keep himself pure.

Such was the character of Mr Bruen, and such the impression made by him in his twenty-fourth year. It was left for protracted and confiding intercourse to develope the course of his past life.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Matthias Bruen was descended from John Bruen Esquire, of Bruen Stapleford, in the County of Chester, a man highly distinguished among the early puritans, as an example of evangelical religion. One of his younger sons, Obadiah Bruen, the direct ancestor of the subject of these memoirs was among the earliest of the puritan emigrants to New England; his family having been much persecuted in the reign of Charles I for their friendship to the celebrated Mr Prynne, at the time of his imprisonment in the Castle of Chester.

He was patentee of the Colony of Connecticut from Charles II in 1662, and was Recorder of New London, until the year 1667, when he and Mr Abraham Pierson, the pastor, and Mr Stephen Kitchell, bought of the Indians, for themselves and their associates, the now flourishing town of Newark, then called New-work, in New Jersey. In this place his descendants have continued to reside until the present day. It may not be out of place to mention, that although the hill side of the Passaic was at times the battle-field of hostile tribes, after their purchase, no event ever occurred to dis-

turb the firm concord between them and the Indians. These puritanical pilgrims laid the foundation of the Presbyterian Church in Newark, and the following original letter, preserved among the records of New London, as the evidence of a title to a piece of land in that place, makes interesting mention of the first pastor of that little church, and gives some insight into the character of one of its members.

"*Dear and loving Sonne and Daughter,*

"Hoping of your health with yours as we are at present, praise to our God. It hath pleased God hitherto to continue our lives and liberties, though it hath pleased him to imbitter our comforts by taking to himself our reverend pastor, Aug. the 9, 1678, Mr Pierson. Yet hath he not left us destitute of spiritual enjoyments, but hath given us a faithful dispenser of the word of God, a young Timothy—a man after God's own heart, well rooted and grounded in the faith, one with whom we can comfortably walk in the doctrines of the faith. Praise to our God. Upon good experience of him he was called and ordained to be our teacher, Mr. Abraham Pierson, who follows in the steps of his ancient father in godlinesse—praise to our God.

Loving Sonne I would intreat you when your own occasion serves going to New London, that you would make some inquiry for me about some

land I have in the General Neck—13 acres and 6 acres—and two parcells—both lying near to Goodman Rogers his farm,—I am informed one of Goodman Rogers his sons, hath made improvement of it—before I heard any thing of it, being far off. I know not what course to take in it—it is an uncivil part, and an ill precedent—yet for peace and quietness sake, if he will purchase both parcells, I adheare thereunto. I estimate both parcells at 10 pounds. When you know which of his sons it is—I pray know of him how long he hath improved it, and why he would deal so unworthily to occasion discord among friends. Know of him what he intends to do, and whether he means to hold it in such an unrighteous way, or come to some composition.—When I hear from you and understand the state of things rightly, I will accordingly apply myself to make some issue.—It would much rejoice us to see you face to face, but Providence otherwise disposing I desire to heare from you as opportunity will permit.—Your brother John Bruen and his wife, desire remembrance of their dear love to you, also your Sister Hannah and her husband desire the same, all in health—Praise to our God—with their children. Our dear love to you both. Will you remember our respects to Mr and Mrs Fitch, and love to all Christian friends as your opportunity will permit. So praying for you that your spiritual and

temporal comforts may be continued to you and yours—I rest your loving Father,

OBADIAH BRUEN,

and Mother,

SARAH BRUEN."

Extracted out of the original under Mr. Bruen's hand writing per Ebenezer Hile—Recorder.

July 2, 1681.

Mr Bruen's family had resided for several generations in Newark, N. J.; his father being Mr Matthias Bruen, now of Perth Amboy, and his mother Hannah, daughter of Mr Benjamin Coe.

The subject of these memoirs was born in Newark, April 11th, 1793; and was not dedicated to God in baptism until he had past the age of infancy, and his understanding had attained such a degree of strength, that the pastor who administered that ordinance, spoke solemnly to himself on the occasion, and took considerable pains to impress his mind. From the peculiarly reflecting turn of character which he evinced from early childhood, he was more likely to receive such impression than most of his age. His fondness for reading, even at six years old was such, that he would often lock himself into a room that he might enjoy his book undisturbed. At eight years old he was separated from the other members of his family, and resided during the succeeding seven years alone with his paternal

grandfather. From his winter evening narratives, his young companion obtained much historical information, and he often quoted his grandfather as his authority for details of the state of parties, and the distresses of the revolutionary war. Mr Bruen's school-boy days were thus passed till his fifteenth year.

In 1808 he entered Columbia College, and in 1812 he obtained an academical degree. Concern about his spiritual state seems to have begun with him about his tenth year, and he generally referred to the period of his school and college life with discomfort, as during that time he mourned under the pressure of the Law. He did not attain a clear view of the salvation which is in Jesus Christ till his eighteenth year. From first to last during his academical studies, he held an honorable pre-eminence among his class-mates; and shortly after having graduated with much credit to himself, he entered the Theological Seminary at New York, under the superintendence of Dr John M. Mason; as it was his purpose to devote himself to the sacred office of the Ministry. Of his College life it is subject of regret that we can relate so little. His early associates being those of proximity not of selection, it seems probable that his habits were retired, and that the reserve which arose from superior refinement of taste, from the most shrinking delicacy of moral perception, and from a love of study, may

have passed with some for a lofty estimate of himself, and his own attainments. In after life he spoke with strong regard of some of his companions, who had like himself, entered the ministry, and the notice of their success and usefulness, was often referred to, both in his conversation and correspondence.

In the year 1812, he was visited by a severe fit of sickness, which gave his constitution a shock that was not likely to be readily overcome, by a person of his sedentary and studious habits. In the year 1816, though health was far from being the sole object of his voyage to Europe, it formed certainly one of the most prominent reasons for his quitting his country, at the moment when having fulfilled all the terms of study, and become licensed to preach the Gospel, he seemed more likely to have formed an engagement at home.

He left New York in the society of his distinguished and much honored preceptor, Dr Mason, in the summer of 1816. They passed hastily through England and Scotland; Dr Mason leaving his son, a youth, under the guidance of relatives in Edinburg to prosecute his education. Mr Bruen transmitted his letters of introduction to the clergyman in Scotland, who was afterwards enriched by his friendship, with an expression of concern that he could not quit Dr Mason to deliver them, and a hope that next year he might be enabled to come in

person. The two friends then went to France, passed some time at Paris, and proceeded as far south as Switzerland. The only letter we are able to present in this year, is one from Paris addressed to his parents.

Paris, December 1st, 1816.

My dear Father and Mother,

We arrived here on the 29th, having left London on the monday (25th) preceding; and I sit down to employ part of the sabbath evening in letting you know where, and how I am. This is the first sabbath, except those on board the ship, in which I am obliged to feel myself altogether from *home*. In England and Scotland, the day brought with it, christian communion. The society of those whose hearts we knew were possessed with the same powerful desires, while it strongly recalled to our recollection, friends and enjoyments far away, at the same time gave us an equivalent, to a certain degree, for what our affection felt to be wanting. We have each sabbath united our hearts and voice in prayer and praise, with the people of Christ, scattered up and down in this world of sin and misery. But on this sabbath we are excluded from our privileges. It brings with it here no holy public exercises; we are shut up to our own meditations; we sigh for home.—"O that I had the wings of a dove." My heart throbs and melts at the remembrance of

this day's occupation there. How can we, without sin, doubt whether there be access, even into the Holiest, through the blood of Jesus, to the most miserable or depraved or ignorant of those whom a sense of their own sinfulness excites to cry mightily unto God, that they may be saved. I look at the spectacle, present to my imagination, of our fireside at this hour; I look at the situation—the face,—and every feature of each one there. May the blessing of the Holy One richly descend into the hearts of them all. This city, above all others, perhaps Rome alone excepted, is destitute of true religion. Here the sabbath never comes. Sunday indeed they have; they greet its return—but it is with such festivities as exhibit a most entire want of the fear of God. The streets here on this day are exactly as ours on the 4th of July, except that our 4th, looks more like a Sabbath, since nobody pretends to work. But here the black-smith is at his forge, and the other mechanics at their labour; and the streets crowded by an immense multitude of people, with bell-men hawking about their things for sale, and show-men consuming the time selected by the Creator as holy to himself, every hour of which brings those myriads of immortals nearer their eternal immutable condition. Poor Paris! what are splendid palaces to the want of the church of the living God. Of what value these gewgaws of an hour, in comparison of the glorious condition of that city or nation whose God is the Lord.

Oh! how miserable is the spectacle if we throw upon it the light of eternity. But you will ask where are the Protestants? Alas! the infection of sin has operated most fearfully, and though I hope to find some of them good men, for the most part they are mere frozen pretenders to christianity. Great will be my guilt, if the lesson I am now receiving does not sink deep into my soul, and fill me with resolutions, to spend and be spent, in the most honorable service, with tenfold zeal and constancy beyond what I might have hoped from myself, if I had never seen any thing out of my own country. "Strengthen thou me" in them "according to thy word." This is the great benefit that I hope for from this journey; that it will fit me with more utility and fervour to pursue what it is my heart's desire and prayer may be the business of my life. And while I shall rejoice to return, whenever the good providence of God may please to lead me back; I have no doubt that it will always be to me reason of thankfulness that I was sent here. I frequently make the trial of my faith; and my conscience answers—I esteem nothing so much as an interest "in the purchased inheritance:"—it answers, that love to that divine Master "who so loved us as to give himself" to such a death in all its sanctifying and enlivening influences, is what I most wish to fill my heart, that so earthly things may lose their power over my affections, and I have that spiritual-mindedness which is

life and peace. But shall I be guilty of the folly of attempting to express the thoughts that rush into the mind when we think of the force of the expressions—parents—brothers—sisters—for eternity?—Oh may each of us bear that relation in very deed and truth. We will pray for it. And while our grand-parents move onward, and cross that line of separation between the two worlds, (fearful line when unbelief rises—joyful and glorious when faith triumphs,) may each of *us children*, be walking with God towards heaven. No one who has not been in a foreign land, out of the restraints of habit and character and friends, can tell what measure of grace is required for a christian walk. I would pray continually to be enabled "to walk not as a fool," not as a sinner, "but as wise;" and surely the reason that follows is a reason that must be felt in all its force *here*, "because the days are evil."

I am ever, with respect
And tender affection,
Your M.

Let those who, under the sanction of the specious proverb, "do at Rome as they do at Rome," change their habits as they change their sky, observe the steadfastness, not only of the experienced divine, but of his juvenile associate. The latter described their first sabbath at Paris, as a day of unmingled pain, when they attended a Protestant place of wor-

ship, with a handful of people, under a cheerless ministry, then strayed with sinking spirits, into two or three of the churches, where there was the recital of prayers in an unknown tongue, and no auditors, and at last took refuge in their own apartment, to pass the evening in tears and prayers, for the thoughtless and prayerless multitudes around them. During his prolonged residence in that city, so full of seduction for the young heart, he did not enter one of its much lauded theatres, nor use any pretence for examining more closely the evils which he disapproved. When interrogated on this subject he remarked that he could imagine such vanities too readily, that he could not see any positive good likely to arise from his sacrificing time to the personal inspection of such things, and that if any *one* individual on whom he might exercise a salutary spiritual influence, were to be stumbled by hearing that he had mingled in follies which he disapproved, he would pay a price, which no enlargement of views, no deepened impression of the way in which such pursuits delude the heart, could compensate.

This is one evidence among a multitude which suggest themselves to the minds of his familiar friends, of his strenuous devotedness to his own mental progress, and the improvement of his fellow men. It cannot fail to be interesting to those associates who lost sight of him, during the years he spent in Europe, to know that wherever he was, he

was ready for every good word and work; that the sick in foreign lands were visited, and instructed by him, and that prayer and praise were his delight. The subjects on which he dilated with true enjoyment, were his past intercourse with christian friends at home, and his hopes of being made useful especially to his beloved kindred on his return. Surely it may awaken to new self-inspection, those of his father's house, when they learn, that at the distance of thousands of miles, they were on his heart, and in his intercessions; and that in conversing of them, to those in a foreign land who were so happy as to count him a brother, his eyes were often dimmed with the tears of solicitous affection.

The two following fragments of letters addressed to his brother afford a glimpse of his occupations in Paris.

Paris, January 13th, 1817.

* * * * I was at a public sitting of the Abbé Sicard's Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, a few weeks ago, when our nation received one of the most heart-felt expressions of respect that could be uttered; the more valuable because it originated in the occurrence of the moment. The word which was given out to Massieu, the oldest scholar, to analyse happened to be *navigation;* which he divided thus, navi-ga-tion; from the first, *navi*, comes navire, naviguer, navigant, naval, &c. To show that he understood it, he was desired to write some-

thing about naval conflicts—he wrote, "les Anglais sont les plus grands vainqueurs dans les combats navals." The room was crowded, a great many English there; he saw a smile and added immediately, "de tous les peuples de l' Europe." I turned to Mr King, who happened to be near, to ask if he thought he had introduced the limitation designedly, but he did not leave us long in doubt, for, while the applauses were proceeding vigorously, he added, "Mais ils ne peuvent pas vaincre les Americo-Anglais, qui ont secoué le joug du roi leur maitre." There were enough of Americans there, with the French, to keep up the applause in the most *striking* manner, for all feet, canes and hands were in motion. To see a deaf and dumb man feel so lively an interest, and exhibit such just information concerning the events of our late war, was very interesting. We were numerous enough to express our reconnaissance to Massieu, in due form and measure, after the sitting was over, Mr. King being the orator of the day. * * * * *

It appears that the writer, had in the interval between these two letters, visited Switzerland and stayed some time in Geneva.

Paris, March 26th, 1817.

* * * * It is greatly to be lamented that so many of Calvin's successors should be unworthy of that honor. The cruel heresy, socinianism, has in

a great measure taken the place of the truth of our God and Saviour. But it gave us great pleasure to find, that the worst time has gone by; especially among the young ministers and students, there is a strong disposition towards the truth. So little real knowledge does the course of lectures given by the professors afford them, that they are anxious to seize every opportunity of instruction. A Scotch gentleman, who has been there some time, has a number who visit him regularly to study the Scriptures, a subject to which most of the professors do not think of turning their attention. One of the things which made my time glide by so rapidly, was the number who came continually to have their difficulties explained, and the doctrines of grace illustrated. The evening before we came away, at one time, Dr Mason had I think fourteen. There is now every appearance, that things will return to their old condition. It is almost impossible to conceive with what anxiety they inquire, and the influence it has when they find persons from remote regions, answering immediately the current objections to these doctrines, for the depravity of man, which excites them, is the same every where. It could not fail to strike me as very remarkable that we should have arrived there just at this time, when the line is becoming marked, and it is very evident that Dr Mason's character and instructions will not be without effect. This visit then may prove of

high consequence to the best interests of the Church. * * * * There is in Switzerland the most enthusiastic admiration of our country. We see the proof of it in the numbers who are leaving for it, their native land. Their natural character is certainly more like our own, perhaps without except ing the English, than any people in Europe. With a great deal of industry and perseverance, they combine intelligence and morality.

Since I have seen the vineyards of France and Switzerland, it seems quite evident that no country is better suited to the culture of the grape than our own; and particularly, the land along the Rhone, from Lyons to Avignon, where some of the best wine in France is produced, has a very great resemblance to some parts of Virginia. I have seen hills, which were so steep as to be exceedingly difficult to ascend, cultivated to the tops with vines. But what surprised me more than all, was to see some of the best champaigne vines growing out of land almost entirely covered with stones, a soil from which the rain runs off almost immediately. In Switzerland too, the vineyards are in like manner on very broken ground, all which seems to justify the idea that it will not be many years before the attention of our agriculturalists will be turned to this subject, and it will be a happy change from whiskey to wine. * * * * * *

CHAPTER IV.

Mr Bruen and his revered friend, Dr Mason, did not return to England, till the following spring, when they passed the weeks of religious anniversaries in London, partaking and communicating those refreshments of spirit, which are peculiarly the privilege of christians in their mutual intercourse. Dr Mason being detained in London by his medical advisers, Mr Bruen travelled leisurely northward, enjoying as he reached their abodes, the society of the Rev R. Hall then of Leicester, Foster the Essayist, and other distinguished persons. He lingered among the natural curiosities of Derbyshire, and we are enabled to present a portion of a letter to his mother written from Matlock.

Matlock, July 13th, 1817.

My dear Mother,

"This sabbath just completes the year since we suffered the pain of separation. The first emotion which this recollection produces, is to fix upon this day the mark, "hitherto hath the Lord helped." Through many dangerous situations, through many temptations has his mercy carried me, and notwithstanding very great and sinful forgetfulness of his presence and holiness,

his commands and promises, still he has led me forward from mercy to mercy. I surely have reason to look back as the Psalmist did in his hours of despondence, to the several places where I hope I have enjoyed something like peculiar grace, and as he says in the 42d Psalm, "O my God my soul is cast down within me—*therefore*"—as one of the means thou hast appointed for the encouragement of thy people, is their own experience of thy former goodness,—" will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, and from the hill Mizar." I have stayed here longer than I otherwise should have done, that I might enjoy a quiet retired sabbath, and have had the gratification of hearing from a young clergyman of the Church of England, of great christian experience, a sermon which will mark one of the places to which my recollection will recur, "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." *I*, a miserable sinner, will *run*, not merely walk, but will put forth all my strength, to follow in the broad path of thy precepts, which are so minute and so important. But these resolutions are made upon one single condition,—that thy grace and spirit be present to "enlarge my heart." * * *

He stopped for the second time at the ancient city of York, of whose magnificent Minster, which has since been scathed by the hand of a maniac incendiary, he spoke in terms of the highest admiration, even after visiting the Vatican.

It was on the last day of July, after having crossed the Tweed during an awful thunder storm, on the top of a stage coach, that he presented himself for the first time at his "Scottish home," and claimed the recognition to which his letters of the previous year entitled him. And it was in the succeeding six weeks while he waited to be overtaken by his travelling companion, and was prevailed on from day to day to tarry, that the basis of that friendship was laid, which though death has broken, it cannot destroy. Little can be detailed of the privacy of domestic life. It may be interesting, however, to mention that in the course of this time Mr Bruen visited Sir Walter Scott whose house, then, as still is thronged by the intelligent and curious of many lands.

Dr Mason overtook Mr Bruen in the second week of September, when they passed a few days in Edinburgh together, during which time they visited Professor Leslie, Francis Jeffrey, and Dr Brewster, Editor of the Edinburg Encyclopedia. They had previously formed acquaintance with the Rev Sir Henry Moncreiff, Dr Chalmers, Dr Hall, and most of the respectable clergymen of various denominations in the city. After passing a short time in those adieus which to hearts like theirs are always touching, they returned to Kelso, where they together lingered their last days in Scotland;—days fraught with spiritual improvement, and affecting because they included the prayers

and parting blessings of Dr Mason, on the family whom he honoured with his regard.

To his Brother.

New Castle-upon-Tyne, Sept. 22d, 1817.

"I cannot permit Dr Mason to leave me without sending you a line later than any I have written, therefore, though it be past midnight, I snatch a minute to tell you that I am in very good health, in very bad spirits, with a heart desolated more perhaps than is right by the farewells which have been crowded into this day. Dr Mason came from Edinburgh last saturday and spent the sabbath with me at my home —the Manse, which we left this morning. I have acquired at Kelso at least *one* of the kindest friends, which, so long as sin is in this world, we can hope God will give us to comfort us in our state of pilgrimage. The current of my feelings at leaving Kelso has been roused and driven forward with an impetuosity similar to that which fixed the 14th of July, 1816, for ever in my remembrance; and now a few hours will leave me utterly alone, yet not alone. Oh, that I may by faith perceive the continual presence of the Mediator, the Advocate, the Comforter.

There are pleasures to be found in travelling which cannot be enjoyed at home, but there are pungent sorrows too. * * * * * *

I have a new pledge my dear Brother, that He intends good to me, that the prayers of my friends at

Kelso are added to those at New York, for my preservation—preservation not only from temporal, but from spiritual and eternal dangers. Oh, if we believed God's promise, how should we prize above the gold of Ophir, the prayer of one soul which has been cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ to offer up an acceptable offering. I *do* prize those prayers. The Lord bless and keep you all, and make the light of his countenance to shine upon you, and give you peace always."

We introduce here also his first letter to Scotland after quitting it, which was addressed to the friend with whom he had recently resided.

To the Rev. Mr L——.

Gainsborough, Sept. 24th, 1817.

My very dear friend,

"Now that I have fairly seated myself, I begin to fear that you will think your kindness has treasured up trials for your patience, since I begin to write when it is only wednesday evening. But in truth I have lived so much within these last two days and a half, that it seems as if a week at least had gone by. My very mournful adieus, were crowded into the day that I left my home at the Manse, for Dr M. set out from Newcastle the next morning for Leeds, (not by York.) I happily had no more formal parting with him, as when he went to bed, I thought to have seen him in the morning, but afterwards most wisely sent him my farewell by E——. The ideas of home, of

the solitariness of my situation after his departure, and of the multitude of unknown circumstances before me, completely overpowered me, and after writing a hasty letter to my brother, I fairly yielded to their influence. I found the bed a better relief than the precepts of stoical philosophy, and a second nap after the coach rolled away with my friends towards my home and country and kindred, restored the tone of my feelings sufficiently to enable me to hasten away by the Sunderland coach. Thence I took the mail to York, there being none to Hull. I then resolved not to go to Hull at all, and I find myself to have been very fortunate, for it would have taken me quite out of the way, as there is not even a conveyance from Hull to Lincoln. In remuneration for the tragedy of monday, my good or evil genius threw in my way what is comedy to many persons, even the far-famed Doncaster Races. I arrived from York at half past twelve, an hour before they began, and proceeded forthwith to represent "Les Etats Unis et ses proposans,"* upon the Turf. Since it is necessary for a philosophical traveller to journey with his eyes open, I would not let such an opportunity escape of seeing so fair a specimen of English manners. The whole business interested and gratified me far less than I had expected. There were many very splendid equipages on the ground, and the

* When Mr Bruen was at Geneva in the spring, he dined with the Consistory there, and they to do him honor as a candidate for the Church in America gave as a toast "Les Etats Unis et ses proposans."

town was amazingly full of "legs" of all sorts and colours. It would interest you less in the hearing than it did me in the seeing that "Duchess" took one of the plates without competition, or that Whitelocke the favourite has lamentably disappointed all the knowing ones. The thing which struck me most was the earnest buzz of anxious expectation, which proceeded from the many thousands as the horses approached the winning post. Oh, how little does it take to set the world agape. The appearance of Alexander or Bonaparte could have done no more than "my lady Duchess" effected by showing herself. Surely we might learn to despise this world. Was it the ambition to be objects of such admiration that caused the battles of the Granicus or Waterloo? But I do not intend to moralize upon a race course, else I should take a higher tone with those who pretend to believe that Whitelocke's soul is more perishable than his rider's. I have now only to see an election and a boxing match to be *au fait* in respect to the pastimes of this "most thinking nation."

"I am here for the night on my way to Lincoln's Cathedral, (twenty two miles) whence I go to Newark, which place I must examine in honor of my birth place in New Jersey. The grounds about Belvoir Castle must be worth seeing; after which Burleigh House, and Hatfield House, and whatever else be on the road, will not detain me long in my way to London. You see me safely so far, with only the common events of

travelling, such as being driven at full gallop round quick turns by a coachman most obstreperously drunk in honor of his having gained a wager at the Races, though more than fifty miles from the scene of moral amusement,—or being obliged to dress while the coach, ready to start ten minutes after the hour fixed, waits the presence of a sleepy passenger, or—but you are not making a catalogue of miseries.

"After half a sheet of nonsense, I ought to give you something better if I can. There was mainly one idea which operated on my mind during what I have seen to-day; it was, how is this to fit me for the peculiar duties of my sacred profession? How many circumstances of temptation, how many situations calculated to make me forget God and my duty are necessarily before me! What if I shall become hardened through the deceitfulness of sin? You, my dear friend, can imagine how my soul is burdened with such fears, not unreasonable fears. Truly God knoweth the time of our necessity, and if he had not provided for me a refuge in your most kind family, I know not what sevenfold hardness might have gathered round my heart. With my most sincere thanksgiving to Him for it, I pray continually that He would pour into your bosoms his abundant blessings.

"I cannot doubt but that in present circumstances I am in the way of my duty in seeing what I can, and my ruminations as to a place, have led me with a good deal of force to the idea that I shall

go into Italy this winter for a little time; but I will resolve on nothing definitely until I get to Geneva. As I have several acquaintances whom I must see, I shall not be able to leave London before three or four days, but I hope I shall not be longer there. May I expect a letter from you and one from my dear sister Mary, to whom I would seize every opportunity of offering the assurance of my most respectful and kindest recollections.

Remember me especially upon the occasions on which you promised more particularly to seek for me what is so needful for us all, and believe me, with the most affectionate respect,

Yours,

M. Bruen.

Was the poet of the Border at the Ednam festivities?"

From the multiplied instances of Mr Bruen's conscientious solicitude to ascertain the line of duty and to pursue it scrupulously, the following is selected. It is taken from a letter which forms one of the earliest productions of a correspondence which was sustained with confiding sincerity and undeviating perseverance, till the last week of his precious time on earth.

London, September 30th, 1817.

"The tone of my feelings has been lowered by an innocent remark of a friend here. "He came from home just when he had collected all the instruments of

usefulness, and now goes to let them rust in France and Italy." Am I in the path of duty? That is the one great question. In that day when God shall judge the world by Jesus Christ, will it be answer sufficient for the use of my time? "He left off preaching the gospel to go and see St. Peters', and the place where satan's seat is." Oh, I had rather be with you at the sick man's couch—but this cannot be. I am now in a course which I cannot decide *not* to be the course of duty. We shall know *in that day.* Meanwhile if I have erred, pray for me that my sins may be pardoned, and while I suffer loss, I be not lost."

Hatcham House, October 5th, 1817.

My dear Father,

"I would occupy what remains of the sabbath in writing to you. It is probably the last I shall for some time enjoy in England, and I was glad that the most affecting and solemn of all our sabbath employments should fall to the lot of this day. Having had an opportunity of commemorating that great event by which sinners obtain pardon and life and peace, I hope to go on my way with more strength to resist temptation, more faith in the divine promise, and to be more in prayer for the divine blessing. If the resolutions which we are apt to make in such solemn circumstances were made less in our own strength, we might expect more of the influence of the Holy Spirit to quicken within us what is sluggish, to destroy

what is perverse, and evil, and to make us to shoot upward in a rapid growth towards heaven. Far from home, I often find myself very deeply affected when I join with brethren who have the same hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, in duties which cannot fail to recall to my mind former times, when with my dear parents, and brothers, and sisters, I went up to the house of God in company. It would prove me very much hardened indeed, if I were insensible to the many evil effects of travelling, especially as it breaks in upon our habits of devotion, and by presenting a multiplicity of novel objects, weakens our sense of the Divine Presence. But by the abundant kindness of our merciful Father, I hope that this will be counteracted by times of refreshing from his own presence. Among many things which excite my feelings there is nothing which does it so effectually as the song of praise. Is it so with you my Father? I scarcely ever hear it without emotion, and often it affects me quite to tears. This effect is increased when I sit down in the foreign churches. When I was first present at Paris at the protestant worship, and heard those sing God's praises whose ancestors in that profane city bled for his truth, I could not fail to experience it. In Geneva when I worshipped where Calvin, with divine eloquence, had spoken of the wondrous things of God, the sound of so many voices ascribing salvation, and honor, and glory, unto Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb, struck my heart with new, and high

sentiments. I cannot but know that I shall derive from my foreign travels much less benefit than my advantages authorize you to expect. * * *

I have enjoyed many moments of exquisite feeling which I could not have known elsewhere. But lest I fill up this sheet with things about myself, I must express my hope that you are continually aspiring, my father after a settled, calm and, elevating conviction of an interest in the inheritance on high. To those who are reconciled to God through the blood of his Son is the word of God given, "rejoice always, and again I say rejoice." We ought not to let our efforts be paralyzed by unbelief, but should feed on the divine, inexhaustible promises of eternal riches and heavenly consolations, and having been once enabled to say, I know in whom I have believed, to stand firm at that point, and not to let Satan push off our feet from the rock of our salvation. Though they are but now and then, I have had some sweet views of that heavenly country towards which every hour brings us nearer. My hopes are nurtured with more delight from the idea of meeting you there; and I sometimes exclaim, Yes, my dear parents, though we shall leave our bodies in the earth we shall walk together in the regions above the stars, and together enjoy the pure worship and presence of our heavenly Father. Our feet shall stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem. I pray that the richest blessings of divine consolation may be poured into your's and my mother's bosom."

CHAPTER IV.

Paris, October 12th, 1817.

"One week has elapsed from this date, since I enjoyed what may be the last occasion for many months of setting my seal to the voluntary promise of being for the Lord and none else. I came to the place with a heart surcharged with feeling. How much of it was genuine, how much induced by Him who seeth not as man seeth, I know not. But I was to hear one whose voice had often dwelt upon your ear, and whose instructions had reached to your soul; I was to hear him upon the eve of my pilgrimage, while my feet were very near in the mire where there is no standing. With my previous meditations it required very little to excite me. I heard Mr Clayton with the greatest pleasure. A sincere servant of Jesus Christ, he knows, loves, and preaches the truth. Except at Kelso I have seldom enjoyed a season of so much apparently pious feeling; but how little of my best feelings are sound at the root! I could use scripture language, and the phrases of believers, and all with truth; but yet you would misunderstand me and give me credit as you always do, far beyond my deservings. I will leave the history of what was, and speak of what is.

From such society one week has removed me to Paris. To this city enveloped in profound midnight, where the mass of immortal spirits so lie in the death of sin, that the voice heard in her streets is that of blasphemy or of profane exultation. And is there a God who sees this, and are these men or brutes? Must not the christian's heart exclaim,—'O that my eyes were fountains of tears, that I might weep for the sins of my people!' Alas poor human nature! 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer son of the morning!'"

Mr Bruen at one time purposed to have passed the winter in study at Utrecht. The succeeding sentence shows the reason of his changing that plan. "I am thoroughly satisfied that I am right in going to Italy. Though health has been but a secondary, it is still an important object of my journey, and I am convinced that a winter in Holland would have been highly dangerous." * * *

"For the amusement of this kingdom, and the instruction of all vile revolutionists, we had played yesterday, October 17th—through the realm, the farce of a service solemn and annual for the repose of the soul of Marie Antoinette, of doubtful memory. The get ting up of this show has the double effect of expiating the sin which rests on the French nation, and of pouring cold water on her sufferings in purgatory. The several churches were dressed in black. In Notre Dame it was rather grand, for the whole of the back

of the church, having the windows closed, was darkly illuminated, and the pomp of high mass, combined with the music in such a place, could not fail to produce some little effect on my infidel imagination. A perverse ingenuity seems to be exercised to keep up these things which had better be forgotten, since the remembrance of them only serves to irritate. As to compunction no human being feels it. Paris pleases and displeases me just as it used to do; that is to say, there is no one thing on which my heart rests with satisfaction. Sometimes *je suis un peu égaré* by its magnificence, but there are too many abominable things in the very spot of the enchantment, to permit it to last."

October 20th.

"In carrying on the history of myself, I have to tell you that my friend H—— had the virtue to propose, and I had the virtue not to resist, but to carry into effect, the design of having public worship here in our apartments last night. We accordingly sent out our invitations among the few American families and young men here. I read the scriptures, prayed, and preached a sermon, which my friend as well as myself thinks applicable to the poor sinners who are found wandering here. The text "O Israel thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." Madame l'Ambassadrice, her son and the Secretary of Legation, were among my hearers. This was like a

christian sabbath even in Paris. Next day after dinner Mr G. accused us of holding a conventicle without permission of the Police, and not only drawing his lady thither, which, as she is not officially known to the government, is no great matter, but actually bringing in the Secretary, whose commission has been recognised by the King. Since he took it up in that way, we got promise from him that the American Eagle should protect religion if persecuted, upon condition, however, that we should hold our conventicles in his house, as his authority extends no further. We hope to have a similar meeting next sabbath evening, and I set out on monday."

London, October 6th, 1817.

"I have not yet heard from Dr Brewster* nor received his letters for Geneva, which I should be glad to have. Though exceedingly well introduced there from Mr Gallatin's acquaintance and others, yet it might a little affirm my interest at Professor Pictet's, the first man there. These connections are valuable, as I rather seek to throw off a mere theological air; not as you know, because I am ashamed of the cross of Christ, but because it gives great additional force when a man gets a fair opportunity of expressing his opinion, as the opinion of a person not pledged to it by his profession."

* Dr Brewster, well known for his scientific research, and as editor of the Edinburg Encyclopedia.

The letters of Mr Bruen during his journey through Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and a part of Germany and Holland, were very interesting to his friends, but as they are descriptive chiefly of a beaten track, which is delineated in a multitude of tours, and as he himself published some brief sketches from his Journal three years after; it is more valuable to trace his individual character and pursuits than his descriptions. The young heart, which in the leisure of early life swells with classical enthusiasm, and dreams of Elysian joys in treading the site of the Forum, and measuring the solitudes of the Coliseum, calculates not the long and lonely hours of journeying, the keen disappointments arising from the failure of the post, the pining for the sight of a responsive countenance, the *maladie du pays* which will assail him, in the very moment of accomplishing his wishes. What is man? "A pendulum between a smile and a tear"—"A being of large anticipations, and small achievements—of insatiable desires and limited capacities." Such were the thoughts often suggested by the emotions depicted by our beloved friend during his progress, as, for example, his first letter from Rome.

Rome, December 18th, 1817.

"And this is Rome! the birth place of the greatest orators, statesmen, poets and warriors of antiquity! I find myself at length within the circuit of the seven hills, and the walls of the imperial city. And this is

Rome!—whose soil was coloured with the blood of the saints of the most high God. Here Paul preached and made converts even in Cæsar's household. And this is Rome! the mother of a degrading superstition, &c.

* * * * * * * *

Still, my impatience to receive my letters before I got here arose almost to a passion, for I had had none from home since I left London: so that I was often tempted to leave bridges, aqueducts, statues, triumphal arches, temples and paintings, to take the Courier and travel day and night to Rome. I am now very glad I did not; I have seen every thing, and when I turn my face once more to the north, it will be with the prospect of presently reaching my home."

The following letter evinces Mr B's fraternal love and his close sympathy with feelings, which distance seemed rather to strengthen than enfeeble.

Rome, December 20th, 1817.

My Dear A———,

"Our sister will explain to you why you have so small a letter. Among the many other things which I want to say to you, this is the principal, to urge you to be very industrious in your studies. I often think of you, and sometimes very much fear that when I return I shall be disappointed in your progress. What do you think of my sitting down at table at my friend's house in Geneva, with his little son six years old, who not only knew the name of every thing he wanted in

Latin, but could sustain a conversation in that language? Now as I know you have as good talents as any boy, it is a crime against Him who has given them, not to use them. Though you are not very old you can understand the force of this reasoning. I expect that you will be very studious, and as you have begun Latin late, that you will get on so much the faster. Of the little boy of whom I have just spoken, it may amuse you to hear that when Dr Mason and myself had engaged to dine with his father, he was told, as of something extraordinary, that two Americans were to be there. His first exclamation upon seeing us was—"Americani?—non sunt cum plumis." He had no other idea of Americans than what he had derived from some prints, and therefore very naturally expected to see us in the feathers and fantastic garb of the Indians.

You know that Latin was the language of the people who formerly inhabited the country from whence I write to you—that in the history of that people, which you will soon begin to read and study, are recorded the noblest actions in the most eloquent manner. To read of these actions will give you the highest pleasure, and to be acquainted with their historians will cultivate your understanding and be a continual source of enjoyment through your life. You cannot at present comprehend the full value of this study, but a few years will open it to you; and it is not out of place,—though you are young, for me to en-

courage you to it, since I am very near the spot where the fable says that the wolf suckled Romulus and Remus, and but a few hundred yards from the Quirinal mount whence they pretended the former ascended to heaven. But what is much better, here our true religion obtained some of its noblest victories, and after many holy men had been thrown into dens as food for wild beasts, or had been burned in the fire, the inhabitants of this city and the Emperor of Rome became christians and sent out those missionaries who spread the light of the gospel to the furthest bounds of Britain. We have now this light. Among all your studies it is my sincere prayer, that as your faculties advance, you may understand more and more of this divine religion,—live by its commands, and be prepared to die in its consolations, whether that happen when you are very young or in more mature age. Nothing can make you truly happy but religion. You read in your Bible "them that honor me I will honor," "they that seek me early shall find me."—There are many gracious encouragements to early piety. I hope you attend to your stated prayers night and morning, and are not wanting in religious impressions and feelings, and that you may by their influence be enabled to escape the sins into which you must see many of your school-fellows fall. Remember God looks into the heart, and knows all our thoughts—all our desires. We ought then to be deeply affected when we observe how many bad wish-

es pass through our minds. This my dear Brother should be one of your first ideas, that you may be sensible you are a sinner, and young as you are, in great need of a Saviour. Take great care of your associates and do not choose as your friends the boys you see guilty of misconduct. Be very dutiful and affectionate to our parents, and do not forget

Your dear brother,

MATTHIAS."

Rome, March 2d, 1818.

My dear Father,

"I arrived here yesterday morning from Naples, and received to-day your letters. By the kindness of our God you were all well on the 25th of November. While my heart in all its solitary musings rests on the idea of home, every message from that source of kind affections is most grateful to me. You look forward with pleasure to the period of my return and "begin to measure the time." I too consider with delight the hour when I shall embrace those who are dearer to me than all the world beside. You are reconciled to the separation by the belief that it will "redound to my future usefulness." I believe it will, but if I have learnt any thing more of myself than I formerly knew, it must make me look forward with deep anxiety also; for, am I, who know so little what it is to live in the world as not of the world, to be called to direct the footsteps of others in the way

of eternal life! Am I indeed to deliver a message, upon the reception or rejection of which depend endless consequences! Am I to minister within that sacred circle which is the peculiar object of the divine regard!—That which predominates in my natural character is indolence, the deadly enemy of all that is great and good, destructive alike of what might benefit men or glorify God. There is but one cure for this, an active energetic faith, which convinces by the power of its motives, that to give way to this sinful disposition is to resist the grace of God, and to treasure up years of anguish. * * * * *

I am not so far mortified to the world that I could tamely submit to be passed by with indifference, or when fairly in competition to have others preferred before me; yet it is a point of christian duty and attainment (not to be satisfied with our own mediocrity, but) to be willing that others should surpass us in talent or usefulness, "according to the measure of the gift of God." While there are, in that employment which I hope will be the occupation of my life, hopes of indefinite improvement and usefulness, enough to keep any man upon the stretch of continual exertion, yet as to the point which I may attain, it would be foolish arrogance to mark it high. I shall ever carefully avoid the idea of competition. That man's soul must indeed be possessed by base motives who can turn the pulpit into a theatre of display, or an arena for attracting admiration; this is as contemptible as

it is profane. My prayer is that I may speak publicly the truth, with all sincerity, according as grace may be given unto me, without the most remote thought or care of how this may merely please or gain the good opinion of men. But others will make comparisons, and I cannot fail to be the subject of them, according to the manner in which our churches are governed, which I believe to be the scriptural manner. These comparisons must often be disparaging and not a little likely to touch my feelings. But I must exert myself to reach that point of which I spoke before—to settle it that I am in the way of duty, and to be so occupied with a sense of His presence who filleth heaven and earth, and with the danger of men who have sinned against Him, as shall make me to work continually, and leave me no time or desire to consider whether my petty vanity has been mortified, or whether others are esteemed more than myself."

He went so far south as to look into the horrible crater of Vesuvius, the most sublime natural object he saw in Europe.—Went to Pæstum, and was, as he says "neither maimed nor murdered between Naples and Rome." On his return he says "there is nothing like the delights or rather the enchantments of Tivoli in the world." "His Holiness is in good health, and though his Eminence the Secretary of State, the Cardinal Gonsalvo sent me his card, (he is a man of discernment you see,) yet I do not intend to seek

to be presented to the Pope, for I hope that Mr L—— does not so much wish to hear what he says, as to make that necessary; we therefore only salute each other when we meet in our evening walks near the Coliseum." Thus cheerfully did he write from Rome on the 3d of March, 1818, under the double influence of having turned his face homeward, and of having received a large packet of letters on his return from Naples.

Florence, March 26th, 1818.

My dear Brother,

"I have taken my last farewell of Rome and all its magnificence, and am now fairly hastening towards the termination of my wanderings. I left it on the evening of the 23d, and except a delay of a few hours, have been in the carriage ever since until this morning before day-break, when I arrived here. I may therefore be indulged the privilege of being very thoroughly tired; and in much need of a long night's sleep. A vessel sails the day after to-morrow from Leghorn, and I have an opportunity of sending this letter to-night. Though I had seen every thing in Rome and was heartily glad to leave it, yet with the pleasure there is mingled a sort of feeling I never experienced in bidding adieu to any other city. There is so much more to leave than is to be found collected in any one other place, so many sources of intellectual gratification, so many recollec-

tions continually excited, that it requires the delightful thoughts of my own country to overcome my regret. It is not easy at any time to forsake forever what has given us pleasure, and the melancholy feeling is increased when we know that the objects which have delighted us, have not lost the power of continually renewing our enjoyment. It was with a very mingled sort of feeling that I took my last view of the walls of Rome,—with delight at the prospect before me, and the melancholy recollection of hours of enjoyment never to be renewed. It was on an evening such as we have sometimes in the beginning of spring, that I passed the Porta del Popolo and the Fonte Milvio, while the moon rose in a cloudless sky to illumine the deserted campagna. The dome of St Peter's was for many miles a superb object, being illuminated, as it was the anniversary of the Pope's coronation. We had this, one of the most magnificent spectacles in the world, the evening before also. For this year we have seen all the shows combined in the Holy week, which are usually exhibited in detail at intervals of several months, much to the annoyance of curious travellers. The illumination of the dome of St Peter's and the fire-works at the Castle of St Angelo, did not use to take place until St Peter's day, in June; but there were so many strangers this year collected from all parts of the world, that for the first time this rule was broken through, so that I have the satisfaction of having seen every thing that the Roman Calendar pre-

scribes for the year. The interior illuminations of St Peter's much disappointed me; they call it a magnificent idea of Michael Angelo, with whom it seems every thing stupendous must originate; but a name of much less magnitude might as well be affixed to it. The sight is well enough, but the effect is not worth all that is said about it. But the exterior illumination no description can give an idea of—beautiful beyond conception—so were the fire-works at the Castle. The whole of this moles Adriani burst forth in one volcano of rockets, and the intermixture of the roaring of heavy cannon, gave a feeling of sublimity which mere fire-works never produce. But I am writing in too great haste to tell you any thing about the ceremonies—I have seen some imposing—some, if the dignity of the persons who acted, be separated from them, contemptible—and some contemptible at any rate. It is a satisfaction to have seen what all the world says is the finest thing in the world, and it is not a less satisfaction to be on the road towards the place where we have together enjoyed hours of affection, such as my fancy in her kindliest moments pictures as about to be renewed with increased happiness."

He passed the Holy week at Rome, at the close of which he went to Venice. While there, by means of a letter of introduction, he received from Lord Byron a card, inviting him to visit him. Always touched by Lord Byron's poetry, and mourning over his great but unhappy mind, Mr Bruen had found in him an ob-

ject of lively interest, and his correspondent was on the tip-toe of expectation to receive his description of this visit. It is rather disappointing therefore, to find this the brief but pithy expression of his feelings—"The long agony is over, the eventful crisis is past, and I may quietly continue my travels." After writing this, his letter describes his previous journey from Rome to Florence, and thence to Venice. The scene displayed in ascending the Appenines being peculiar, and not often described by travellers, may be interesting. "From Taragona we* took horses to ascend from the lovely bay of Spezia. There is this grand peculiarity in the physiognomy of the country, that the mountains extend often in all their height out into the ocean, so that you have the boldest scenery possible. The road was at times excessively bad, the ascents and descents very steep, the mules sometimes not good, and the journey very fatiguing; but we had a continual source of admiration in the scenes by which we were surrounded. From a very high point of the Appenines amidst the most desolate solitude, as we came within view of the ocean, I treasure its recollections as that, the memory of which is frequently to give me delight. We were so elevated that the clouds floated below us. Some were transparent, some black and heavy, through which the

* This part of the Journey was made in company with some of his intelligent and inquisitive countrymen.

sun could not pierce. I never before saw the upper part of a cloud illuminated. A great number of vessels were sailing in every direction, the distant ones seemed as if suspended in the clouds. A lovely valley was at our feet, with a few small villages upon the rocky shore, so situated that if picturesque position alone could confer happiness, I am certain that Abyssinia could not furnish such another.

Although nothing so grand offered itself afterwards, the country increased in romantic loveliness, and we came down upon the sea shore, at the bay of Sestis, the beauties of which exceed tenfold the famed Baiæ. I cannot pretend to describe to you the ravishing delights of the spot; do not think me mad, though you may believe the view transported me. I must seem to talk absurdly to you, who look calmly at a distance upon my journeyings, but you must pardon me, as I shall never again have such reason for being extravagant. The road continued all the way to Genoa across the ridges of the mountains, which are every where covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and whether upon their summits or down in the vallies, we were surrounded by little white habitations, all as clean and neat as those of England, and looking as if they were made on purpose for such a gala-day as it was when we passed, the sun shining out in the first of the spring with all his splendour, the singing of the birds, and the magnificent ocean expanded before us. I am apt to think that the

measure of human happiness is not only more equal than is generally believed, but also that there are such reverses in our lot as make us pay for our enjoyments; and I am never happy without feeling, perhaps sinfully, that this must in future be my case. If this be true, and if an equilibrium must be kept up, I shall sometime or other in my life suffer acutely.

Genoa is well styled the magnificent; there are parts of it that exceed any other city of Italy. To prove how far the season is advanced, we had fine strawberries there. Another more important fact still for the world at large is, that my first day at Genoa was my birth-day, the 11th of April. Oh! the world of contradictions that are contained in this our little being."

Schaffhausen, May 7th, 1818.

My dear Brother,

"Once more I write you from the land of Tell, and what is better, yourself being judge, the land of Zwingle and Calvin. I entered Switzerland with joy, for now that it is past I may tell you, that when I was last within its limits in my passage to Italy, I felt that I had a long and troublesome journey before me, in which I expected to find much to gratify me, but nothing to love. There is I know a strong *besoin d'aimer* in my constitution. I never could live happily without friends. It was no pleasant prospect then to consider, that in the whole course of my

journey, there was not one human being I was to see who would think it worth his while to care, whether having once seen me, he should ever see me again. In this, as in most other cases when I take a notion to look on the dark side of a picture, I exaggerated the circumstances, and I found many in my course, who would much rather hear of my good than evil fortune. But the journey is done, I have seen all and more than I could have hoped for, with greater pleasure and less pain. I have given some account of my journey to Inspruck, in a letter to my father, which accompanies this. The salt mines in Italy are not so considerable, though of the same sort as those so famous at Saltzburgh, which is about forty leagues to the east. There you know the entrance is at the summit of the mountain, and the sortie at the foot. I felt anxious to get what information I could upon this subject, for if you should ever execute your plan of going to K——, the getting an interest in the works there and improving their state, or forming new ones is no chimerical notion for the obtaining of what all the world is chasing, many at the expense of their necks, and more at the expense of their souls—money. The utility of it, however, I shall not be suspected of decrying, as long as my expense book is by me. It is a good thing if we do not pay too dear for it. But "gold may be bought too dear," and health and friends and religion are better than money. * * * * *

Now that my morale is done I will continue my history.

The travelling in most parts of the Tyrolese Alps is very interesting, the country exceedingly romantic, and the people different from any other in Europe. They are the most picturesque people I have ever seen. I thought to have arrived in Switzerland without passing any very high mountains, but we crossed the verge of the Adlerberg with a great deal of trouble. In many places the snow was ten feet deep, and the passage was more dangerous than that of the Simplon in November. I arrived in the morning at Briquenty, and came forward that day to Constance, by the road on the borders of the lake. The lake and the country around are very beautiful, but are far exceeded by the lake of Geneva. Constance is an ancient ugly city, with very little commerce or activity. It is well that a city which was curst by the sitting of a council that burnt John Huss, should not prosper. I went to the council chamber where the chairs remain in statu quo, as they were occupied by the Emperor Sigismund, the Pope's legate, and the cardinals. I went also to the field where the great christian martyr received his crown. Nothing so rouses my sensibilities as the remembrance of such heroism, for here there is not a shadow of doubt on the history, to take from our emotions while we contemplate the sublime picture of a man worn down by chains and imprisonment, without a friend to

encourage him, save that One who is in heaven, daring to avow before Prelates and an Emperor, the faith which he had received. Now that the world has undergone its revolution, and that the high reverence for authority has gone by, we cannot feel what force of mind it must have required for a man to dare to decide for himself, and to speak it before his superiors. But it was not mere human courage, but divine faith that met and subdued such obstacles.

Yesterday afternoon I left Constance, having forwarded my baggage to Zurich, and came partly on foot to this place. The banks of the Rhine are very beautiful, and excepting the difference which cultivation, chateaux, towers, and spires, make in scenery, a good deal like what we saw on the Ohio. And now you want to know about the famous falls of the Rhine, which I have just come from seeing. To begin then, and to be just. It is a fine cataract. The country around is very beautiful and I see it at a season of the year, and in such weather as must make any scene interesting. But then on the other hand, its grandeur is excessively exaggerated. The fall is eighty feet, they say—it certainly does not appear so much. As you know in comparison of Niagara, it is paltry; the fall not half as great, the river not half as wide. If there were no fall at Niagara, but only those rapids between the island and the shore as far as the edge of the falls, it would be grander than this. I go to Zurich to-morrow, either on foot or a part of the way on the river, as there is a boat

to Eglisau. Since I have turned my face homeward I cannot tell you with what delight I have travelled. The weather is generally very fine, the fruit trees all in flower, every thing in its vernal beauty, and to crown all, I am going home. I have thought it would be wrong not to give three or four days to Switzerland, though I am exceedingly anxious to get your letters which must be at Strasbourg. It frightens me to think how long it is since I have heard from you, though I have counted the days that have passed. My intention is to go from Zurich to Lucerne, and thence to Basle, whence in a day I am at Strasbourg. My dear brother, I cannot tell you how my heart opens when I think of you all, still so far away. You will smile when I tell you that I sometimes wrap myself in your great coat, which still serves me, and feel the warmer because it has served you also. Continue to write; if this letter has a good passage, I may yet get its answer. It is better that the letters should be returned, than that I be kept anxiously expecting them. My standing P. S. therefore is, *write often.* My tenderest affection to my parents, and to all of you. In a few days I hope to write you again from Strasbourg. The protection of the Almighty has hitherto been our safeguard, for the future may I pray with more fervency, that he will continue to be our shield and help.

Love, as you have ever done,

Your affectionate M. B.

Strasbourg, May 15th, 1818.

"I catch a moment before dinner to write this scrawl, for if it does not rain, I wish to go five miles or more to see a Christian of Lissignol's * recommendation. * * * May 16—I succeeded after a good deal of trouble, in seeing the person I spoke of. You may imagine that it was not easy to find a house in the country, two leagues off, where all the people talk German. But such is my wonderful talent, that in my course from Inspruck hither, I have gathered as many as four German words, and I sport my *nach*, and *von*, and *ja*, and *nein*, with as much confidence, and listen to a long answer, when I only comprehend the gesture, with as much gravity as Prof. Sleusinchtingius himself. Though I did not get a great deal of information, I considered myself well paid for my trouble, for I found an Israelite indeed; and though my time was very short, the visit did me good."

Mr. Bruen proceeded northward by Cologne to Utrecht, where he designed to have paused for a time; but that purpose was changed by a petition from the Scots Presbyterian Church at Amsterdam, who requested him to supply their church, during the absence of their pastor in Scotland. This he did for three sabbaths, with his usual anxiety to be useful, and characteristic diffidence of his own success. He

* A protestant pastor in Languedoc, visited the year before by Dr Mason and Mr Bruen.

often alluded with pleasure to the intercourse he had while resident at Amsterdam, with the Rev Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, a man well known in the Church of England, for his devotional spirit, and for his happiness in turning souls to true repentance.

CHAPTER V.

In July he returned to London, where he was again welcomed by those Christian friends, whose society he had first enjoyed in company with Dr Mason. To these friends he had made some important additions during his solitary travels. We find him, in particular, expressing with gratitude his enjoyment in the christian conversation of Mr Drummond, and Lady Harriet, whom he had met at Rome. In August he left London, as appears from the following letter to his father.

Gloucester, August 16th, 1818.

My very dear Father,

"It is sabbath evening—another week has passed, and I have in so much nearer prospect the long desired meeting with you, and the return of those peaceful hours at home, where I have more perfectly than elsewhere shut out the world from my thoughts, and enjoyed sacred and bright visions of immortality. But then as now, I have found myself slow of heart to believe, sluggish in the exer-

cise of christian graces, and reluctant to draw off my affections from earth and its perishing treasures, though commanded to do so by Him who offers heaven and its unfading joys in their place. How little experience of our own weakness and wickedness does it require, to oblige us to testify that we serve a most kind and long-suffering Master, who does not punish us as we deserve, who though we forget him, does not forget to load us with his benefits, nor permit us to fulfil the evil that is in our hearts. With what earnestness should we pray that our affections may be raised to so high a point and concentered in so holy an object, that God may have all our love. Alas! we profess this; we profess that his glory is our aim; how does a moment's thought convict us of hollow-heartedness in our professions. But it is better to turn from lamentations over ourselves, to earnest devotion and prayer to God, that we may be made what we ought to be; not forgetting, also, thankfulness to him who has wrought it in us, if we are willing and desirous to have our feet guided into the paths of self-denial, holiness, and peace.

God seems for many years back to have but partially blessed—at least the dignitaries—of the established church of this Kingdom, and piety has been the least essential article in the character of a Bishop. But I am now in the diocese of one whose elevation is an omen of peculiar good from the divine Provi-

dence. His labors, apart from his official duties, exceed those of most pastors; there are few sabbaths on which he does not preach three times, and it is not his sole care to bring the gospel to the rich, but in work-houses, alms-houses, and prisons, and wherever there is opportunity, he proclaims the unsearchable riches of Christ. He labors not only on the sabbath, but in the week, from village to village; and besides his own immediate exertions, is careful to get young men who are evangelical, and who will perform their duty conscientiously, to fill the vacant churches. You know something already of his name and character; the Bishop of Gloucester is brother to the Earl of Harrowby, whose speech, seconding the motion made by our minister Mr Rush, at the B. and F. Bible Society, you have no doubt read.

I had a very agreeable visit on friday last to Barley Wood, the seat of Mrs Hannah More. It is eleven miles from Bristol, in a beautiful country, and one of the prettiest places I ever saw, being situated on the side of a hill in the midst of much rich and varied scenery. I sent up my letter from Mr Simeon, and was immediately received with much attention. Mrs More is now about seventy two years of age and in better health than could be reasonably expected. She was kind enough to seem anxious that I should stay to dinner, and I was yielding enough to remain at her solicitation. No writer except Mr Wilberforce has had so great an effect upon the higher orders of so-

ciety. It is principally by means of her works, that it has become not a flagrant breach of all fashion even to think a little seriously upon religion. Nor have her exertions been confined to this rank; for her cheap repository tracts are worthy of all commendation. Her conversation was sufficiently spirited and lively, without any thing to astonish or overwhelm one, which is just what conversation ought to be. She has too much acknowledged talent to make it necessary for her to exert herself to show off."

Mr B. made a short tour in Ireland, and returning to Scotland, was joyfully met in Dumfrieshire by his friends, who conducted him once more to his home in Roxburghshire.

Affection lingers with fond regret over those precious weeks, when Mr B. once more reposed from the hurry of the world;—weeks rich in intellectual and christian enjoyment—enjoyment rendered deeply affecting because each hour was tinctured with the not to be suppressed thought, that it was passing, and might never have its fellow in this vale of tears. How chastened is that friendship which must transfer its hopes of future personal intercourse to another state of being. How sure the penalty paid in such circumstances, even for the highest moral delights. How vainly during the last days, did we endeavour to interest ourselves in subjects of general philanthropy, or in our own future plans of usefulness. They were not to be accomplished, if ever accomplished,

but in stations far remote from each other. We exclaimed with Klopstock in sadness of heart—

> "Alas, they find not each the other; they
> Whose hearts for friendship, and for love were made;
> Now far dividing claims forbid to meet,
> And now long ages roll their course between."

Though we strove to sustain our separation by the idea that we should meet again even in this world, yet it was only by an act of resignation that we could part with any composure; and while we sorrowed most of all lest we should "see his face no more," we transferred our hopes with thankfulness to the Eternal abode, "where no enemy can ever enter, and whence no friend shall ever depart."

Manchester, September 19th.

"Alas! my dear friend, and am I already so far from you? I could hardly believe this painful fact, that on thursday evening I slept at the distance of seventy miles from my Scottish home.

It happened a little strangely that four of my countrymen had dropped from the clouds on the same coach top that bore me from you, one of whom was an acquaintance from New York, so that I was obliged to talk, and perhaps that was as good as musing. I marked the road, however, and remembered when we travelled it together, and recognised the lake where we saw the seafowl, though they have now taken their flight—so one generation passeth

away after another—the birds return and go in their seasons. Let us learn wisdom from the fowls of heaven, and know that if the good providence of our Heavenly Father permit us to build our nests in quietness, we are yet upon our passage and must soon forsake them. I saw the smoke curl from the chimnies of your brother's mansion, and marked the spot which is the farthest that we have been together, and bade you as it were a second farewell.—And is it possible that after to-morrow, there is to be but one more sabbath spent in the same land with you? Till time has dulled my feelings I had better keep the notion that made me leave you so valiantly—that I shall see you again. I will not let this melancholy invade me. Now indeed we should find the benefit of thoughts of the "better land." Lift up our faith, and hope, and love, O thou most High!

I am to preach for Mr Roby to-morrow. May our Master strengthen me."

Liverpool, September 25th, 1818.

"Next thursday morning we take our departure, and I bid farewell to the shores of England. I have more regrets to feel than most persons, for I have experienced more kindness than happens commonly to travellers: and with whatever delight I may contemplate my return home, it can never be any thing but a pain to reflect that the wide ocean separates me from friends whom I love. But it is no proper way

to show our gratitude for friends, to complain that providence has been pleased to separate us. I certainly shall never cease to be grateful peculiarly for my friends on Tweedside, which have given body and spirit as well as local residence to what my imagination had sometimes pictured, and my cool reason believed impossible. If I live I must have many hours of solitary musing; what I have seen I hope often with pleasure to bring up to my view. But of what value are the recollections of the streets of a splendid city, or the walls of a rich gallery, in comparison with walks which we can tread, in fancy at least, in company and know each other so well, that we can imagine not only their words but thoughts. When fatigued then with the business of future life, or made unhappy for a time by an absurd sensibility, which however I may attempt to ridicule or resist I yet foster, and shall never overcome, I shall take refuge in the alleys of your garden, or in our walks on the banks of the Tiviot, and forget my foolish sorrows and remember you. * * *

But I hope to raise those recollections a little higher. If our materialized souls could seize the sacred idea of converse in heaven, and imagine, from the pleasure which our intellects receive now, when a noble thought but flits through our minds, or a tender, pure gleam of affection rests but a moment in our bosoms —what must be the delight of uninterrupted growing affection for God and all his creatures: an affection

not the result of mere feeling, but of the soundest understanding—then we should not so often be in base slavery to the things around us."

CHAPTER VI.

After his letter of the 25th, the reader will participate the astonishment with which the following was received.

Liverpool, September 27th, 1818.

"I have no time to express to you the delight which yours of the 22d gave me, for it was handed to me on sabbath morning, with one from Paris, which has entirely altered my plans, and forced me to a decision which must have an influence on all my future life. Briefly,—I am not going home but to France, to reside for six months, perhaps a year."

Fortunately it is in our power to give the narrative of circumstances, and the overflowing of his dutiful heart to his parents, in his own words, which will make his history better understood.

Liverpool, September 27th, 1818.

"Alas! my very dear Father and Mother, and am I to send this lifeless memorial to you, instead of throw-

ing myself into your arms? Are you to be disappointed just at the moment in which you expect me at home? Am I to put aside all my hopes of seeing you for another six months, and to stop the warm current of my affections, which have been so much indulged by this tender hope? Even now that I have made the resolution, I tremble at it, and am only supported by the deep sense of its necessity, and the immense responsibility of deciding otherwise. To give you the history briefly, I had arrived here, and taken my passage, when I received a letter from Paris, in which I am told that they have formed a church there, principally of Americans, and that there is no other than myself, to whom they can look as their minister. I cannot tell you how much I have been startled by this. I knew in London that they were making the attempt, but I was far too desirous of seeing you to think of prolonging my absence. But now just at the moment of embarkation, I find myself arrested. I have far too little devotion, and faith, and zeal to fit me for a missionary, and least of all, in such an important station as Paris. I have no spirits for giving you the history to-night—but to finish; the question just came to this—whether I dared to go home where there is no special call, and turn my back on this field of usefulness, where no one else can so well labour. Whether I could settle it with my conscience to let this opening for good, be closed again, and the exertions of these few chris-

tians, die for want of being fostered. Whether such an opportunity of promoting real religion in France, and doing something for its destitute population in the way of encouraging our countrymen and others to spread bibles and tracts there, is to be lost? Do I profess to have a hope that I am purchased by the blood of the Son of God, and to be devoted to his service, and shall I prefer kindred and father's house to obedience to so manifest a call of his Providence? I dare not refuse. However much pain the decision has cost, and will yet cost me, I would pray for divine assistance, that I may be made to live to God's glory, and be led in the path of duty, and usefulness to my fellow men. May you be strengthened, my dear parents, in this trial, and let not hope deferred make the heart sick. But since this absence has originated in this cause, may the consolations of Him who loves us unto the end, lift up your hearts in the joy of his salvation, and recompense you for this temporary privation. Love and pray for your weak and anxious son, who can bear any thing better than the idea of giving pain to you. I am oppressed with a thousand thoughts, and can write no more to-night.

Monday—Here is a copy of the letter which I received.

Paris, September 20th, 1818.

"We have formed a little church in this place and as we are destitute of a pastor, we pray you to come

over and help us. During the summer we have assembled every Lord's day in a private house, but are on the point of getting one of the protestant temples. Consider, my dear friend, (the letter is from Mr H. son of the senator from Connecticut,) whether you could spend the winter in a manner more useful to the cause of your Lord, or more honorable to yourself, than by residing in Paris in this character. Would you not acquire more boldness in the faith, more influence in the christian world, and more intellectual improvement, than by studying and preaching at home? Perhaps we shall be unable to pay you, but it is doubly important you should accede to our proposal, because you can afford to do it for nothing. The request is made on behalf of all our countrymen, and of many Scotch Presbyterians, and English Dissenters. If you should accede to our wishes, become ordained in England. It will not be necessary for you to write more than one sermon a week. I shall be disappointed, dear M. if you do not yield to so manifest a call of Providence. The field of christian usefulness here is as large as the most expansive charity, and it promises no scanty harvest to the christian labourer." * * * *

I wrote to you last year while in Paris, that I preached twice, but I did not then know that such meetings are illegal. Mr Drummond, the banker in London, who has had so much connection with Geneva, and with whom I became acquainted at Rome,

has since told me, that by the Code Napoleon, there are very heavy penalties upon all persons who lead in such meetings, or in whose houses they are held. But if the *Americans, as such*, apply for permission to meet for public worship, it will of course be granted, and one of the Protestant churches can be obtained. It is of great importance that it be known distinctively as an American institution, because one great benefit proposed is, the facilities it will give for circulating bibles and tracts among the French, who regard very favorably every thing done by us, and very jealously every thing done by the English. Besides by this means it may become a permanent institution. A war is never likely to happen between the United States and France; but the present peace of Europe is probably quite temporary. An English Chapel then might be shut up, but here will be a channel of christian communication, through which all christians of whatever nation, may employ their means of spreading true religion; and besides, how great an influence may such a society have upon the Protestants, now in so general a state of irreligion. There is English service in the Oratoire every sabbath, but the *Gospel* is not preached by the Church of England man who officiates there. Now considering the vast numbers of English in Paris; the many good people who are there at times, the many who have a respect for religion, and would attend divine worship, and that general feeling of serious-

ness which is produced in most minds by an absence from their native country, I cannot but think this may become one of the most important stations in the world. Paris is the great centre from which an influence goes out to the extremes of Europe, and if any good, however small could be done, we might hope for the divine blessing, and the most important results. But I have a little lost the point with which I set out. It was to show the extreme importance of having this at first an American institution, and for this purpose they ought to have at the outset an American minister. Afterwards when it is a little organised, they may have whom they please, though it will be always desirable to have one from the U. States. Yet all who love the gospel, of whatever nation, who understand English, will attend. It has not been without trembling anxiety that I have made up my mind. There is no other person to apply to but myself, else I should have ceded so high an honour. I am well aware of the immense difficulty, and the very severe temptations of the station, but I would throw myself upon His faithfulness who has promised to sustain those who trust in Him. If I know my own self, it is only because I believe it to be for the promotion of His kingdom, that I have come to this purpose. It has not been a providence or call of my own seeking, but rather of my avoiding; but I now find myself straitened so that in conscience I dare not leave it. And I should have felt that I deserved your re-

proaches if I had come home in such circumstances. My idea is that I should go there for the winter, collect such a congregation as I can, get them organised, and by that time we can look round for some person to take the place. One thing is not to be forgotten. Some personal sacrifice is necessary; they are not yet so in a body as to be able to support a minister. I may by the divine blessing bring them to this point.

Most of the religious people in England and Scotland will be much interested in this subject. I now come to those reasons which make it less a sacrifice to myself than it may at first seem to be. The first is the intellectual cultivation; I shall often find many of the first English and other authors, and learned men, whose society may be of great advantage to me. The opportunities of study are excellent, and I shall live very retired. One sermon a week is as much as I could write well, and the audience will generally be of that character which will keep my mind vigorous and active. This preliminary exercise may be very useful in preparing me for the full labours of a charge at home.

On the other hand I am going into banishment from general christian intercourse, and that sort of society which is most necessary to me—to a place where Satan's throne is, and where temptations are not presented in the grossness of vice, but with all the attractiveness of which they are capable. I know

Paris too well not to be aware of the loneliness and sorrow of heart which must sometimes come over me. However those may enjoy themselves who drown reflection in giddy dissipation or criminal enjoyment, Paris has not to me the charm of much pleasurable recollection. Least of all does the prospect of a residence there give me that enjoyment which those who know it not may think it deserves. I go where the sabbath is constantly profaned, where the idea of eternity is discarded, and heaven and hell laughed at as a notion.

Tuesday—I awake in the morning and can scarcely believe that I am not going home,—this change of purpose seems like a dream. Yet the more deliberately I weigh it, the more satisfied do I feel that it is right. I have too much prudence and calculation about me not to look at consequences, and have not an extreme confidence in my own judgment. Yet here have I, alone, with no one to advise with, taken the most important step in my life, and feel satisfied with it. It seems as if my faith were stronger, and my religious feeling more devotional since than before. If in the end nothing come of this design and it quite fail, yet I think I shall be satisfied as I am now, that I have done my duty."

The concluding sentences of a letter of the same date addressed to his friends at Kelso, may give some additional shades to the varied beauties of the character which it is an object to depict.

"I dare not resist; I am sorry that I should be less attracted than driven to so noble a field of missionary labour. I have not the devotion of faith and zeal which become the station; yet the design must not be permitted to fall through, and it is important that in the first establishment of such an institution it should be distinctly American. * * *

There is but one thing that affects me, and that gives me great pain. It is the acute disappointment of my parents and sisters and brothers. They have calculated to the hour—the moment the vessel is announced, they will expect to see me. I can only send a lifeless letter."

Thus did our young friend verify Paul's description of real christian character, "No man liveth to himself." Already had his sensitive nature endured the martyrdom of separation from all those friends whom he had learned to prize in a foreign country. Already was his passage taken, his foot was almost planted on American planks. Already was the full tide of feeling setting towards home. *Home!* there is a magic in that sound which none but aliens know. But a petition, almost I had said a demand is made upon him, holding out as one of its unusual inducements, that he cannot be paid; but that he can afford to grant it without remuneration. So powerful is the sense of duty in his mind, that he receives the agitating proposal in the morning, and decides before night on foregoing all that he must forego, and en-

countering all that he must encounter. Nor can we duly estimate the value of the sacrifice without considering his keen regret on inflicting severe pain on his family. It requires to have seen him as we have, expanding in affectionate description of each brother, and each sister, explaining his hopes and fears for each, with almost parental solicitude; before it can be comprehended how pungent must have been his emotions on turning his back on the native vessel, and his fellow citizens who were to sail in it, and those western waves which were to have borne him.—But his faith and patience were equal to his day of trial, and I cannot recollect that any circumstances ever elicited one expression of regret.

Mr Bruen wrote on the 2d of October, 1818.

Liverpool.

"Yesterday the vessel sailed, which carried my letters, the poor representatives of myself, and here am I this evening in one of those lonely not unhappy moods, which unfit me for any thing except communing with a dear friend. My mind was rather in a good state after my great decision, for I felt more faith and devotion; more courage and intellectual power. But I am not made to hold on the even tenor of my ways. Pray for me that in this great conflict with the powers of darkness, I may receive assistance from our King and Master, may be really and wholly on his side, and be prepared for any sacrifice in his cause. * * *

I hesitate as to the business of ordination. I am sometimes inclined to think that I should do as much good by going there, and only preaching and preparing for some other person. But then on the other hand, are the christians there to be deprived of the sacred ordinances? The answer to this is that there may be dissenting ministers who pass through Paris, who may officiate, and I shall be relieved from the most heavy responsibility of forming a church, admitting members, and electing officers; a business which you will agree with me, may well frighten my inexperience."

London, October 22d, 1818.

"It is now just a week, my dear Father, since I arrived once more in this capital, and it is still impossible for me to fix exactly the day of my ordination, though it must now be very soon. I am anxious for it, for my time is spending to comparatively little profit, and I ought to be at my post, and at work. Yet I have great reason to look forward to that period with much solemnity, as to the most eventful hour of my life. I desire to feel that no act can be so important as that in which a sinner dedicates himself to the service of his fellow sinners in teaching them from the word of life according to God's commandment. I cannot get my soul half deeply enough impressed with the endless responsibility of the office. Chained to earth with earthly things to look at and to

love, I am far too worldly-minded to be "put in trust of the gospel." But there is consolation in the thought that our most merciful High Priest looks upon our infirmities with compassion, and bestows the Holy Spirit to give energy in his service and devotion to His cause, and love to Himself and to His people. Merciful Jesus, hear my prayer, may my petition come with acceptance before thy throne, may the Spirit of grace be sent into my heart to mortify the corruptions which flourish there, to crucify the power of sin, to transform me into thine image, that my faith may discern those things beyond the vail, that they may fix my affections, so that I shall despise all earthy things, and take up my cross and follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.

I entered London with I cannot tell you what sadness of heart, wearied at the close of a long journey, coming here for such an object, about to enter upon such new and important duties. I could have delighted myself if any thing better had awaited me, than the solitude of an inn, in imagining the pleasure of again seeing friends to whose bosom I could have confided all my sorrows and fears. But it is no doubt well that I have no person with me, who has my confidence, so that I could ask his sympathy, for we are often enfeebled by those feelings, rather than prepared for duty. Instead then, of sitting down and giving way to these things, I went about my work, to see those persons whose assistance will be necessary

in my ordination. I ought never to omit expressing my gratitude to my Heavenly Father, that I do not feel myself that lone stranger in a strange land, which I may seem to be, for there are many persons who take a christian interest in me, and from whom I should receive much advice and assistance in any case of necessity. You will be anxious to hear what is to be the manner of my ordination. There are five or six presbyterian ministers here, who will unite in it. The necessity is so strong that I do not doubt our Classis when I come home will approve the measure, though it has not passed through the usual presbyterian forms. The main difference between ourselves and the Congregationalists or Independents is, that we hold what I believe was the apostolical manner, that the right to administer the ordinances depends, not on the choice of a congregation but upon the judgment of a certain number of ministers, who may before, or are at the time of their meeting, to judge of the fitness of the candidate—a presbytery. The provision for the christian liberty of the people is in the fact that the minister so ordained cannot labor in any particular charge without their choice. It is upon the ground of the letter of license which the Classis gave me, that the proceedings are founded.

They are about instituting here at present, a Continental Society; I send you one of the circulars; the officers are not yet fixed on. * * * * The first

object is to support and encourage all *native* ministers every where over the continent, in preaching the gospel, of whatever sect, whether lutheran or calvinist, and also to induce zealous persons, who could not themselves bear the expense to itinerate in every direction, and scatter the good seed. The translation of tracts also, and circulation of religious books, is one of their immediate objects. The thing they chiefly aim at, and indeed the principal difficulty is to bring all the religious sects here to co-operate in the business;—there is great appearance of success, however. I was at the meeting last night of the principal persons, at which the affair was discussed in a way that augurs well. If it should become popular, it will indeed be highly beneficial. But you readily see that it is not so easy for all sects to unite in this, as in the British and Foreign Bible Society, or indeed in some others. A short time, however, will show what can be done, and it will not fail for want of zeal in the movers of it. Mr Drummond told me a very important fact, which I perfectly believe, as Mr Leo told him. Mr Leo, whose endeavours to spread the New Testament in France, you are well acquainted with, sent a message requesting an audience with M. Lainè, the French Minister of the Interior; he received an immediate answer telling him to come that evening. At this he was much surprised, as it is contrary to the etiquette of persons in the Minister's official station, to grant an immediate

audience. He went, and when he was beginning to detail what he had done, and the opposition he was meeting with, the Minister interrupted him with the assurance that he knew all he could narrate upon that subject, but that he must go on as he had begun, that whatever was done in the circulation of the Bible in France must be by individual effort; that he must especially guard against attempting to establish a Bible Society, for if that were done they would meet organised systematic opposition; but the government wished every success to his exertions, and would protect him, for they knew that irreligion was the source of the miseries of France. Mr Leo was dismissed with a thousand francs, and M. Lainè sent for a large number of Testaments to distribute in his own family. Now if the French government be sincere in their desire to spread religion of whatever sort in the country, as the people are entirely without religion, and therefore without prejudices, other than what the natural heart must always have, and as the sentiment is really very general, that a religion of some sort is necessary, and that the doctrine of the revolution on that point is destructive of all society, the best consequences may speedily ensue, and a rapid change be produced. While we must not permit our expectations to run as fast as our wishes, yet if the word of God have free circulation, the seed will be sown, where it never has been. In connection with these things, it is one of the remarkable

signs of the times, that elementary instruction is spreading in France with unexampled rapidity, so that every body is learning to read, and so far as the literal understanding of it goes, the Bible will soon not be a sealed book to those of the very lowest class; and if they can read for themselves, the revolution has too far shaken their old confidence in their priests and traditions to permit their minds to be shackled. They will think for themselves. Let us pray ardently then, for such influences of the Divine Spirit, as may raise up light in the midst of darkness, may convert the solitary place into the garden of God, and those that sit in the shadow of death, into the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

"You cannot yet have heard of the recent renunciation of their religion by three thousand Catholics in the vallies of the Pyrenees. I will tell you of the details when I learn them. There is a great deal of religious information here of an important sort, in correspondence between Mr Drummond and many persons on the continent, which now forms part of the documents upon which the new society has acted. To this I have access.—I have myself from M. Lessignol some very interesting letters.

"Upon my own business in particular I must not forget to tell you that Mr G———, who has been here to form a commercial treaty, left town to-day for Paris. He received the idea of forming a church in Paris very favourably, and offered to look over

the Code Napoleon with me when I came to Paris, to see what the law requires, and to modify the application to the government as circumstances render most proper. So in one form or another the thing is not likely to fail.

"And now you are ready to ask how my own courage stands at the sight of all this preparation for labour, and what I think will be my own part in it. I am surprised myself, my dear father, at my own resolution,—that I, who used so to tremble at responsibility, can now go forward, without an adviser so confidently. I hope it is not a vain, and will not prove a delusive confidence. But I feel as if I had information and powers which may prevent my acting unworthily of the station; though out of the habit of writing, I feel certain I can prepare myself, and I only need a little more faith, or a good deal, if it please our Heavenly Father to give it me, in the fact that God sees me, that I am surrounded by perishing sinners, myself a sinner, and that there is revealed for them and me a way of salvation in Christ Jesus the Lord—to rouse me into vigorous action. Oh! that we believed this—that we could feel in any degree as we ought at the idea of an eternal world. Eternal? is it—can it be true, that when that sun and those stars shall no longer shine on us, when the worms shall be the companions of the bodies that we now nourish with so much care, that then our souls shall be conscious in an eternal

world? The word of God says so—and it may be that then our souls shall be enjoying the Divine Presence, and our nature filled with perfect delight, and then in our flesh we may see God our Redeemer; when the trumpet shall sound and we be raised incorruptible, and brought into the possession of heavenly mansions. Nothing is more common among christians than expressions of surprise at the little effect produced on their own minds by the truths they profess to believe, and so long as we are sinful men there will no doubt be reason for this surprise.

"I cannot even stop for the night without saying what I shall say more of—that I dare hardly trust myself to think of your disappointment at my not coming home. For myself to make a sacrifice, to sit in solitude, is nothing; but I cannot bear that you should suffer pain, especially that it should come through me whom you love, and for whom you would sacrifice so much. But I would bow before a providence which I did not conjecture could happen, and of which, therefore, I could not forewarn you.

"I pray now and ever that the Almighty may set his angels as a watch around you all, and that you may enjoy abundantly of his consolations. May the fear of God and the love of God dwell richly in your hearts, so that we may love each other the more for our common love to the one Redeemer, and may this love increase until together we "enter into the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

To Mrs ——,

London, October 20th, 1818.

"You know the importance which I am inclined to give to this soi-disant American—really christian establishment in Paris. It is a quixotic attempt, if we have not confidence in a divine blessing and protection. May my motives be purified, and I made to understand my duty, and receive strength to perform it. Pray for me my beloved sister. What delight is there in the idea that you can pray for me and for the prosperity of Zion at the same time. But is this not presumption? Am I to be an instrument in building the walls of Jerusalem? The idea is too great. I am ready to put my hand on my forehead, and muse half stupid and half melancholy, under so solemn a consideration. We are much the creatures of circumstances, and I may be brought to exhibit more energy and knowledge in the service of God than I ever thought I possessed—Oh that it may be, then, now, and ever, "yet not I, but Christ working in me."

"I was at the communion service at Mr Fletcher's last sabbath. Dr Waugh opened the service by a most affecting address. I had more overwhelming feelings than often come over me; indeed I was so exhausted by them that my bodily frame was more weakened in an hour than it would have been by preaching three times. I have much of the high and low in my anticipations of my winter labours."

All the solemn responsibility he was about to assume in his ordination, could not fail to come with commanding power over the mind of a person of so enlightened and true a conscience as Mr B. It seems a remarkable dispensation, that one so formed for the pure enjoyments of friendship, and one so disposed to seek counsel and solace in the bosom of a friend, should have approached to one of the most affecting and interesting stages of his life, alone. The disposer of his lot, whose loving-kindness and wisdom were always borne witness to by Mr B.— had seen fit to leave no intermediate alleviation for all his varied anxieties and emotions, in order, it may be supposed, that he might bring them directly to the sympathies of a High Priest touched with the feeling of his infirmities.

Previous to his ordination he thus describes his condition.

London, October 26th, 1818.

"It has been with no pleasant thoughts that I arrived again in London, and sadness of heart predominates now in all my feelings. This strange alteration of purpose, which sometimes seems almost quixotic to myself, the novel circumstances into which I shall soon be thrown, and above all the disquietude which the idea of being ordained while I am yet in the turmoil of travelling, with my confused feelings, and lifeless religion, put me altogether sometimes in no

enviable state of mind. How unprepared am I to enter on the most solemn of all offices, and to bind myself by the most awful of vows. At such a period, when I have looked forward to it, I have planned for myself deep retirement, and many heart-searching examinations of my own exercises, and many heart-felt petitions to the throne of the heavenly grace. O God, art thou the God of my salvation? O Lord Jesus, am I to declare thine unsearchable riches? * *

What can ever be made out of me?—with abilities above contempt, there seems a nervelessness in my whole constitution which will unfit me for any matter of practical utility. I fear I shall never have any thing at command at the moment it is required; and that a creature of impulse, I shall now and then do a good and useful thing, but oftener disappoint and grieve myself and friends."

Those who have since witnessed his active and efficient energy in the station which he filled, will readily impute these fears in part to his unpractised youth, but chiefly to the conceptions of a mind which planned more than it could accomplish, and grasped in imagination more than it could attain. It is ever thus with the noblest souls; and He who made man's heart, knows that we are fated to pine in this world under unfulfilled hopes,—not, however, to pine in vain. Those conceptions, ever unfulfilled, ever disappointed on earth, are the harbingers of heavenly aspirations, and the precursors of that complete state

of being which awaits all who are made perfect in Christ Jesus.

London, October 30th, 1818.

"I cannot tell you with what emotion I read your last letter, and thank you for all your good advice, and for your prayers, which I assure you I reciprocate. You anticipate an effect from my change of plan that it will effectually answer all questions of doubt, as to my personal religion. But it will not do so, and to show you this, I will add to what I previously said on secret motives. This sacrifice of home, (and it is a great one,) promises recompense in the way of worldly consideration, and in the way of literary culture. And as I am fairly embarked in the profession, it was not strange that I should embrace it. You may not remember, once, when I spoke of being encouraged by the fact that I had abandoned worldly expectations in other professions, by my choice of the ministry, that you told me there would have been no such thing for me, and that this is the only thing I could be fit for. There is truth in it, and if I am ever fit for it, it is all I ask. I write after returning from preaching for Dr Winter, preparatory to the first sabbath of the month. I preached for Dr Pye Smith on wednesday night. My ordination is to take place at his place of meeting at eleven o'clock next wednesday. The ministers agreed with me in thinking that it ought to be rather

private. Dr Waugh, Mr Fletcher, and Mr Wilson from Greenock are to assist, with Dr Winter, and Dr Smith. O that I had a month or two now, or a week of most entire solitude. It pains me to think of this ordination; going from the coach to the hotel, and from the hotel to the church. But we are always placing too much confidence in means, and if I had all the means I desire, no doubt I should be as much disinclined to make the best use of them, as I am of those I have. I am invited with great kindness to a house where I may be as much alone as I wish that day. I think you do not know Mr Hale. I consider it a personal favour done to myself, while he does not so count it, that he invites the ministers, and begged me to bring any friends I have. But as I have none—yes, friendless and homeless!—this last kindness will not fill his hospitable table. I am grateful, very much so, for the christian kindness I have experienced in many places, and shall ever remember and love Dr Smith for his attention to me at this time. So all the mechanical details are settled. It remains to look to Him who has the residue of the Spirit."

Dover, Monday night,
November 9th, 1818.

"So far as externals were concerned, last wednesday passed over most comfortably. Mr Fletcher made the first prayer; Dr Winter gave the address to the people; Dr Waugh an address, and proposed the

questions to me, to which I answered monosyllabically. He came down, and made the ordination prayer, and Dr Smith gave the charge, a thing perfect in its kind for affectionateness, judiciousness and piety. Mr Wilson, of Greenock, made the concluding prayer. And now you have the account of what met the eye of flesh. But what did the eye of the searcher of hearts see? My mind was deeply solemn. Dr Waugh, you know, has always much nearness of access to the throne of grace; but in the ordination prayer all his soul poured itself out in the deepest devotion, and most holy ardour; there was indeed in it unction from on high, it seemed the very breath of heaven. They were not earthly thoughts or feelings. For myself, I thank our heavenly Father, that I was at that moment enabled to give myself away in every power of my body, and faculty of my soul, and I thought that I could spend and be spent for Christ, and leave friends and country for ever in this life, if we could meet in the life eternal. But alas—when he spoke of the blood of souls being found in the skirts of ministers of the gospel—Oh, I have had moments of anguish,—Oh God, my God, art thou my God, and wilt thou be my refuge and *strength* and very present help in trouble? You may suppose that I was very much exhausted by the feelings of the day. But I awoke next morning before it was light, in a state of mind such as I never before experienced—I am earthly, and I wanted the bosom of an earthly father

to weep upon. It was anguish—its essence is all contained in two words—eternal responsibility. I could not look unto Jesus, I could not enjoy the consolations of his promises. But why trouble you? or rather, "why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me,—Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.

You would yourself be surprised at the vast importance every body attaches to my mission. I have one great comfort in it,—I should never have been satisfied to labour where a better person could have been; but here, as the Apostle Paul says, I do not labour within another man's line, nor prevent a more efficient workman. May our Master give me grace to be faithful.

I received a letter on friday which tells me that the application for liberty of worship was considered a matter of sufficient importance to be handed by the minister of police, to whom it was addressed by the consistory of the protestant church to the minister of the Interior, who has returned a favourable answer. I am glad, however, that they have dignified it so much, since by this means we have the highest authority.

I am a little pale, and not very strong from all that I have gone through."

Paris, November 28, 1818.

* * * "I was deeply affected, and am still to a certain degree, with the responsibilities of another world, and the simple fact is, I may tell you, since it is now over, that I came to Paris, pale and worn out, and with no more bodily strength than I had before I left New York. I arrived here on a thursday night; the service for which I was not fit, was continued by M. Mejanel in a private house. I prepared my first sermon as well as I could, from "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The notice was published in the English papers here of a regular service in the Chapel of the Oratoire. We had a great many more people than could have been expected. Among the hearers were numbered the Ambassador's family, Lord Calthorpe, &c. &c. &c. The beginning was very auspicious,—the attention very profound, and the effect of the sermon such I hope, as, if it do nothing more, will get me another hearing. I would here solemnly express my gratitude to Him who has given such a beginning. The Americans were much pleased to see so many of themselves together, yet there were many absent. There were present also some English and French. After a great deal of search, we had given up the idea of being able to find any one to lead in singing the psalms, when a person came into our house an hour before service, who did it. However, the evening service is so inconvenient, that we

have resolved to change it, and have it at two o'clock, as the French service ends, and before the English begins—still in the little chapel. M. Marron, and the French consistory have shown us every attention. I shall make every exertion to be on as friendly terms with them as possible; it may be of service to the good cause. We keep up the morning service at a private house.

On sabbath morning I selected a text and got my mind so full of the subject, that on monday I wrote almost all my new sermon (Luke 9, 26) so that you see I was determined not to be behind hand. I hope it will not engender sinful pride, but I have found out that I have more understanding and imagination than I thought, and can write with a certain eloquence of feeling. Think of the drawback then of reading it; and notwithstanding that I muster Dr Chalmers and Andrew Thomson, and all the ministers of New England as examples, yet I am not satisfied, and hope to rid myself of this method, so destructive to all force of manner.* You will believe that I, who had not written a sermon for two years and a half, find occupation enough.

You will be surprised after what has been done, to know that there are but three or four christian people here; that nothing would have been done at all if it had not been for H———, who is a treasure to me of genius and intellect and imagination and

* This was not his maturer judgment.

christian principle, so based and combined as it never was in any other mind. I have been looking about to try and get a weekly prayer meeting, which I need also—we will see.

I go out to make a call or two now and then, but when I am not forced to that, I sit and write till two or three, and then take a ride on horseback, and see all the mountebanks on the boulevards, and all the gentry of all qualities in the Champs Elysées, and shake off the vapours, and sigh over the vanity of the world, and rejoice that I am alone, that I may laugh or cry as I please.—Now you have my manner of life. As to my locale, I am in a very agreeable neighborhood, near the most frequented boulevard in the Rue de l'Echiquier. * * * *

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In brief, I have every thing I want, and am as happy as a lark, only when I like to be otherwise, just for variety, and ought to esteem myself the most fortunate of mortals.—And now I have room for no more in this style.—

Are you much given to mark anniversaries? So far as I can remember, and so far as sabbaths can come round on the same day, I believe the first day of my preaching was the anniversary of the first sabbath which Dr Mason and I passed in Paris, a day, as I remember I once told you, of strange sadness of heart, and tears. Who hath led me!

And now of the news. The French government

has given permission to the Consistory of Paris to form a protestant Bible Society, those of the confession of Augsburg as well as the calvinists. All the pastors are engaged in it, and it promises great things. One very encouraging circumstance is, that however much the preaching here falls short of that full exposition of christian doctrine and application to the conscience which we need, yet there is a manifest improvement since I was first here, and I never heard M. Marron at all so explicit as he was, as to the doctrines of christianity, in a sermon styled the inauguration sermon for the Bible Society. The Duchess de Broglie, Mad. de Stael's daughter, and other protestants of rank, take great interest in it.

I met with Mr Owen* at dinner at Lord Calthrop's the other day with great pleasure, though we did have some talk as to the ultraism of the Americans at the Popish ceremonies, such as not taking off one's hat to the Host, even at Rome, &c. He has gathered a vast deal of interesting information where he has been. I like to see such a man as he, who as a member of the Church of England, is a little ultra too, and observe how every vestige of prejudice yields, when the question is about preferring the essence of christianity to any of its forms. He is indeed an excellent christian man, and I should love him if it were for nothing else but his deportment at Geneva. He conducted himself with the greatest

* Secretary of the B. and F. Bible Society.

wisdom; kept always in view that he represented the B. and F. B. Society, and took no side. He refused a fraternal dinner, as it was styled, to which the company of Pasteurs invited him, because of their divisions,* and declined afterwards to see them together. He expressed his religious opinions most decidedly, especially at Mad. Vernet's in a very large company. His whole influence has been on the right side, and I know from what I heard when there, how great that was.

[I beg above all things that our well meaning friends in England will let us alone. When I see what a small undertaking this is in reality, and what the imaginations of persons at a distance make of it, it seems as if we had published falsehoods. It can do us no good, and it is painful to any candid mind to be the object of such overrated notions. If any permanent good is done, it will be known in due time; it is not necessary to celebrate the triumph before the battle."

Paris, December 29th, 1818.

"Last sunday week I made my first extemporaneous preaching, at our little morning meeting in a room,† and there seemed to be a special providence

* The divisions in the church of Geneva, are so well known that it has not been thought right to print any of the details given by Mr Bruen, though they were very minute; especially as subsequent events, had they been known to him might have modified his views in some degree.

† The Chapel of the Oratoire was occupied in the morning by French protestants and therefore only at liberty for Americans in the afternoon.

in it, for an american lady here, who has been the most active, and who was in great distress of mind which I did not know of, found it a word of great comfort. We have a little prayer meeting from house to house in the week, in which I explain a small portion of scripture, and the others pray, but so weak are we that three men are all we can have to lead in it. The good people are very liberal of their money for tracts and testaments and all charitable works.

The course of my mind strikes me as being extremely curious; here, when I have become an old man, my fancy has got a little start, and I am reading Milton with infinite delight—with a *new*, pure and unaffected pleasure. * * * and I have enjoyment in composition, altogether independent of religious pleasure, from the number of vivid images which strike me. How sweet to myself is this egotism."

CHAPTER VII.

Paris, January 2d, 1819.

"I was very solicitous to write to you on the last night of the year, but the necessity of preparing my sermon prevented me, but I thought much of you before and after midnight. One complete year has rolled by, and I have still that in possession (in mind and feeling) which marks an era in my life. How strange that I should come to Kelso to find a pure, disinterested friend, and not be forgotten, whether at Rome or Paris,—come back to Scotland to see you,—and be here enjoying one of the most vivid of my pleasures in your correspondence. I have by its means come to have a more independent being in reference to a multitude of objects. And I am sure it has been, and will be, of essential service to me in the most important matters. It has indeed been a peculiar allotment in providence. We are fairly embarked on the stream of a new year. I feel myself more than a year older, at the full point of life, with more than life half gone, and yet so inconsequent are we in our feelings, I cannot comprehend that, if that

be true, I am more than half way to the house of silence, and to the period when these eyes shall not behold the sun, nor this heart beat with any emotion. Yet death advances. He will soon do that for me which he has done for so many others. He will soon stop my pulsations, and cast all of me that my friends look upon, into the grave for worms to feed on, and holding my soul with a firm grasp, carry it to the judgment of God. It is true that there is one who makes death the messenger of peace, the harbinger of heavenly life. * * *

It is now almost one o'clock; saturday night, then, is past; the first of 1819. So we travel on toward eternity. Farewell—I will leave the rest of my paper for another night, if I live so long. May your rest be grateful, and your hopes buoyant, and your faith firm. It takes my letter many days to go to you—my thoughts are more rapid, and my prayers. The moon shines brightly here. It also throws its silver light upon the ruined Abbey, upon the old holly, and on the Tweed." * * *

January 3d.—"I have lived so long and come to the termination of another sabbath. Once more I have delivered my Master's message, and told my hearers, that our dust must return to the dust as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it; that the reason of our mortality is our sin, and that Jesus Christ alone can save our souls from wrath, our whole persons from perdition. * * *

Many of our young men, and of my personal acquaintances who hate, no doubt, to hear of death in Paris, never come to church. If there were nothing more in it than the loss of all the habits of home, which, though they have become estranged, they must return to, or lose the respect of those they most value. It is a sad concern. But there *is* more in it, and the angel of destruction can mark out a grave for them, as well at the cemetery of Père La Chaise as at the family burial ground.

I do not know my dear friend, if ever I made the request, but I wish very much, if by any of those occurrences which are called accidents, I should not reach home, or should not live long afterwards, that you would make a few extracts from my letters to you, of such parts as you think would show them most of their brother, and send to my sisters. I never put so much of myself on paper before, and they would be sorry as well as I, that I should quite fade from their recollection."

To his Brother.

Paris, February 4, 1819.

* * * * * "Except that I am in the main stronger, I am for health very much as when I left home, and I think that perhaps, I shall never lay my hand firmly on my work, and work forward and through, like an honest man. We may assure ourselves of one thing, that however we may adorn our

weaknesses with the glitter of sentiment, or palaver them over with fine names; yet that man is the most respectable who does the plain, useful work of life, and he will have something substantial in the effect he has produced upon society, when the wind has carried away our bubbles, and the sun melted our frost-work.

Many reflections of this sort, and others which would produce more pain, if self-love did not take off their edge, that letter of my friend, George Duffield's, naturally produces. The present civil interests of his country have been benefited by his exertions, and then the fruit of his labours extends to eternity. But this is a reflection I dare not examine now.

Although since the receipt of my last letters from home, there are other grounds on which to decide to return soon, the main point to which I direct my view is, that the sphere of usefulness is greater there than here. The subject of being settled when I return will doubtless give me anxiety. I confess that a small congregation in a country place would better suit my frame of body and mind, than the bustle and heavy labour of the city. I am very sorry if the people of ———— have kept their church vacant any longer than they would of necessity have done, from thinking of me. Still that place strikes my fancy, for a great deal of good might be done there with less difficulty than in many other situations. There are congregations in New York and

other cities, to which even if I should be called, I should think it would offend all the sense of fitness that is in my nature, to attempt the guidance of. Happily, circumstances do not require me to vex my mind with cares for the morrow.

You must have admired the quantum of philosophy which my last letter to my Father contained. A friend told me some time ago, that the country minister with whom he was brought up, in a fine summer evening when the labours of the day were over, and he had taken his tea, used to place himself at the parlour window, with his pipe, and discourse most affectingly, while thus in the plenitude of happiness, on the pains of life and all its vanities." * * * *

Paris, February 8th, 1819.

"I have spoken to you of my grandfather with whom I was left in the country, and to whom in my childishness, I was a companion and friend. He used to take more pleasure in our little discussions, than in conversing with most of his neighbours. He was a man of strong native sense, great practical judgment and knowledge of men. I delight to turn back to the recollections of my childhood, and I shall never forget him who occupied so large a place in them. Day followed day in the round of our employments, and in the evening he took his place at the fire, and I at his right hand, and settled all the affairs of state. I illustrated all my arguments from

the history of the Roman Senate, and we sometimes descended from these high topics to the approaching examination, or the state of the skating pond. I shall never forget the feelings with which we have spent the sabbath evenings, when the deep blue heavens, such as we often have of a winter night, were studded with stars, and he has told me the popular names of them, and we have talked of their distances, and of His almightiness who wheels them in their courses.—In fine, we parted. He dined at my uncle's with me, but his great age did not permit him to come to hear me preach in my native town, the day before I bade it farewell. And now, he lies fast by where he placed a stone over the remains of my grandmother. I scarcely dared to anticipate the delight with which we should have met again; and it has been as well not to dwell upon it, for now we shall not meet again here."

February 9th.

"One reason why I could not finish my letter yesterday was, because I was engaged to make a visit in which your hand could be traced. Madame Vernet has sent me, besides a letter of introduction from Prof. Pictet, one from herself to the Countess of ———. In default of a better, you may see a character of her in Lady Morgan's France. What I had heard of her, had given me a desire to know a woman of the great world, and of great literature. And Madame Vernet's letter spoke of a

quality that I dare say Lady Morgan would not inquire about, her religion. After going through all the forms, of leaving my card, being sent for, invited to dine, &c.—last night when I made a visit I was quite enchanted; I never before had an idea of the true *spirituel* in French conversation. You must know that Madame La Marquise, for that is her title,—what horror to my republican ears!—occupies herself all the day in public charitable establishments, never goes out in the evening, and instead of once or twice, "receives" every night in the week. The consequence is that the mere people of rank come seldom, but there are always a few of the most considerable persons who come for sensible purposes. Some ladies were there last night, and as I heard them announced I made the same mistake into which Byron's title of Lord, led the Edinburgh Reviewer in his first critique. But when we talked of M'Intosh's review of Mad. de Stael, in the last Edinburgh, I soon found that they were vastly well nformed, and what is more rare, thought for themselves. We had afterwards a scientific discussion on the art of talking, which was the more amusing because it was clear that they were all professors exposing the rules. The Countess began with the principle that the speaker is, in almost all circumstances, the one the best pleased in the company, and that the main pleasure in hearing is, that we shall have our turn next. Then came the different species of pro-

fessed talkers, with the benefits and evils belonging to the race, all spiced with anecdotes of great authors, which was quite a treat to me, and I swallowed it with great voracity. We had also present a General officer who told us of the campaign of Russia, and how he saw 500,000 men cross one bridge over the Niemen, and saw all that remained of the army, infantry, artillery and cavalry, stand on the same bridge on their return, while the king of Naples said to him "voila tout." The bridge about the size of the Pont Royal, or a little larger than yours over the Tweed.

The religious tracts which we have printed take greatly with the Countess, and she will distribute them. She seems to be a very sincere woman, reads a great deal of the bible, though a catholic, and is anxious to get some plain sermons for the common people. She says that the priests will have nothing to do with the schools for mutual instruction. So much the better if it stirs up others to give religious knowledge. She does a great deal of good. I brought over that tract which affected me much; Cowper's brother's death by Cowper; it is translated, and will, I have no doubt, be popular. We have distributed many of the life of Wm. Kelly, which I suppose you know. Most of the English French tracts are shockingly done, but this the Countess says does not contain a single English idiom. The Shepherd of Salisbury plain, is translated, and half a volume of the cheap repository tracts will soon be fin-

ished. These things are owing to H———. Our numbers at the church are rather increasing, but the sphere of usefulness is much larger at home. There is to be a new vessel at Havre on the 1st of April, when it is my present purpose to embark. Think of it—a little more than six weeks! I have given what seems to be my duty here. * * * *

Paris, March 1st, 1819.

My dear Father,

* * * * "As to my occupations here, I have very little to add to what I have before written. The encouragement is not so great as to make me feel obliged in conscience to stay, nor yet so little as to leave me altogether willing to go. A short time will decide.

I have peculiar need of your prayers, that my faith fail not; that my confidence in the truth of God's word be not shaken, by seeing so many neglect the way of salvation. Mine is a far different case from that in which the doctrines of the gospel are preached among a people accustomed to the sound, and to consider the things as true, even when they have no practical experience of them,—there each one supports the other, but here I am comparatively solitary. I am as sensible as any one can be, that it is in vain to muse about the future world; that all speculations on futurity are worthless; that nothing but a strong faith can sustain us; that a simple reliance upon what

the scripture reveals, is the only wise course. There is but one way which is to give up our sinful hearts, with all that we have of evil, to the Lord Jesus who is the Sanctifier as well as Redeemer, and who will receive all that come unto him, and purify all that he receives. The life of faith is a continual going out of ourselves to him who is the faithful and true witness to receive the grace that is needful, the influences of the spirit that sanctify, and the hope that flourishes through eternity. "What I would that I do not," but I would live this life, and practice this dependence, and live from the treasures which He dispenses, eat of the heavenly manna that he gives, and drink abundantly of the waters that never fail.

While we live from day to day, the end of our earthly existence approaches. What are all other concerns, compared to the making sure of a blessed immortality. We must live in faith; we must confide the regulation of our future interest unto Him to whom we commit our soul. He who rules our lot in this world, rules the world of spirits. In short, in all our meditations we must come to the conclusion, that faith is the all-important matter, and vital christianity ends where it begins, believe, and thou shalt be saved.

The number of my hearers is small, but they are very attentive. They change perpetually, for most persons make a very short residence here, so I have little opportunity of judging how much good I

do; less than would be done if I had more faith and zeal. May there be a reviving of things that remain that are ready to perish."

Paris, March 9th, 1819.

"I have just come from dinner at Lord Calthorpe's and have seen there in Mr Pinkerton's character, a specimen of christian principle, which I reverence with all my soul. When I last wrote, I thought it perfectly certain that I should return home this spring, and yet latterly without any change of circumstances or reason, I have come to balance and doubt in a strange manner. I can certainly go *with a most safe conscience.* I give you full credit for an affectionate wish to keep me on this side the Atlantic, else I suspect you would feel obliged to urge me to go and enlarge my field of labour. There is no influence exercised on the French, as it seems impossible there should be. All, religious and irreligious, are very anxious I should not return. But, in summer there will be frequently strangers to minister to the people; and there is some expectation that a clergyman will come from London, who will be able to preach, though his health is not good. If he does, I shall consider it as a permission in providence that I may go. * * * * * Among my hearers there has been a lady of a certain literary reputation, Helen Maria Williams. * * * As to Madame La Marquise, she spoke

in the most affecting manner the other day about how utterly the world was spoiled to her by the death of her son. For two years she has occupied herself exclusively in religion. You cannot conjecture how a thousand things that seem plain to us, trouble one brought up in catholicism. She wonders very much how the general circulation of the Bible can be very useful, when so many parts of the Old Testament are so very obscure, and unintelligible in any evangelical manner to common readers. She exerts herself to give what religious instruction she can to the children. There is no getting at truth. Now contrary to all report, she says that the Duchesse d'Angouleme is very tolerant, and on a committee in which they were together, ordered relief to be given to the sick of *whatever* religion.

I have been visiting a lady to-day who was very much in the fashionable world, who is within a few days, apparently, of death. God has been pleased to change her heart when the consumption seized her, and she is now a joyful christian. It was the greatest comfort to witness such a scene. She said that she is far happier now on the sick bed, suffering all sorts of bodily pain, with her bones coming almost through her skin, (her very words) than she had ever been in the gaieties of the world. What a testimony! This is a matter of sense and experience; there is no mistaking such effects of christianity. She said she did not wish to live, and that God would support

her husband in the trial, and it might have the effect of bringing him nearer to the rock of salvation.

I put my concluding petition in the formula of dear Lissignol's last letter, "pensez toujours au pauvre solitaire de *Paris*, qui vous aime en Jesus Christ."

Paris, March 26th, 1819.

"In fine—my resolution is taken, and the vessel has arrived to which your brother is to confide his fortunes. * * I have been supposing that I must remain till May, for want of a conveyance, but this is an excellent opportunity, a new vessel, fine accommodations, and a trusty captain, the very best season of the year, in short the very best prospect every way. By this time you wish to ask, "and what prospects does conscience give?" On this important point it is necessary to satisfy you. If our institution here in any way took root among the French, though it were ever so small in the beginning, it would be vastly important, and I should feel myself ready, I believe, for any sacrifice. But it does no more touch them than if it were in California. It depends for its hearers on the few american families here, and perishes at their removal. It is essentially foreign, and without any influence in the country. * * * * *

I received a note from Mr Hankey,* begging me to stay another year. The people who are not on

* Allen Hankey, Esq., Banker, London.

the spot cannot judge of the circumstances; they have all along attributed too much importance to it, and will likely enough think I was attracted home, when it was my duty to stay. My good friends here, the most earnest for my stay, are wiser. They say, if I thought it my duty to remain, they would think so,—as it is, they cannot oppose me. I had a note from H——— this morning, in which he says, before I decided he would say nothing, but now that it is fixed he may speak, and he would not have listened a moment to my going, if he did not feel that in my circumstances he should unhesitatingly do the same. I could not be at our little prayer meeting last night, being with a sick person; but it was the entreaty of all, that I might be guided in the way of duty.

* * * * * * *

Every spare moment has been taken up with a lady who has hung between life and death in a wonderful manner for more than a fortnight, in whom I have seen the force and triumph of faith, the peace of God, the preciousness of His promises, and of the blood of Jesus, and the darkness and horror into which we may fall, when we see the shadows that are near the valley of death. Ah! there is sadness in that hour. It is in vain to be told that Jesus is ever the faithful and true witness, whether we see the light of his countenance or walk in darkness, if we feel not the preciousness of the word of life. May the good shepherd lead us by the fountains of water, and wipe

away all tears from our eyes, * * * I must tell you that Madame La Marquise lent me Fenelon, and I have been much affected by some pencil marks on it. She never will recover from her grief at the loss of her son. In a treatise on prayer Fenelon quotes St Augustin who says that "it is good to pray, when we seek God only, and bad when we seek by his means other good things,"—upon which she remarks, "Est il permis de le prier pour qu'il vous reunisse dans son sein avec l' object de votre amour, et de votre regret?" Fenelon contains a remark very important from Augustin—"Do not pretend to make God the protector of your self-love, and your ambition, but the executor of your good designs; go not to God to satisfy your passions, nor as you do sometimes to save yourself from the cross that he knows you need." Speaking elsewhere that it is love for Jesus Christ which should induce us to desire death, she remarks—"J' ai confondu dans mon amour, et mon Dieu et le vertueux enfant qu'il a repris dans son sein; c'est vers tous deux que mon ame s'élance. Est-ce bien? Est-ce-mal?" In the conclusion of one of his essays, Fenelon says, O Dieu, donnez votre amour aux vivants, et votre paix aux morts;"—and she adds,—"et la mort aux désolés!" Let us my dear sister pray together for peace and consolation for one who most earnestly desires to be led into all truth.

I remember you were struck in my journal, with a

little account of my going out of Geneva, the only sabbath I was in the Canton, to Satigny to hear M. Sarpin preach. The first words I heard him say were "Celle-ci n'est pas notre veritable patrie." He was then just married. I have now a letter from him in which he says, "Depuis que Je ne vous ai vu, notre Maitre a jugé à propos de me retirer les joyes de la vie, et de me frapper du plus terrible coup qui puisse atteindre un cœur aimant sur cette terre de deuil. Il l'a fait parceque je le meritois sans doute, mais aussi parce qu'il m'aimoit. Puissè-je ne plus regarder qu' aux choses invisibles, et m' attacher de plus en plus à son avénement. J' ignore si je reverrai votre visage sur cette terre de combats, mon cher ami, mais je ne cesserai de demander pour vous dans mes prières cette grace qui est meilleure que la vie. C' est-ce-que J' ai fait bien souvent depuis les momens trop courts que nous avons passé ensemble. Votre souvenir rapelle un temps trop heureux pour moi. Adieu donc mon cher frère. Que Dieu vous ramene dans le sein de votre famille, qu'il vous donne la joie de la retrouver selon votre souhait, qu'il rende vos travaux fructueux pour bien des ames, et qu'il vous donne enfin la couronne incorruptible dans ce beau jour où se reportent avec tant de consolation mes pensées, trop souvent abattues. Votre frère en Christ notre unique sauveur."

Now my dear sister farewell.

Havre, April 11th, 1819.

"You perceive my dear friend, that I am upon the edge of the shore, and can "lay my hand on the mane of ocean." The vessel is but a few steps off, in which I go. Your letter arrived on the saturday, but I did not receive it until sunday noon, having been all the preceding night watching at the house of the lady of whom I spoke to you, nor could I leave it till near midnight, as I only went home in time to dress for church, and was only absent during the service. I was there three nights successively, and saw all the horrors and all the consolations of death. Oh my dear sister, he is the king of terrors, but that there is one mightier than he*— * * *

I left Paris on the 9th at evening with feelings different from any I ever before experienced. I concluded my ministry in a sermon from 1st Thessalonians 5 and 23, on the last sabbath at the Oratoire. They to whom I had been made the instrument of advantage, and they to whom I had not, all expressed regret at my departure, although they admitted the force of my reasonings. We had our little missionary prayer meeting on monday, and I concluded all my ministrations on thursday evening, in a familiar explanation of Ephesians 6th chapter from the 10th verse to the end. I felt it more than I did my public fare-

* He attended the remains of this interesting lady to the grave, and a part of his address on that affecting occasion forms the concluding chapter of his little volume of Essays. The chapter is entitled "Cemetery of Père la Chaise."

well, I had utterance given me, and a deep impression that the circumstances were affecting." *

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On the 23d of April Mr Bruen sailed from Havre, and reached home in June. His letters, while he was wind bound at Havre contain many precious records of a grateful heart; but delicacy to those friends whose society at Paris he so highly valued, forbids quotation. Those friends who survive to lament his early departure, will readily unite to say, that his piety so sincere, his mind so polished, his manners so engaging, led them to feel themselves the indebted, in all their intercourse. The following letter was presented to him the evening before he left Paris.

"To the Rev Mr Bruen.

"Sir,

"Notwithstanding our regret at being deprived of your pastoral care, we are compelled by the same considerations which induce you to leave us to acquiesce in your departure. We cannot bid you farewell without acknowledging the obligations under which you have laid us. That you should have come at our request when on the eve of returning, after a long absence, into the bosom of your family, to labour among us, declining all reward but the satisfaction of serving the cause of religion, entitles you to our esteem and gratitude. The manner in which you have accomplished this evangelical mission, has

left an indelible impression on our hearts. We beg of you to take with you, the assurance of our sincere respect, of our affectionate remembrance, and of our cordial wishes for your happiness, and for the success of your ministry."

His last lines written in Europe at that time, are characteristic of the affection, the piety, and the hope which animated the whole of his character.

Paris, April 9th, 1819.

"Adieu my dear sister; christian adieus are always in some way, *au revoir*. Il n'y a rien pour jamais dans ce monde-ci, mais tout est pour jamais dans notre veritable patrie. May your dear husband be blessed abundantly with blessings for his own soul, and strength to feed the flock until the Chief Shepherd shall appear. His word is, 'Watch—behold I come quickly.' Ever, in every circumstance,

Your friend and brother, M. B."

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus terminated Mr Bruen's connection with France, and for the time, with Europe. His ministerial diligence may be inferred from extracts which have already been given purposely to exhibit it. We may refer to a prayer meeting which he could not attend, because he was with a sick person; and his leaving the dying bed of a friend to go to the pulpit, and thence returning without respite, to watch a second and a third night by that friend. These are occupations in which none but a devoted christian can find satisfaction. He often accused himself of indolence. Those who observed him minutely, might be disposed to impute what he called indolence to lack of physical strength. Certainly if he were naturally indolent, grace had an honourable triumph in overcoming nature, for luxurious ease had no power over him when duty called. In Scotland he walked eight miles alone to re-visit a dying person, whom he had previously seen but once in company with a friend. In Paris he searched with trouble and vexation through various streets and up to squalid garrets, to find out the truth

of the story of a mendicant; not of a countryman, whose claim would have been stronger, but of a frenchman, who was at home, and had no claim on an alien save that of humanity. His heart was always bent towards the spiritual good of those with whom he conversed, and many were his watchful anticipations in his little flock at Paris, the record of which remains on earth only in his letters. His heart was often humbled, and he grieved that he was so little able to turn his opportunities to good account by pressing more home the concerns of their souls upon his friends.

Besides many literary characters already named whose acquaintance Mr B. formed in Europe, we may mention Gifford, editor of the Quarterly Review in London; Helen Maria Williams in Paris; and a long train of philanthropists, among whom the amiable Sir Thomas Bernard, then suffering under infirmity, was one. Proofs of his kindly reception, and subsequent correspondence with several of these remain. John Foster and Mrs More, in particular, were interesting to him. It is not a breach of delicacy to insert here a portion of a letter from Mrs More, whose published works have rendered her private feelings peculiarly interesting, and whose frank unbosoming of her grief on the death of a sister, to a person so much younger than herself, and so far divided from her, is one among many specimens of the interest his character excited even where he was but little known.

FROM MRS H. MORE, BARLEY WOOD, NEAR BRISTOL.

November 30th, 1820.

"I have particularly to return you my cordial thanks for the gratification I derived from the perusal of your truly excellent sermon. I cannot say how much I was pleased with it. I admire the good taste in which it is written, but still more the devout, and holy, and pious spirit which pervades it. But the passages which more directly refer to the blessedness of the heavenly state, find their way in a peculiar manner to my heart, and not the less so for the personal circumstances under which it found me. I have had the unspeakable affliction of losing my beloved and only sister, the last of four. I may say with the prophet, 'My house is left unto me desolate.' Her death was edifying, as her life had been exemplary. Her sufferings were exquisite. When some one pitied her for them, she replied, 'Oh, I love my sufferings, they come from God, and I love every thing that comes from him.' In her agonies, she continually declared her entire reliance on a crucified Saviour, and entreated every friend and servant individually, to cling to the Cross of Christ as their sole hope. She was taken in mercy to *herself*, from a world of sin and sorrow, and in mercy to *me*, by a gracious God, who intended by her removal to draw me nearer to Himself." * * * * * * * *

On this affecting letter, Mr B. remarks, "Ah how

changed is Barley Wood now, from what I saw it when its mistress seemed placed in an earthly paradise, as a temporal reward for having been the means of communicating spiritual blessings; how hard a separation, after a seventy years' relationship, and friendship!"

The sermon to which Mrs More alludes, was one which Mr B. left in manuscript in Paris, and which his friend H— took the charge of bringing through the press. It was designed as a valedictory mark of affection for his friends there, and is exactly what Mrs More calls it. About the reception of this sermon, his friends naturally inquired and felt solicitous, as it was his first printed effort, written as he said *currente calamo*, and left behind him unpublished. Such inquiries produced from him the following little statement, which would not otherwise have been made:—"I lately received from Madame La Marquise, a MS. translation of my sermon into French, and you will believe that I have sentiment enough to value it the more, that it is in her own hand-writing. It is done with great taste and judgment. Though this be a flattering mark of her attention, yet in reality I have received it much more as a mark of kindness; and as I remember her telling me, not without emotion, that she had continually remarked my anxiety for her advancement in religious knowledge, I would hope that evangelical principles are not so far sacrificed to elegant diction, in these few pages, but that the examination of them may have been of benefit to her."

His delight on revisiting his native land, and meeting again with those who were ever on his heart during his absence, was exquisite. For the first few months, his letters were filled with affectionate delineations of the character and appearance of each dear friend; with descriptions of the grandeur and beauty of the natural scenery, and with remarks on the manners of his countrymen, which exhibited a degree of drollery, the fruit, probably, of his happiness, which was not one of his general characteristics. But in the midst of this, he never lost sight of the leading object of his life, that of preaching the everlasting gospel to a thoughtless world. Thus, shortly after his return, he expresses a strong wish to be employed entirely in ministerial work, and a fear that his present leisure is not improved as it might be. He was much employed in desultory preaching to assist friends in the vicinity, and sometimes, when he could assemble a few people in a school-house, near his father's country residence, he addressed them occasionally on a week-day evening. One of his descriptions of himself will give a specimen of his occupations at this time.

Brighton House, October 12th, 1819.

"I was so suddenly obliged to close my last, that I could not tell you of my special religious occupations, nor of the primitive figure I have cut across the river, here, among the sands of South Amboy, with my coat

off, traversing the hills of a sultry morning. I had a deserted Baptist meeting house to preach in the other sunday, the monument of desolation itself, a barn-looking edifice, without a single pane of glass remaining, each corner filled with ruined benches, all painted gray by the hand of time, for man never thought it worth while to colour any part of it. There was a window in the north to enlighten the preacher, and as it blew furiously from the north west, no two hairs of my head lay together, and when I caught hold of the pulpit to prevent my being blown away, I found it so frail as to require prudent handling. But to come to better things; I preached extemporaneously for forty minutes, with more satisfaction than I ever did in like way, and in spite of *my manner*, succeeded by the matter in gaining fixed attention."

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In other letters, he mentions preaching twice in a sultry day at Woodbridge, and then in the evening in the school house at Amboy, and sometimes in farm-houses in the vicinity. His judgment of his own public appearances, seems always to have been severe,—so much so, as to discourage him. His own mind, alive in a remarkable degree, to the animating power of eloquence, formed an ideal excellence which he could never attain. His soul, jealous of its own sincerity, with a godly jealousy, could not take any pleasure from reciting words to his auditors, along with which his own feelings did not go with a truthful sym-

pathy. Therefore he was often dejected when he found himself delivering from the pulpit with constraint, what in his closet had been composed under the most solemn impressions, and in the spirit of prayer. It is a mark of a superior mind, to form great conceptions, and aim at realizing them; and it is a fruit of the Holy Spirit's work in such a mind, to be continually "reaching forward to the things that are before." Thus, when a soul has fixed its aim, either in devotional exercises or useful knowledge, far beyond its attainments; it is in a state of perpetual self-disappointment; of ceaseless thirst. He exclaims in grief, "Ah, my religion is always *future*, my usefulness is always in *prospect*." Yet it is very obvious to the looker on, that this state of mind, if not carried so far as to depress the spirit, is of all others the most salutary. To have greatly designed, is well—To have greatly dared is noble—To be disappointed is human —and out of these designs, these darings, and these disappointments, hath God wrought the very spirit that cannot rest till it is carried on unto perfection. Under the pressure of casual deadness of spirit, or disappointment on falling short of his aims, Mr B. often wrote mournfully; and anticipated trials, which he supposed would have a sanctifying and quickening effect on him. Little did those who saw him surrounded by all the luxuries of life, all the blandishments of friendship, and all the appliances of the study that he delighted in, ween of the bitter things that he

wrote against himself—as thus:—"I have fatigued myself with arranging my old letters and papers, and my head is full of recollections, and my heart a little touched, when I look over Dr Waugh's notes about my ordination, and the excellent, dear Dr Pye Smith's. What a period was that in my history! How have I fulfilled the expectations of such devoted men. How do I now waste the time of a consecrated man! Surely no lonely stranger ever received so much personal kindness."

Brighton House, July 20th, 1820.

"Last sabbath after preaching twice at Woodbridge, I returned to address a full school room here, with some soul and comfort. But last night I had no freedom even upon such a topic as Jesus the bread of life. Oh, if I live, I know I shall have afflictions to rend my heart, hands lopped off and eyes plucked out, to make me speak from the experience of soul-rending sorrow, about the fulness of consolation which is in the shepherd of Israel." Now that his pilgrimage is closed, it is a subject of heart-felt thankfulness to those who knew all his griefs and disappointments, to be convinced that he was spared such anguish as his thoughts of his own need of chastisement led him to anticipate; and to know that while he had his share of the bitter herb that ever mingles in the cup of humanity, he had also his share of those sweet and supporting consolations which spring from

the fountain of life. Now his sorrows are all swallowed up in joy. O that those for whom he prayed, on whose account he grieved that his attainments were not more equal to his ideas of what they ought to have been, may derive the teaching from his loss, which even in heaven will add to his felicity, and cause joy among the angels of God.

Mr B. was now at that period of a young minister's life, which is most trying to many of his graces.—The period when he waited until the head of the church should fix his field of labour. It is exciting to the pride of a youth who has just begun to call his talents into exercise, after passing years in preparation, to see himself placed as a competitor with others who may outstrip him. It is trying to his integrity to preach before those whose favour he may secure by adopting some peculiar strain of preaching, —or who may be propitiated and influenced by private and flattering attentions. It is trying to his faith, to leave this matter so important to him, entirely in the hands of God.

Among many details of that interesting period, one must not be passed over, which is probably unknown even to the individual whose future lot was materially influenced by it. Mr B. was invited to preach in a city in the south, with a view to his being appointed pastor of a congregation of the first respectability there. In the steam packet by which he travelled, he met with a young clergyman whom he estimated

highly, and who was proceeding to a still more southern station. Mr B. with that scriptural lowliness of mind which disposes each to esteem other better than himself, procured this gentleman to be invited to preach in passing, in that church where he himself came as a candidate; on the principle that it was his earnest prayer, that if any other man could do more good in that congregation, he should be called. The result of this invitation was, that his young friend came in character of his rival, and was elected pastor, an event which the generous spirit of our friend hailed with entire satisfaction.

Circumstances led Mr Bruen to re-visit Great Britain in January, 1821. Never was long absent brother welcomed with a purer joy, than was Mr B. when he again, as he said, "took refuge in his Scottish home." The February, March, and April of 1821, stand marked in the calendar of memory, as a period of many pleasing conferences and spiritual exercises, and also as a period when mutual sympathy, bestowed and reflected its much needed consolations on us all. During that time he was destined to learn the afflicting event of the death of a beloved sister, whom he had left in the bloom of youth and health. His dutiful regrets that he was not there to soothe his parents, almost swallowed up at first the blessed consolation that was offered to him, by the hope that was in his sister's death. The anguish of his spirit arising from this cause was tranquilized by

the submission which reposes on the Divine wisdom and goodness. "If," said he, "this blow has fallen at this juncture, specially to rebuke my selfishness in leaving my home when I did, even so, Father, I *am* chastised. I bow beneath the rod: only let not any of my beloved kindred suffer for my fault." What a source of reconciliation to the lighter and severer dispensations of providence is found, in first believing and afterwards experiencing, that all these things are certainly and infallibly portions of the discipline which tends to form the character for its usefulness on earth, and, as he once beautifully wrote, "to work the die, which moulds our eternity." During this visit we saw continually new developments of christian principle, and the force and energy of a spirit, which in his later years, brought him forth a good soldier of Christ, without diminishing the tenderness or injuring the refinement of his character. His conscience became more intelligent and more enlightened as he trod the paths of life, and though his soul had found refuge in the finished work of his Saviour, there was none of that benumbing kind of security, which is sometimes too apparent in the lives of believers. His refuge was not that of a slothful, luxurious repose, but of a lively, observant, watchful dutifulness. He was the more solicitous to purify himself and to be conformed to the will of his Father, in proportion as he felt in himself the witness of the Spirit, that he was indeed born of God.

During that period also, were his Scottish friends visited by a trying dispensation, in the sickness, not unto death, but to the very verge of the grave, of their eldest born. If Mr Bruen thought himself at all a debtor to them for their regard, now was the time that it was overpaid, for now was he exhibited in the double character of the tenderest nurse, and the most soothing and encouraging christian pastor. Whether it were to watch out the midnight hours by the sick bed, to lave the burning temples, or to moisten the parched lips;—whether it were to whisper reasons of hope, or motives to submission unto the trembling hearts of the parents; or whether it were to pour out those petitions which their choaked voices could not utter, he was every thing that a brother in adversity can be. He despised fatigue, he forgot his own griefs; he was in those protracted days and nights of sorrow, all that he has since been at home to those now bereaved ones, with whom they share a kindred and domestic anguish in the thought that he can minister to none of them any more.

Let it not be thought too minute to dwell on such incidents as these. They exhibit the less conspicuous points of a character, beautiful for its harmony; and he must be a very defective christian, who is only energetic in his public duties, only edifying and soothing in his professional visits to the sick. The gentleness and sympathy of the follower of Christ, are best exercised in that retirement which is sacred from the inspection of the world.

CHAPTER IX.

On the 26th of April our brother quitted Scotland for the last time. Among the relics of that affecting period is a copy of "Guthrie's Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ," which he says, "first made me hope I was converted to the faith of the gospel. Every page is consecrated by sacred recollections." His name is written in it in a school-boy hand; the date is 1813, so that we may conclude he experienced some strong exercises of mind about that time. On the first of May he sailed from Liverpool, sending his parting blessings on shore by the pilot. A few extracts from what he wrote at sea, may be interesting, as exhibiting the continual bent of his mind, and the improving reflections which suggested themselves to him, even on subjects apparently remote from spiritual concerns.

The Albion at head, May 26th, 1821.

"When I commenced writing this sheet, we were in a dead calm, the sea smoother than I ever saw it before, like the surface of one measureless lake, reflecting the clouds and sunshine like a sheet of

molten glass. We then had occasion to perceive how the ocean is peopled, and amused ourselves with taking the strange varieties of living matter and shell-fish, which floated by. After two days of this strange weather, the sky grew dark and every thing betokened a change of some sort. I, who have been very much in the habit of turning night into day, past midnight enjoyed the magnificent scene of the moon peering out of the dark clouds, piled up like castles to the very zenith, the opposite side of the heavens being filled with electric clouds flashing continually. Being then under close sail, with a good stiff breeze, it was indeed a sublime scene. One who has not been at sea, can scarcely imagine the uncertainty of this most fickle of all elements—the wind. The following night, for the first time, I was alarmed; I had been on deck, and found it raining, and that we were enveloped in Egyptian darkness, and not a breath of wind stirring. It was indeed more frightful than the loudest roar of a tempest. Just as I got into bed, a peal of thunder was heard, and a vivid burst of lightning illuminated the cabin. The captain ran down to tell the amateurs of the sublime, that a meteor had lighted on the mizen top mast. Before I could get up, however, it had exploded and vanished. For twelve hours or more after, we had a fine fair wind, by the favour of which we ran off ten or twelve knots an hour with great satisfaction. But no human comfort is lasting; there came a calm, during which

I thought, what must now be our condition, if He who holds the winds in his fist, were just to let us alone. Ah! we need no more than to be left to ourselves in many ways besides physically, to come speedily to misery and death. We are here, ninety six souls, a cow, pigs, sheep and poultry to consume the water, without which, we cannot exist.

For some days we were suffering from excessive heat; we are now freezing cold. This morning has shown us the cause, which we imagined before. We are now sailing with majestic mountains of ice floating on each side of us."

Albion, at Sea, June 4th.

"We seem to have gathered all sorts of wonders into this voyage, and as our captain says, need only a gale of wind to complete our cabinet of curiosities. We saw fifty or sixty mountains of ice, and approached so near some of them as to see the waves dash into the little cavities and coves, which the action of the sea had made. There are miseries attached to all sorts of people. If you wish to learn a seaman's miseries, imagine that you have been twenty-three days in the western ocean, baffled by the most contrary winds. When, just as the wind changes, and you prepare to run off ten miles an hour, you fall in with the ice-bergs, which force you to take in sail and lay to, for the night, fearing each moment, that the wind come round ahead again." * * * *

"I must not stop till I tell you of my dreams of home, and of future life, if there be much of my life that is future. I cannot express to you, what a resource I feel in the affection of my friends. I have few wishes, or hopes, for myself, and not one that does not consist with instant and perfect sanctification, as I think I could consent with joy to be stript of every earthly affection and delight, if I could be made an able minister of the New Testament. And yet, doubtless, my safety is only in the absence of temptation. * * * * * May God fill my heart with grief,* and my mouth with arguments; and may I expose all the evil of sin, all its deceitfulness, all its vileness; and from my own experience too, may I show the fulness of pardoning mercy in Jesus Christ."

On the 11th of June Mr Bruen once more reached his native soil, and left the friendly Albion. How like a knell did it go to our hearts, when after a few more voyages, that good ship went down on the southern coast of Ireland, with his friend Professor Fisher on board. How did we remember with gratitude that a few months before, when she had tossed for days within view of Waterford and Wexford, she still was kept afloat, and our friend restored to his home in safety. Yet, but eight years more have we lived to lose him. But how important an eight years;—years spent in labours of love, in preaching the everlasting

* Meaning penitent grief.

gospel; in breaking up the high ways for the *glad tidings* to the remoter regions of his own beloved country; in forming plans for introducing the gospel of peace to countries which he never saw. How precious is time! When spent in God's service, how may a year, a month, a day, added to life, be the means of making some soul bless us for eternity. When misspent—dreadful thought!—no one sins alone. We may be the instruments of plunging others into that doleful gulph, whose most fearful misery is, that it is far from God, that its tenants are banished from his presence, that they will never see His blessed countenance in peace.

It cannot fail to interest many who felt the wreck of the Albion, as a disaster which shocked all their feelings of security, to read the first expression of Mr Bruen's emotions on that melancholy event, and, therefore, we insert what he wrote on the subject, a little before it occurred in order of time.

New York, June 1st, 1822.

"Of what should I write, but this awful event, the shipwreck of the Albion! It has struck every body with dismay. The murder of an hundred thousand Turks and Russians, which news we were expecting, would have been nothing to it! And I, who have so often heard her timbers creak under me without fear and with only a fool-hardy fatalist's confidence, rode with her in grandeur, over the topmost waves in a

tempest—now sit quietly at home to hear that she is shattered into ten thousand pieces. No ship ever left this port under better auspices. One of the strongest vessels that floated, a most experienced and able commander, who has been travelling that track from his infancy, a full and powerful crew—all gone like a dream! The thought affects me, how often I have lain in my state room, and heard the waters gurgling, and howling, just at my ear—one plank between—and when the storm was high, listened to their roar, as if there were ten thousand ravening sea monsters, and cared little for it all. Oh, what horror was there when all these timbers parted, as if drawn apart and shivered by a giant's force! And then the desperation of the picture of that poor woman running on that deck and shrieking, till the sea bore all down!—

It is not difficult to make me weep, but I have wept in the night. All the city has been thunderstruck. We have been feeling it as secure to go to England as to Amboy. When we were at sea in her last year one of the passengers said cheerfully at supper during a storm, "Fear not ladies, we are all insured in New York at one per cent." Such was the risk here on 'change, ninety-nine chances in the hundred that she should have gone safely. One of the Insurance Offices, in which ——— is a Director, took the risk at half a per cent in her this voyage, for several thousand dollars. She had, it is said, three hundred thousand dollars in specie on board, a very small part in-

sured. Ah! but who insures lives! Captain Williams has left a wife and seven children. He was a great favourite with every body, particularly with the owners, who are building a noble ship for him. This was to be and is! his last voyage in the Albion.

Professor Fisher to whom I gave letters to Mr L. and Dr Brewster, and a parcel of books for Dr Brewster, occupied the same state room in which I came home. He dined in my company just before he sailed, and we talked of the *no* danger of the voyage. I trust he was truly ready, however, to die. He was though under thirty, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the country. A very profound article of his, stands in Silliman's Journal of Science. It is upon music. * * * * So one is taken and another left—*what* another! All the ships in port hung out their flags at half-mast, when the news arrived. You know the first saturday night I was at sea, that terrific saturday night you wrote me about, when I slept quietly in the gale; we were within less than fifty miles of this spot, and I remember hearing Captain Williams speak of the dangers of the sunken rocks at Old Kinsale,—the fatal, fated spot! How often have I heard the Captain say that the ship ran so near the wind, that he could always stand off a lee shore."

August 28th, 1822.

"Dr Beecher told me that some one from New-Haven was in Kinsale at the time of the shipwreck, to

whom the only cabin passenger saved from the Albion communicated these particulars. That Prof. Fisher was very much hurt by the first fall of the masts, and then went below and got into his birth—my birth! and sat there with a compass in his hand. Mr O— being the last one who left the cabin, asked Mr Fisher if he did not intend to come upon deck; he answered no. What a situation! In the cabin with a compass, marking which way the wind was driving, for till the last they hoped the wind would come off shore and save them."

CHAPTER X.

For some months after his return at this time Mr Bruen appears to have had more dejection of heart, than at any former period. This probably arose, in part, from his not having exerted himself with all his vigour in his Master's business. There is no rest for the christian, especially in this age, but in benevolent action. God's demand is now so urgent for the utmost efforts of his people in converting the world, that one can hardly hope to save his own soul, in any other way, than by seeking to save the souls of others. We have seen how deeply he felt the requirements of the Divine law, and the claims of redeeming love, and how vivid were his impressions of the holiness of God—and we may readily suppose that so enlightened and tender a spirit could not be at peace under the conscience of delinquency in meeting this demand. We mean, not that his faculties were idle in Christ's service, but that what would have satisfied a less gifted and less susceptible mind, fell far below his sense of obligation; and that it was impossible he should be happy, except in a sphere in which his un-

wonted and glowing energy might completely and succesfully exert itself.

Having said thus much, it may be useful, without other arrangement than that which is furnished by dates, to give extracts from his letters at this period. Doubtless his soul-searchings, will strike kindred chords in many hearts, and may be means of guidance or consolation to spirits tried as his was.

Brighton House, July 4th, 1821.

"My character is altering fast. I hope mending. Though I have little consolation in religious duties, I am more attentive to them than ever. The world is a blank and desolation to a degree it never was before. Even general literature is losing its enticing charm. Practical divinity I hope to make all my study, and it is even possible that the spirit of God may make me, unworthy, miserable, vile me, an able, and faithful, and useful minister of the new testament! Pray for me my dear friend."

Brighton House, August 7th, 1821.

"J— W— dead! I seem to have been treading on the edge of the invisible world since I came home, and the vanity of this brief scene of life so fills my heart, that it is not easy to keep out the sentiment that there are few immortal mortal men, who should not rue the day that they were born. All the elasticity of life will be pressed out of me, if I get not more

christian consolation. J— W— irrecoverably dead!"

"I never preach in the city without acute pain, caused perhaps partly by pride, but greatly by self-disappointment and conviction of inefficient labours. I would hide myself somewhere."

Brighton House, October 20th, 1821.

"Since I wrote last, I have been on a pilgrimage to A——. The church where I was invited to preach is very large—a great proportion rich, worldly minded people. Their minister, about a year since was suspended and dismissed for the sin of intemperance. I have thought it possible if God intend me as a monument of everlasting displeasure, that I shall be carried there, and left to fall into atrocious crimes, as those have done who have preceded me in the service of the church in that place. A—, has been frightfully unfortunate in its ministers.—Two of different denominations, disgraced, were at the same time living there. It would have been better not to have crossed the ocean safe than to be reserved for the sad destiny of falling like a star and drawing a third part of heaven with me. God forbid. But most frequently more encouraging reflections present themselves. I lectured there in the evenings extempore, to a large audience, and the ancient christian women thanked me, and they at whose feet I should have sat, for knowledge of the scriptures, and for evangelical spirit, told me how they were

comforted, excited, encouraged. Oh, there is such a thing as divine help, even to such a worthless wretch as I.—But then, this falling away! I preach the doctrine that God pardons sins. If any other person were to tell me of the sort of repentance I feel, the strivings against iniquity which I find in my heart—yes, and God be thanked, the victories I sometimes have, I should speak peace to him, who had been, as I have been, the chief of sinners. * * * * Oh God of mercy—son of God so full of compassion stretch forth thy hand, and save me. I shall not pretend to describe the intense feeling of joy and fear with which I read your letter written immediately after my departure. I could go over all its particulars, and make a discourse out of each line. If I am not capable of making observations in your style, I feel all the force of it. When you express your wish that Owen* had explained how some are suffered to fall for God's glory, I suppose it should be that God is glorified as securing by these lapses, a greater sum of happiness in his kingdom than could have been otherwise attained.† For at first view

* On indwelling sin.

† Bishop Hall in his contemplation on "Nathan and David," well illustrates the *manner* in which God glorifies himself by not interposing at once to hinder the greatest sins. "It might have pleased God as easily, to have sent Nathan to check David in his first purpose of sinning; so had his eyes been restrained, Bathsheba honest, and Uriah alive with honour: Now the wisdom of the Almighty knew how to win more glory, by the permission of so foul an evil, than by the prevention. Yea, he knew how by the permission of one sin, to prevent millions. How many thousands had sinned in a vain presumption on their own strength, if

among men, certainly it is never for God's glory as a benevolent being, that his professed people fall. God's plan for saving sinners, the angels study with amazement * * * So you have changed your view of heaven. It should indeed be enough for us, that Christ is there. I have been exceedingly busy ever since my return home, and have at times some very bright visions of wearing out my frame in Christ's cause."

Brighton House, November 23d, 1821.

"The scenes I have lately gone through have given me a more perfect insight into my character, than I ever had before, and if it has taught me a thousand latent evils, it has also shown me that some things which I thought peculiar or inherent, were only common or accidental. I grew up with the notion that I was selfish, for when a child, I always wished to have the largest piece of cake, and never sacrificed a point in competition, without feeling the value of it. I find now that it is quite human nature, and like the rest of the world. Of late, I find myself far more ready to sacrifice my convenience or enjoyment than other people, taking them in the mass, and though I cannot tell whether it be not in some instances, pride balancing selfishness, I seldom ask what I would not give."

David had not thus offended; how many thousands had despaired in the conscience of their own weakness, if these horrible sins had not received forgiveness. It is happy for all times, that we have so holy a sinner, so sinful a penitent."
Vol. I. p. 380. Lond. 1808.

Brighton House, March 15th, 1822.

"In the midst of how many dangers do we make our ordinary movements! By an accident on board the steam boat in which I usually travel, several persons lost their lives in an instant the other day. Some afraid of steam boats, brave it in the stage and are upset. I have come to a fearlessness of these things. Oh that it were, as it is not, because always ready. I have every now and then, some forebodings that I shall go suddenly, just as I am ready to labour."

This foreboding, after being allowed to labor seven years, was fulfilled, and this affecting circumstance renders the passage worthy of notice. Such anticipations, the uncertainty of life, and the probability of his being hastily called out of this world, seem to me to have been more than usually constant on Mr Bruen's mind, as they recur continually in his letters. Yet no anticipation makes the king of terrors less than startling, when he comes suddenly, no preparation of mind renders the pang of separation less than bitter to those who have been united in the truest bonds of love.

In the following extract there is a remarkable exhibition of that diffidence and tenderness of spirit which often were the cause of casting down his mind, when a less watchful and less zealous character would have been slumbering in self-satisfaction. It also exhibits that observance of the minuter leadings of providence which strongly indicates a docile child-like temper.

New York, April 13th, 1822.

"Since the first date on this paper, I have had a mental reverse, not a little afflictive, in the profound consciousness of total inability. One week labouring under a cold, I wrote two sermons, among the best I ever penned, in four days. The next week I could not hammer out one. I have long since felt my mental exercises to be distinctly under divine control, and to be had only so long as God pleases. In this case I took it for a providential indication of my duty for the following sabbath, and as the people at ——— church have often expressed a desire to hear what sort of things my extemporaneous sermons are, I delivered a lecture in the afternoon, without the least written preparation. It is not important to describe the horror I suffered in walking to church, and in the pulpit, nor how near I came to fainting during the preparatory exercises. It is sufficient to say, that I rose and delivered a discourse of fifty minutes, with the utmost apparent composure. I was supported by the conviction that I had followed the conscientious dictate of my judgment, and cast myself on the mercy of God that he would make me the organ of his message, however he might be pleased to abase his worthless, wretched, seeming servant. My manner always improves in about the same proportion that my matter depreciates, and such is the prejudice against notes that many good christians who had formerly held down

their heads during the service and listened to doctrines which they loved, as if it were an evil to be endured, now stretched up their necks in joy at the change."

The Scottish prejudice against read sermons has been carried by their forefathers to the western shores of the Atlantic, and now it has, with many more valuable and more important sentiments, taken root and flourished in the new world. It is much to be lamented that even as a matter of taste, any emphasis should be laid on the difference between reading and speaking from memory,—for after all, in hundreds of cases, that is the truth. It is not that a man is speaking as the spirit gives him at the moment, but that having a powerful memory, or good nerves and strong self-possession, he is reciting, what without these gifts he must have been obliged to read. Of the intellectual we may ask, is the sermon likely to be more correct or more tastefully delivered, that the preacher is obliged to run over in his mind's eye, paragraph after paragraph, as they present themselves in his manuscript, lest he invert them. Of the devout we may ask, whether a minister of the gospel will not be more profitably engaged studying his subject more profoundly, or praying that the spirit of God may send it to the hearts of his hearers, than by consuming time in committing his composition to memory. When long practice and the ease which it confers, combined with a heart filled with his subject, give a modest man

courage, as was the case with Mr B. latterly, to preach with, or without notes as it suits him, then the circumstance is pleasing and most welcome; but a glance will suffice to convince us that to make recited preaching a reason for selecting a pastor, will often lead to the preference of boldness to humility; or of a good case of nerves and a facile tongue, to the truth and wisdom of the gospel.

Brighton House, April 26th, 1822.

"There is another part of President Edwards' works to which I wish to turn your attention, as it gives a view of the state of religion in this country, which is most marvellous. It is his narrative of the revival of religion at Northampton, which was sent to Dr Watts and Dr Guyse, and his reflections upon such scenes as he witnessed. I know not how to explain the fact, but the general course of things with us is quite different from that in your most flourishing evangelical churches. Periods of unusual religious excitement arise every now and then, in which hundreds come forward to make their profession. Thus, within the bounds of one Presbytery of twenty congregations, almost two thousand were added to the communion in one year. The spirit of conviction of sin, comes with a pungency I seldom heard of in England, and sometimes consolation is received in three or four days, and a permanent change evidenced by years of christian experience

after it. Such scenes we have now in New York, where in one congregation, upwards of seventy joined the church at one time; in another, forty-six, &c. Mr Whelpley's church is now greatly revived, and many are under powerful exercises of conviction, and some rejoicing in hope. You will understand the whole matter, if you read what Edwards has written. The occasion of this change in the Wall street church, has been a day of fasting and prayer, which was appointed in view of the desolations of Zion. They sent their Christian salutations and invitations to other churches, that they might join with them in this observance and free will offering unto the Lord. On the day appointed, the church was filled to overflow, for six successive hours, without intermission.—The greater part who were there, we may hope the grace of conversion had taught to pray. The ministers in succession, gave a brief view of the state of religion in their respective churches, and prayed for an effusion of the Holy Spirit.—Such breathless solemn attention, I can scarcely hope again to see in my life, among so vast a multitude. When Mr Whelpley arose to address this assembly, in that unpremeditated manner, to which he was not used in the pulpit, there was in his whole aspect a bearing and significance, like that of a man consciously in the presence of God. His look, was that of one worn out by early labour; the beamings of his countenance were those of a christian, who beheld the throbbings of many chris-

tian hearts. The very tones of his voice, if he had spoken in an unknown tongue, would have been intelligible. He presented to the audience, the desolations of that portion of the field of Zion which he cultivated. He besought them to regard the condition of that church, which, as a fruitful bough, had sent its branches over the wall, which were now bearing fruit all around, while at the root there was decay of moistness and verdure. The appeal was so instinct with energy and pathos, that aged men lifted up their voice and wept. This was one of the most solemn seasons I ever witnessed. A blessing has manifestly, and immediately followed. Those pastors are blessed who look well to their own souls, and who forget all other subjects and studies, in pursuing the one great matter, the wisdom of winning souls. It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but this means is obviously blessed, not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

May 14th, 1822.

"There is a work of grace going on in the Wall street church. I believe I told you of the interesting exercises on a day of fasting and humiliation, appointed by one of the churches, and of Mr Whelpley's affecting appeal there. That appeal was answered with the prayers of faith, and the prayers of faith answered with a revival of religion in his church, which had been for years in a condition of criminal apathy. They kept for themselves, a day

of fasting and prayer, and many souls were the fruit of this time of refreshing from the Lord. The next sabbath, I had preached in Murray street, all day, but I went and lectured for him in the evening, and with very little previous thought, took for the text, "My spirit shall not always strive with man." I showed that as no one but an atheist doubts that we hold the life in our pulse, only as long as the creator pleases, and our senses so long as the great source of intellect gives them; so the sovereignty of God's operations in the economy of salvation, is equally undeniable, and the term of our trial fixed only by his good pleasure. I shewed what are the strivings of the Spirit, how all men have them, how at especial seasons they are more powerful, how they are resisted, and how we often run out our period of grace, before our natural lives are ended. I shewed that many living men were as pillars of salt under the best outward influences of heaven, having before been tender of conscience and evidently called by the Spirit; and though they might not die for many years, the present movement of conscience being resisted, perhaps it was the last God might grant. I therefore implored them instantly to open their hearts to the message of peace. Mr W. then gave notice of the meeting each week, for those under conviction, and invited them solemnly and affectionately to attend. Having told them that only ten had come to talk with him of their eternal interest, while in other churches sixty, seventy, or a

hundred, had come in similar circumstances, he turned to me to pronounce the blessing. As the people stood up, it was my impulse to add that each one in the assembly knew as well as if an angel were to point him out by name, whether or not he was called upon *now* to come forward, and avow that he would seek salvation. That consciousness was a sense given by the Spirit and a part of his striving. I defied them to resist it without the infinite peril that it was the last feeling they should ever have on the subject. The matter was between their consciences and God. Mr W. tells me of some who speak of the impressions of that exhortation of mine, in which I cannot doubt that I was divinely assisted. Is it not all but incredible, that such a creature as I should be divinely assisted? But Balaam prophecied by the Spirit of God, and Judas spoke when the Lord sent His disciples two and two to preach the gospel in Judea."

Though the tidings of the birth of souls are always affecting, and the description of the actings of the Spirit of God upon human spirits solemnly interesting; yet in the United States, where such times of refreshing from the Lord on whole congregations are not uncommon, the above little account may seem unnecessarily prolix. It will not readily be conceived by american christians, with what a mingling of wonder and fear and mistrust, such new things have been received in Great Britain, even by persons of affectionate piety. The dread of enthusiasm, of that mu-

tual excitement which is of man and not of God, the dread of that passing emotion which is not true repentance, nor true faith, but the work of human sympathy, has led many to receive with coldness and mistrust, such glad news, as, if they could have believed it, would have made their hearts sing for joy. It is only after long years of observation, and of minute information of the consistent christian walk of hundreds who made their first profession during periods of revival, that the faithful of the old country have been able to comprehend that the Spirit of God is not bound, but acts according to His holy pleasure, in this country after this manner, and in that country after that manner; and that his diversity of dealing with different countries is not more incredible than the different modes in which He first operates upon different souls. Now, however, it is delightful to find British christians regarding each other, and saying, "Why have we no revivals, like our brethren in America? Why are our souls gathered in here one, and there one, not by pungent convictions, not by lively faith, leading from sorrow to joy;—but by slow processes of reasoning, by measured and tardy closing with the Saviour, as if the soul were in no jeopardy, and as if it made no difference to real happiness, whether we became christians now or ten years hence." The answer which suggests itself to many minds now is, because we do not *expect* such things, we do not pray for them, we should almost be

terrified if they were bestowed on us, and the Lord himself hath said, "according to your faith be it unto you."

As it occurs in families that first the children derive their being, their early training, their ideas from their parents, and as they advance in life, exercise on them a re-acting influence; so may we hope that the period will come when the mother country may derive fresh vigor from the example of her healthful offspring; and as those righteous men who first planted the standard of the cross in New England, derived their religious sentiments from the country which they forsook, so may we anticipate that old England will receive a quickening power from the example of her children, who have already outstripped her. This hope is not formed solely on vague wishes, but on the knowledge that at this moment churches are stirring each other up *after the manner of their American brethern*, to hold times of prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit, and to plead with Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit, to revive His work in the midst of us.

How happy the mutual relations of those countries which seek only to influence each other in such objects as these. How little need would there be of the wisdom of politicians to adjust our mutual claims, or of the peace-societies of philanthropists to keep us in mind of the duties of mutual forbearance, were but the majority in each country thus one in spirit, thus feeling that they form each a distinct, but united por-

tion of that holy body, of which Christ is the living head.

Let not the worldly wise man smile at such ideas as utopian. As the purer ages approach, of which the scriptures of truth testify, we shall see more and more of that blessed action and re-action, until christian love shall form a universal brotherhood.*

In December 1821 Mr Bruen delivered a discourse at Woodbridge, on a day of thanksgiving and prayer appointed by the governor of the state of New Jersey, which was published early in 1822, at the request of the congregation. The few copies of this sermon which reached England, excited most pleasing views of the condition of the United States in reference to religion. That the governor of a state should of his own judgment appoint a day of thanksgiving, and the people of all religious denominations flock to their own places of worship in obedience to such an appointment, exhibits a zeal in the governor and a ductility in the governed, most honorable to both.† The sermon itself contains an animated and expanded view of the state of the country now, of its state a

* The revivals with which our churches and colleges are blessed at this moment more than at any time since the country was settled, are perhaps as striking in all the peculiar respects which occasioned these remarks, as any which have occured since the days of the Apostles. And this, though referrible to the Holy Spirit's efficiency, is not on that account, less the result of a style of preaching prayer and effort perhaps approaching nearer than that which has hitherto prevailed to the directness and perfect simplicity of the primitive age.---Ed.

† The author did not know how much of a mere formality it is, for the governors of the middle and northern states, to recommend such sacred observances.---Ed.

century before, and of its moral and physical capabilities which lose nothing in the concise and terse manner in which they are stated. It has been rather a fashion in Europe to smile at the spirit of prophesy about future greatness, which has been imputed to the witers of the United States. But it is certain that their christian authors do not fall into an error on this subject, nor prognosticate more than what an uninflated and rational calculation must infer from their past rapid advancement. This sermon is a specimen of faithful admonition; for after showing the prosperity of the country in its constitution, in the general spirit of submission to the laws, and in the energetic and enterprising disposition of the people; there is a solemn warning against the perversion of energy in making haste to be rich, and in abusing their privileges to purposes of mere worldly prosperity. Thanksgiving for abundance of corn and cattle, is coupled with a stern remonstrance against the intemperance which debases and scatters poison among multitudes of the people. This seems to be the first time that the cause of Temperance was publicly advocated by Mr Bruen. He afterwards mentioned the Rev. Mr Hewitt, * "as a mighty instrument raised up by a benevolent providence to remove this scourge from christendom"—and he joined with cordial avidity in promoting a cause, which we hope may

* Agent of the American Temperance Society.

rescue thousands from that destruction which the excessive use of ardent spirits is spreading over the Union, the British Colonies, and Britain itself.

In 1822 he prepared for the press a little volume entitled "Essays descriptive and moral of scenes in Italy and France, by an American." They were brought out under the inspection of the friend with whom he had sojourned in Scotland, and under whose roof many of his continental recollections were written. They were printed in Edinburgh, and a portion of the impression was sent to New York for publication. What is presented to the reader in this work leads him to regret that there is no more. Each subject is too much in the character of fragment, and therefore does not unite and carry on the sympathies of the reader, with the author. The very diffidence which induced him to deem his movements from place to place and his personal comforts and discomforts, unworthy to occupy the public, has injured the interest of the book. He would not *condescend* to print what he did not feel to be useful; but if he had combined his observations into a continuous narrative, and let himself appear not only at the show-places, and the points which excite admiration, but in his cabriolet, in his slippers, in his conversations with peasants, and in his introduction to grandees, the work would have been more to the taste of the age, and therefore more useful. Its great excellence is, that it gives a moral view of Italy. Others have described palaces and

pageants, churches and ceremonies. Mr B's aim is to describe the effects of despotism and Popish superstition on the national character, the private morals and the spiritual interests of the people. The strain of remark is uniform and consistent throughout, exhibiting the author as regarding man always in his accountable capacity, holding all earthly things at their real price, and never bewildered by the deceptions, nor overwhelmed by the magnificence of mere human inventions. There are passages of nervous reflection, of pathetic description and of judicious and eloquent remark, which excite regret that the author had not taxed his port folio more heavily.

But the time was now come when that port folio was to be laid aside—when his travelling recollections, and almost the friends acquired in his journeyings, were to be numbered among the things *that were.* He was entering on the efficient and laborious period of his life, which was so important in its duties as to subdue those natural regrets, with which a heart, so tenacious of its friendships as Mr Bruen's, could not but look back on periods of his life, which left their stamp both upon his character and his affections.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Bruen was diligently engaged in preaching during the year 1822, for Mr Whelpley, and in the church formerly occupied by Dr Mason, and in various other places; and in the spring of that year I find his first mention of the plan which finally resulted in his settlement in the place where he wore out his life. He says in April, "I propose in the autumn, when I come to town, to open, in the upper part of the city, a room where I will preach and lecture regularly. Some of my friends propose building a church there. It is a neighbourhood a good deal like Newington,* having recently grown up."

Brighton House, November 5th, 1822.

"Last week a friend came to see me, and beg me to come to New York, and engage to preach to a congregation, which he is a principal in the attempt to form. The city is growing most rapidly. Five or six new presbyterian congregations have been raised within three or four years, and ultimate success in this location with the ordinary blessings of God, seems quite sure."

* A suburb of Edinburgh.

New York, December 30th, 1822.

"I have never exercised my ministry with more comfort, perhaps never with more profit to others, than for the weeks since I came to live here, and to preach in a school-room to the sick and poor. I never preached so much, often five or six times a week."

In the London Evangelical Magazine for March 1830, which contains a brief memoir of Mr Bruen, taken from the New York Observer, it is stated, and this is confirmed by evidence from his letters, that "he was employed as a missionary in the city by a committee of missions appointed by the presbytery of New York. The result of his ministrations was the collection of the Bleecker street church and congregation, who erected the commodious and pleasant edifice which they now occupy." It is also said in a footnote that "notwithstanding Mr B. performed this service by appointment and under the direction of the committee, he generously declined receiving from them any compensation."

Mr Bruen had in the year 1820 first become acquainted with Miss Mary Ann Davenport, daughter of the late Hon. James Davenport,* of Stamford, Con-

* "Few persons in this country have been more, or more deservedly, esteemed than Mr James Davenport. His mind was of a structure almost singular. An infirm constitution precluded him to a considerable extent from laborious study during his early years; and, indeed, throughout most of his life. Yet an unwearied attention to useful objects, a critical observation of every thing important, which fell under his eye, and a strong attachment to intelligent conversation, enabled him by the aid of a discernment almost intuitive, to accumulate a rich fund of valuable knowledge. With respect to conversation he was peculiar. The company of intelligent persons he sought with the same eagerness and con-

necticut; a descendant of that venerable, wise, and holy man of the name, who forsook England more than two centuries before, and preferred all the inconveniences of a settlement in pathless woods, and tangled wildernesses, *with freedom of conscience*, to all the appliances of civilized and luxurious life without it. Those who bear such blood in their veins, and can count back through many generations of christians to such an ancestor, have the true aristocracy of descent; and the same motive, exciting to holiness, which was continually presented to Jews of old, as the children of Abraham, may justly and honorably be cherished now by the offspring of those upright men, who formed the first christian colony in New England.

With this lady, entertaining the principles and hopes of those from whom she sprung, Mr Bruen was united in marriage on the 2d of January, 1823. Delicacy to that now desolate survivor, forbids to

stancy, as the student his books. Here he always started topics of investigation, fitted to improve the mind, as well as to please; and in this way gathered knowledge with the industry and success, with which the bee makes every flower increase the treasures of its hive. I never knew the value of intelligent conversation, and the extent of the contributions which it is capable of furnishing to the stock of knowledge, possessed by an individual, exhibited more clearly and decisively than in his example. At the same time his own conversation was so agreeable and intelligent, and his manners so engaging, that his company was courted by all his numerous acquaintance. His life, also, was without a stain; and, on his integrity, candour, and justice, his countrymen placed an absolute reliance. With these qualifications, it will not be a matter of wonder, that at an early period of his life he was employed by the public in an almost continual succession of public business. He was chosen into the American congress of which he was a member till he died." He died in the 39th year of his age.

Dr Dwights travels, vol. 3. p. 500.

bids to say more, than that there was an entire sympathy between them in taste, principles, and habits, the chief beauty in that honourable relation, which God, who knows the frame of his creatures has appointed for their mutual support, and their improvement in holiness.

Some brief but very characteristic extracts from his letters at the period of his marriage are interesting, as they disclose his spiritual frame, at a time when his earthly prospects were full of joy. Hitherto the extracts have shown his mind chiefly in the *Penseroso* mood, and even disconsolate at times; now he was glad with a chastened gladness. It is also worthy of remark, that the diffusive character of his generous nature, was never more exhibited than at the time of his marriage. Instead of having his affections withdrawn from old friends, and centred, as they might have excusably been on one object; he seemed more than usually filled with esteem and love for all who had before shared his friendship, and longed that they should be partakers of his happiness, and have a portion in the friendship of his wife.

New York, December 30th, 1822.

"And now the day is fixed—the 2d of January is the time appointed, in which with the privacy that suits her wishes, and my profession, my fate is to be united to hers. Amid all the sobriety of my thinking sometimes there is an intense feeling of pleasure which

I cannot put upon paper. What providence may bring out of this of weal or woe, to her or me, we know not. I am sure I have your prayers and your hopes. My prospects of happiness open in every view, of usefulness in my profession, and of settlement in this neighborhood, in a little charge with an endless field of labour; and of domestic comfort, intellectual society, and religious consolation in the wife of my bosom. * * * * But who shall dare to count up his riches in this world. We are all in the hand of God. Pray for me, dear sister."

January 1st, 1823.

"Dear Dear Sister,

"I feel an inexpressible longing to write to you, amidst a thousand other things, which I ought perhaps to do first. Three preachings last sabbath, last night's preaching, the duties of the coming sabbath, all fill my mind with the remembrances of serious obligation; when the morrow comes over me with such a commingled feeling as I cannot describe—But I will write a few lines in spite of all.

The griefs in which we have shared, the joys in which we have participated, come before me just now with a train of imagery, which you can picture to yourself. The other day as I opened your hymn book, which I always use, in all my services, at "once they were mourning here below," if I ever pray, one aspiration arose from my heart, for you. All your

anxious sympathy for me, fills me, I should almost say with grief, for I fear your forebodings. * * * But believe that in all calmness of judgment, my prospects of usefulness are mightily enlarged. * * * I enter upon this matter with a self-understanding, with a calmness which is almost religious, with a hope which I endeavour to direct more to heaven than to earth. * * * Oh, if it were not for this hopeless distance, this wide sea, I do believe we three might reach the highest point of human friendship.—Perhaps the experiment may some day be made. But alas! that could only be by withdrawing me from the scene of my labours, which is just now unfolding, with a charm it never before possessed. But what a victory would that be, to sit near you, and hear all that you would say, and *see* all that you would feel, and know that it would all pass like electricity through the veins of us all. * * * * We go home a few days next week; but I do not intend to sacrifice my duties for my ease, and shall return before the sabbath. "Go to, ye that say, on the morrow," &c.

New York, January 31st, 1823.

"My preachings have not been intermitted by my marriage. On the sabbath after, I preached twice. On wednesday we went to Amboy, where I preached three times. We returned on monday, and on tuesday and thursday evenings, and ever since, I have

had my hands full of duties. Besides this, I have begun visiting from house to house, in the neighbourhood of our place of meeting, and seem fairly embarked upon the work of a gospel minister. Having disposed of this great business of being married, I trust I shall have a more single aim to carry on the spiritual work to which I may be called. Our prospects in the main are encouraging, but upon penetrating into the interior of houses and hearts, the deplorable deficiencies of professors are evident, and I know not how far some will bear the wholesome word of application and conviction, when I shall privately and alone, say, *I mean you.*"

New York, February 24th, 1823.

"I am glad my present plan of labouring here suits your feelings. I give up every thing to it. Preaching so often gives me a facility. I am deplorably deficient in spiritual mindedness; I am saddened whenever I think how little I am absorbed in the simple object of winning souls. Yet God has been pleased to make me useful in two or three instances, to bring forward exercises which either have or will, I trust, eventuate in saving conversion. A remark in Scott's Life has struck me very much in this connection. 'If we only are the instruments of one conversion in a year, what else could we do on earth that would produce joy among the angels in heaven.' Have you

read this useful, instructive piece of Biography?* I hope I have profited by it."

New York, March 20th, 1823.

"Have I written you an account of the revival of religion at Carlisle after the death of James Mason?† Upwards of sixty persons were admitted at once into Duffield's church, a few weeks ago, and what is remarkable, there was just the same number of males as females. Usually here, as every where, we find your sex most apt to yield their hearts to the obedience of the faith. The face of the audience, and the proportion on the rolls of the church, shows it. Such seasons of special blessing come it is true, at such times, and in such way as God pleases; but they come in answer to prayer, and in consequence of the use of rational means. Before this, Duffield convened his members on a week day. There were together more than a hundred. After prayer, he put such questions as these to them all, "Whether they believed the immortal souls of men to be of unspeakable value? Whether they believed the receiving the gospel of Jesus Christ to be the means of salvation? Whether they would promise in their houses, and throughout the town, to use every occasion of calling sinners to instant repentance and faith? Whether they would

* Life of Scott, author of the "Force of Truth," &c.

† Son of Dr Mason.

pray and watch and fast for a blessing?" They all rose and solemnly promised it. Some almost miraculous answers to prayer followed. We see what an amazing influence must be exerted, if a whole church be thus filled with missionary spirit, and each in his place is turned into a preacher of righteousness. Pray for your brother, that he may go and do likewise."

In the May of this year Mr Bruen took his station among the standard bearers of the cross, and spoke at most of the anniversaries of the various philanthropic societies of the city. However he might accuse himself of coldness in secret devotion, he continually deprecated the idea of his soul living on "no religion but what was public," and those who had opportunity to look into his mental exercises, were struck with the zeal, humility and watchfulness with which he superintended the state of his own heart, almost as though he had nothing else to observe. One brief extract, merely as a specimen, is here presented; delicacy alone prevents the introduction of very many similar to it. Those who have studied their own characters in reference to the divine purity, will readily comprehend the strength of his expressions of self abasement. But the less delicate in conscience, and less enlightened by the Holy Spirit, may be so far misled as to suspect from his view of himself, that Mr B. had to mourn over conspicuous out-breakings of sin, when the very reverse is the case, for among the pure,

even from early life, he had the happiness to be preserved singularly pure.

May, 1823.

"Each stage in our journey of life is a place for the confession of sin, and I would gladly disburden my heart, not of the sorrow for, but of the guilt of my iniquities. I felt that from my infancy I had brought upon myself, in spite of knowledge and a sensitive conscience, the burden of transgression so heavy, so provoking, that for this world and the next, it was most reasonable to expect the judgment of God * * * My humility, my confessions, my repentance, seem to me not at all to deserve the name, so far are they below the deep exercises of an experienced christian. But, such as they are, they are comforts to me, exercises to be cherished, I hope to be increased. * *

* * you will believe my thoughts often make an excursion to my dear home beyond the waters. Let me know often about your children. I rejoice that your dear husband is better."

In this same month of May, there is a reference which though entirely detached from the thread of the narrative, and written in reply to information received from Scotland, will interest the reader, not only as shewing Mr B's ideas of the duty of a christian in a public station, to make his conduct understood by the public; but also as exhibiting the lively

fraternal interest which American clergy take in the movements of their brethren in Britain.

"The newspaper containing the communication concerning Dr Chalmers' resignation was peculiarly acceptable. All the world here are wondering what could induce him to leave his field of usefulness at Glasgow for the cloister of a college. I think his reasons entirely sufficient, and his manner of publishing them highly honourable. I shall give the letter publicity on this side of the Atlantic, for it is certainly important. No man has a right to take such a hold as Dr Chalmers has, of the hearts and minds of men, and then not suppose his public movements, justly subject to praise or censure; as he cannot make himself a private man without recalling his works from the four quarters of the globe. All that he can do to keep his character clear, is to let us into his conscience, that we may see what motives work there, and then it will be seen that his character is as much above cavil, as his industry and talent are above praise."

July 14th, 1823.

"I preached in New Haven, in the chapel of Yale college, to four or five hundred students and a learned faculty. I have not seen any thing so Oxonian for a great while. Though the building is in the most absolute contrast with the chapel of new college, and

there was neither black gown nor red visible, nor note of organ, nor chaunt of psalter; yet it was not possible to follow the president through the great aisle, where no other ceremony was used but the students rising at our entrance, and ascend the pulpit to address so many young men so soon to occupy the first stations of influence in the country, without a quickening of the blood. And here a train of feelings was excited such as Oxford and Cambridge have no power to produce. Of these students perhaps more than a third are members of the church which is in the college, and so far as the strictest judgment can decide, living members of the spiritual body of Jesus Christ. The town of New Haven, founded by John Davenport and his church, containing a population of about 8000, has been signally blessed with the demonstrations of God's Spirit, and hundreds together have agonized to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The town is beautifully laid out with a large common green in the centre, in the midst of which are four churches, and behind on an ascent the college buildings. It is one of the most interesting sights in the world, on a pleasant sabbath morning, to see the hundreds at the same time crossing the green in various directions towards their different places of worship. I am just now preparing a review of Orme's Life of Dr Owen, into which I shall introduce the best account that is to be found within the same number of pages, of his life and works. I have taken

a deeper interest in this from the account you sent me last year of Orme and Aikman's visit to Kelso.

I have been in much doubt what to do here, whether to form a church before the edifice is begun, or delay our fellowship in spirituals, till the temporals raise their head above ground. But I have now pretty much made up my mind to advance at every risk, if we can get but a dozen church members. I am glad to feel myself located here, and the sooner we have all the visible symbols of a church of Christ the better. They are needful for our quickening, encouragement, and ultimate success. Pray for *us*, dear sister, that the word of God may have free course and be glorified. May my sinfulness not impede it!"

In the autumn of this year, a little daughter was added to the domestic felicities of Mr Bruen. What he says in reference to her dedication to God in baptism must reach the heart of every christian parent.

December 15th, 1823.

"More than a fortnight since, we made such sacred promises for ourselves and for our babe, as were required by her baptism, and formally endeavoured to give her up to the Lord, for life or for death. Mr Whelpley administered the ordinance in the room where I preach, and you will not doubt that the occasion was to me deeply interesting. When I receiv-

ed the child from her mother, and raised her towards the minister, she spread out her little arms as if conscious of what was passing. * * * How sad to think that under so fair a form, a heart is hidden which may yet befilled with malignity against God and holiness and heaven. How gladdening to remember that this ordinance may prepare her for a sanctified life here, and a glorious existence throughout eterntiy. The babe has now a claim upon you; a claim it is true quite arbitrary on our part, but one which I feel assured will be willingly ceded by you. What hopes, what fears do we find in this name. What a union of three beings that have held the most powerful influence in my heart."

CHAPTER XII.

New York, February 15th, 1824.

My very dear friend and sister,

* * * * I have been very much interested to-day in lecturing from Phillippians, ch. 2d—5, 6, 7, and in remarking how all the truths of revelation are practical, even the sublime, and at first view most remote. So the divinity and voluntary humiliation of our Lord Jesus Christ teach us humility: Some men say, what does it concern us to know whether he is God or man, if we have his precepts and example. This was the cry at Geneva when Malan first arose. Others say, these doctrines are all theory. So the ignorant tiller of the earth would say of the studies and theory of the philosopher, concerning the relative distance and position of the stars. But, these once known, the sea is covered with ships, and all nations put the knowledge into practice.—I have seldom spoken with the same liberty, and I hope, force. What an ineffably precious and glorious theme. We have had some people in our country, more pious than wise, who have run into the notions of the Quietists in

France, and pressed the duty of glorifying God to the absurd extent of requiring us to be willing to be damned to promote his glory. The folly of setting up this test, so self contradictory, has done less evil in itself, than from its pushing its adversaries into the opposite extreme of fearing to declare how much it is a christian's duty and honor to set the glory of God uppermost in his heart, to the abandonment of self as far as possible. I had much freedom of speech in reproving kindly this temper from the 11th verse, shewing that all the system of redemption is to the glory of God the Father; that even human salvation is not the prime object of Christ's coming into the world, but the secondary aim, and the means of the primary and great one, namely the glory of God. How necessary is it for us selfish, near-sighted mortals to see that we are not the centre of the moral system, but that God is all in all. When we see the sun rise, our first thought should be of the exhibition of God's glorious majesty, the second that now we can walk safely through this troubled earth. And so, when the sun of righteousness rises, our first thought should be to bow at the name of Jesus, and second, that every soul that bows to him gladly shall without doubt be saved everlastingly. * * *

For personal religion and theoretical study of the word of God, I feel the very essential to be, to enthrone omnipotence, to prostrate ourselves under

God's sovereignty, and when we meet a fact in nature, or a fact or doctrine in revelation, which we cannot explain, just let it stand like a rock in the ocean, and let human prejudice or passion beat against it as violently as it will. We may often rest upon some such fact amidst our troubles, and feel it to be, what Noah's dove could not find, a *resting place.* We should never doubt the existence, wisdom, goodness and truth of God, because we have little wisdom, and less goodness and truth. The disposition grows upon me, which you remember in me at Kelso—to be unmoved at any objections, if I only see a thing clearly revealed in the word of God. I hold with but slender confidence to any reasoning on earth, in comparison with the manner in which the most abstruse doctrines found there take hold of my mind."

New York, March 24th, 1824.

"I have written a copious analysis and review of Irving's Orations for the Spectator; but it is one of the miseries of reviewing to find yourself condensed and abridged for want of room. * * * * * My success in the enterprise of getting up a church in this neighborhood is still problematical. I hope for the best and have not yet lost courage. We have been much disappointed in some of our calculations."

New York, April 30th, 1824.

"Some weeks ago providence brought to my offer a situation for which I think I am fitted, and which opens a sphere of usefulness incomparably greater than any single minister's charge. We have in this city a Domestic Missionary Society whose object is to aid feeble congregations in supporting their ministers. We oppose the system of itinerancy, but by giving a small sum to a congregation who can give food and raiment to a preacher, we locate the gospel and church ordinances in their neighbourhood. Without some such plan, all our country will be a waste, even where filled with inhabitants; but, with it, our hamlets will grow up to towns, under the care of a well instructed ministry. This Society is the most popular and best conducted of all our missionary institutions. Their business has increased so much that they find it necessary to have one person whose whole time and talents they can command. It has been requested that I become their secretary.

I have been constrained to draw up the report of the young men's missionary society, auxiliary to the other, and must now in a week have the annual report of the parent society ready, materials for which must be hunted out from among the correspondence with the sixty-seven missionaries in the employ of the society." * * * *

Philadelphia, May 29th, 1824.
Saturday night.

"This is one of the periods when we have promised to recall each other to mind, in his presence who can alone bring us ever again to see each other, either in this world or the next. I pray that upon your outward condition and your heart the divine blessing may rest. You pray for me, for my wife, for my child incessantly. I would most gladly owe to your supplication, of all living, sinning creatures, those mercies which are granted abundantly, and which are obtained only for the sake of Christ our passover, who was sacrificed for us. The energetic, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much.

I have had little time of late to record my thoughts towards you. The thing which most entirely affects my calculations, is this office of Secretary to the Domestic Missionary Society, which opens to me a field of labour extensive enough for the largest energies I can ever command. * * * I shall doubtless continually recur to this topic. I have many causes for thankfulness to God. * * * * * * * * * *

In proportion as I see the world, religious or secular, I retreat to you and my dear Mary, and two or three more, for relief from all that my head and heart find common-place and tedious, and cold or dead and wicked, in the mass of the immortal creation who occupy the earth around us. * * * * It

has been with no little inconvenience that I have been kept closely confined here for the last ten days, about the business of the General Assembly, on a commission from our Presbytery. I am sick of the secular business, and the secular way of transacting business before the Assembly; and yet how much less have we than befalls you in Edinburgh. We have one member who has travelled two thousand three hundred miles, to represent his Presbytery here.—He might have made it one thousand six hundred, had he come by the nearest, but worst route.—And yet this city of Penn is about as central as any place we can find; if not geographically so, yet central by the means of conveyance to it! Our session will probably be a little more than a fortnight, our proceedings are closely copied after the Edinburgh model; and Dr. Witherspoon was quoted only the other day as having laid down the law to us, thus and thus, when he ruled in the Moderator's chair. What makes us very secular, is the trials we hold in appeals in matters of scandal, so that we are in danger of being the receptacle into which every scandalous story of a minister who is, or ought to be deposed, is to be brought. I hope that some of us will be able to effect a change in this particular; and make the synods the courts of ultimate appeal, and thus keep ourselves strictly to our spiritual business. This is exceedingly important if we will preserve our character and influence."

New York, June 14th, 1824.

"Mr Whelpley is gone to Schooley's mountain, with but a slender prospect of his living, to leave it, and without the vestige of hope on my part that he can recover. * * * * * * * Amidst these reflections, there is infinite reason for me to think of what he takes with him—even the record of eight years of ministerial life to be given in to God. Who can tell what these words mean—stewardship—talents—God—Christ—eternity. God grant that I be not hardened against his fear, and that this providence may heat my cold, polluted heart, and the new man grow within me day by day. * * * My office is very pleasant, but the labour is abundant and very apt to get the start of me, if I am not very regular. The committee expect, and with reason, that I should not only keep up the correspondence with the Missionaries, but devise the ways and means of helping our funds. I can easily plan, but the execution is tiresome, and though ours is the most popular Missionary Society in the land, begging is not delightsome to me. I am to preach around the country and get collections, and form auxiliary societies."

New York, July 31st, 1824.

"The event I anticipated came by a very speedy advance, and Mr Whelpley expired on the 17th inst. He was perfectly aware of his situation, and has left to his bereaved wife the best and only consolation.—

When I told him before he went from Greenwich, it was very doubtful whether he could recover, and that he might be taken away in four or five days, he received the information with entire composure, and said his own hopes of ultimate recovery had all along been feeble. As death came very near, his heart abounded in prayer, he seemed to wish to converse but little, said that, "the Lord Jesus was near," that "if his work was concluded he had no desire to remain, the Lord's will be done." There were no rapturous exercises in the solemn period, but all was meekness and submission, and seemed a fulfilment of our Lord's injunction, the receiving the kingdom of heaven like a little child. * * * * The effect of all this upon myself is little indeed. It seems as if my heart were all stone, and, as if all that had passed were a dream. May a merciful God grant that it do not increase my condemnation. May he excite in me by its means a deeper feeling of ministerial responsibility, and the momentous stewardship for an eternal world, which Christ has committed to me. It amazes me that I should think less of dying—I mean think it a less awful and mighty thing, than I did some weeks ago; yet I fear it is so. Pray for me my dearest sister, that I may yet live, and that I may not be speedily smitten in a way which will strike nearer home." * * * *

Every Christian knows that *feeling* hardness of the heart is a token of a tenderness of conscience, and

that those who sincerely lament their insensibility, are often distinguished for piety. To one who knew intimately the tenderness of his spirit, and the contrition of many of his spiritual exercises, Mr Bruen's frequent mourning over the hardness of his heart seems surprising. It must nevertheless be confessed that his religious experience was at this period, more of the character which proceeds from the conviction of the understanding than of the heart. His volume of "Essays" evinces in some degree this state of mind, and it was the remark of one who listened with intense interest to his ministrations at this period, that "his sermons failed to indicate much *love* for the truth. He seemed sincere, convinced, awed, but had not that glow of heart which should belong to a minister of the everlasting covenant of love." And of himself he says, "You know how much conviction of the truth, and fear of punishment, have prevailed in the exercises of my soul. Yet who could with more reason speak of the love and mercy of Jesus with a full heart? Who has experienced more undeserved favours? Who has oftener abused precious gifts? Who has oftener tired the long suffering of God, as if wantonly desirous to know its utmost bounds? God be merciful to me a sinner!" His soul was still aspiring after greater things, and in him was accomplished the blessing promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. His love increased with his labours, and it is particularly worthy of notice here, that his

prayers seemed to have been answered in such a degree as at least to save him from the misery of constant dissatisfaction, and mistrust of himself; for his letters express more of assured and calm confidence in the Saviour, in proportion as his mind was turned from himself, and towards Him in faith and love. In proportion as his whole soul was absorbed in caring for the souls of others, he found in his own bosom the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and this was evinced by enlarging charity, enlivening spiritual exercises, and diminishing solicitude about the events of life, and the approach of death.

After the affecting mention of Mr W. in the preceding letters, the following description given by Mr B. ought not to be suppressed, for there are many christian hearts in America, who still mourn the death of this excellent minister of Christ.

"Mr Whelpley possessed pulpit qualifications of the highest order. He was gifted with a very interesting countenance, aspect, and figure; his voice was sonorous, clear, and flexible in its tones, his gesture was simple, grave, and appropriate. Indeed it is not easy to conceive of one naturally better qualified for the pulpit orator. While he did not discountenance these advantages by neglect, his heart was too truly touched by the love of souls to value them if separated from a simple declaration of the glorious gospel of God our Saviour: When made the vehicle of expressing this gospel, and not brought into the foreground of the pic-

ture, they are like the net work of silver in apples of gold; but for mere oratory in the pulpit, none could feel more entire compassion than he."

It has so often been said by the misjudging world, that christianity unfits men for the common duties of life, and withdraws them from its general interests, that we with pleasure present a letter, which shows how largely Mr B. partook of that patriotic enthusiasm which pervaded his country at the time of the visit of La Fayette. Who, indeed, that is true of heart of whatever country, does not respond to the generous emotion? It was like the shout of victory—it was a time of congratulation and joy—The struggles of infancy, the difficulties of childhood, the conflicts of youth were happily past; and the noble patriot now grown grey, had returned to witness the manhood, the prosperity, the success of that people, in whose earliest exertions he had taken so disinterested a share. This is the hour for the citizen of the world, the generous patriot, the true philanthropist to be glad; for a great people had risen up to make an experiment on a gigantic scale, of a form of government calculated to draw forth all the energies of man, and La Fayette is come, to behold the wonders which they had achieved since the day when his fostering care had nerved their infant arm. No one could have returned, unless Washington himself had arisen from the grave, around whom a grateful and prosperous multitude would

have pressed with such ardent enthusiasm. In contemplating the benignant delight of the guest, and the individual elation of spirit of each citizen of the United States, it is difficult to determine which of them was on that great jubilee the happiest.

New York, August 2d, 1824.

"Yours of the 21st of June, my beloved sister, came to my hands on a day exceedingly memorable in our brief national annals, for the universal enthusiasm it excited. Your letter and General de la Fayette came into our harbour at the same moment. Since the peace of 1814, and the peace of 1783, there has never been such heart-felt gratulations, such glowing enthusiasm; all the military turned out, all the forts firing, all flags hoisted, all men, women and children who command four legs or two, all country folks and city folks came to meet the Marquis. Steam boats, steam frigates, &c. &c. &c. escorted him up the bay. A more splendid sight cannot be imagined. I never fell so entirely in with popular emotion. Without any of the feelings which would deify the man (in whose company I dined at Paris.) I could have clapt my hands for very gladsomeness, to think that he had come to see us in our opening prime, who had seen us in our infancy and wretchedness, who left Versailles to aid us, when our troops in midwinter had neither shoe nor stocking, and the country was one desolation. His name is identified

with the first breathings of admiration at what my grandfather used to recount of military service. * * * * La Fayette has been received as the guest of the city, and all has been a tumult of joy since he arrived. He has gone to Boston, but he can scarcely get along the road for the triumphal arches and crowds, who gather from every quarter. Sed satis est—I never felt more than on that memorable day, how entirely the best of this world's show is vanity, and how even the good that touches our human condition is mortal. But there seems something immortal in the communion of heart I have always with you at the time of, and for a while after reading one of your letters. God grant that it may be so! * * *

I went on the society's business up the North River to Hudson and Catskill a fortnight since. My office is pleasant. It requires my preaching for some weeks just at this time but has not yet forced me to give over preaching in Bleecker street, where I have, as you conjecture, some dear people who love me with all their hearts. I am glad it pleases you. There is however a good deal of labour, and some drudgery, as you suppose."

October 15th, 1824.

"I now attempt to write on board the steam boat. I have no other means of telling you how seldom I have written in this changing and deathful summer.

My mother is gone! She died last week and was buried when I was two hundred and fifty miles away. The bond of thirty-four years between her and my father is parted. It all seems a dream to me, entirely a dream. I see her in imagination at home as usual, and cannot realize that the being who gave me life is never again to minister to my comfort." * *

"I left New York the week before last, to preach for the society and make collections, and attend a meeting of Synod, and arrange affairs with our auxiliaries. I went under an impressive sense of duty, embracing my child who was very ill, with many forebodings that I should not see her again, but not dreaming that one so healthful and strong as my mother was to go before that frail one. At Utica on a saturday morning I received a letter from my father telling me of her dangerous illness. The mail had gone, and no conveyance could be had till midnight, before which time I received another letter informing me that she died on wednesday morning. I was to have preached three times in three towns adjacent, but I set off immediately, came as far as Schenectady, preached there for the society—do you censure or commend?—went to Albany on monday morning, and took the steam boat which brought me home on tuesday morning. Oh that this dispensation may quicken me to work while it is called to-day. There is no end to the work to be done, no visible limit to the field of usefulness into which my office introduces me."

New York, December 7th, 1824.

"It is a striking part of the mysterious affinity between us, that in the other hemisphere you should have been called suddenly to mourn, and also at a distance, the death of one so nearly related to you, when I was writing to you the history of the unexpected visitation in our family. * * * "Sudden death!" How blessed is the doctrine which tells us that this, like all the perils we pray to be delivered from, is sent of God. How miserable would be our existence, if we thought that the cords of our life strained to parting by accident, and we fell into the eternal world as chance directed. You and I, dear sister, can see in the sovereignty of God, and his eternal election, anchorage for our souls amid life's apparent uncertainties. It is like the security the saints feel, when from the eminence of heaven they dwell upon the fact, "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—I do not conceive that the conviction of the truth of this doctrine is any absolute proof that we possess the grace which leads to the inheritance of glory, though it be an omen for good; for the fact of this divine rule commends itself to common sense, as a necessary element of the worlds continued well-being. What may be, if we live some years, God only knows. Letters with black seals and red, times of fearful mourning and exquisite happiness, have we possessed in common. Now letters become less frequent, each day is pregnant

with elements of change, and if the time of life is lengthened, we pass along the edge of eternity, and it seems vain babbling to speak of what we hope for the future. But the end cometh: You will now, strange that it should be for the first time, feel that mysterious nearness to eternal things, the sense of which the sudden departure of your own flesh and blood creates. * * * The nearness of the millennium—as I believe, the alertness of the christian world—the vast engines now in movement, and requiring to be worked by wise and skilful hands—the immense openings and immense facilities for good to the souls and bodies of men, such are the thoughts that elevate me, when I look at an enlarging family, which by the grace of God may be prepared for labour. Sarah and her sisters in the faith, rejoiced in the old Testament, because theirs exclusively were the promises, and from them was to come the Messiah. But we rejoice that our children may be more than one of the stars in light, that their attracting and concentrating influence may gather a constellation to brighten in the reflection of the Lamb for ever. A nation is to be born in a day, ten are soon to follow one when he seeks the land of promise, and thousands of gentiles are to say, how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who publisheth peace. I trust that a blessing is to go down from you, from generation to generation."

The following extract will shew Mr Bruen's views

of the nature and tendency of those differences in speculative theology, which have of late years so unhappily agitated the Presbyterian churches in America.

New York, December, 1824.

* * * * * *

I perceive a repetition of those disastrous controversies likely to ensue in southern cities; and I do verily believe, that this dissension hangs as a comet, threatening evil to all our western churches. It will come unless christians,—I speak emphatically, for both classes, I believe, embrace the salt of the earth—who conceive themselves peculiarly orthodox can consent to leave their brethren in the quiet possession of their opinions, and in freedom of conscience, or else learn those more accurate views, which, it appears to me, the bible expresses. The light will grow and roll westward to the Oregon, and they will have the most agency in spreading its effulgence; who most pray for and labour in revivals of religion; who show that the great criminality of original sin, is a choice of sin—that mere natural acts can have no moral character—that the total depravity we confess in our creed is a depravity of disposition and heart in which we are perfectly free agents—and who urge the love of God, as the only holy motive to rule the will and heart of man. Alas, that I should see as has been seen here, some brethren in one presbytery denounce

the others; charge men of sound doctrine, and holy life and successful ministry with heresy, and seemingly invite the demon of discord to preside over the ark of God. I was in Europe when this controversy of minute theologists reached its height. I saw enough, however, before I left the country to partake not a little of its spirit—and was surprised to find the great men in England and Scotland—who live to enlighten mankind, and roll back the boundaries of knowledge, though differing in many particulars could agree to live in a league of christian love. It would have been impossible by any narrative to have made them enter into the agitations of this controversy. I found american authors, scarcely endured by some at home, prized as if their pages were effluent with original truth; and I am glad I learnt thus early in life—that the dimensions of theological knowledge may be vast as God's omniscience, and that the proportion of truth, as important as truth itself, may when duly understood level mountains and exalt vallies in every mind, and thus prepare the way of the Lord. I determined at least to read all sides, try all things, and hold fast that which was good. I went from the land of ancestry to other parts of protestant Europe, and found there change and decay. I went into France, where a man is seldom found, who is not rather of the mind that his soul, like the elements of a cabbage leaf is disparted into insentient particles when he dies.—And I went to Rome, where

it is difficult to find a man, who will not say upon due occasion given, whatever may be his conviction, that he will believe as the pontiff may prescribe. And when I returned to my own beloved land, I put into force a lesson, which was the following—to read a book before I decide upon its quality—never to proscribe a book because I do not believe every jot and tittle in it, and to preach before all men, what I believe, and I hope I shall ever practise the things which make for peace, and live under the practical influence of the maxim, *love edifieth.* * * *

CHAPTER XIII.

The occurrences in 1825, which touched the spiritual progress and the comfort of Mr Bruen most nearly, are his resignation of the secretaryship of the Domestic Missionary Society, and the death of his only child. The first mention of the resignation of his office is found in a letter dated

New York, January 31st, 1825.

"You would be glad to know how I like my secretaryship, its round of duties and responsibilities. It has some draw backs, sufficient to induce me to resolve not to hold it many months longer. In the first place, it puts almost an entire stop to all intellectual progress, leaving me scarcely any time to study, and taking up all the choice parts of the day with a round of duties little more than secular. With the absence of the habit of preaching and study, *I* should lose the power. I took the place, and gladly as providence opened it, now my duty appears manifest, either to combine it with a small pastoral charge, or leave it soon. After many discouragements, we are going on with our new church, called the Bleeck-

er street Presbyterian Church. We have purchased the ground, and shall erect the edifice, if the Lord favour us, during the summer. We propose to connect ourselves in a spiritual communion soon, and then I take upon myself the care of this little company, who all love me. My heart dwells much in the prospect. God grant me a fitness for it. "Man deviseth his way, but God orders our steps." So we change! last year I thought to stay in this office till death, now I revert to the scene of my two year's labor."

New York, March 15th, 1825.

"I seem to dream when I commence this letter which is to carry news more disastrous to me than any I ever before communicated. Without preface, my dear sister, I have to tell you that it has pleased God to take our darling daughter, our only child. There is a reality in this misery which I cannot enter into. Although my arms laid her in her coffin, and it is two days since I buried her, it appears like a story to me that I hear of and have to act a part in, but which does not, *as it does*, touch my vitals. * *

* We doubtless loved her sinfully; but there was a sense, an apparent loftiness of character even in her playfulness, a grace in all her movements, that promised so much soul when she could speak, that we felt it only homage to God to admire. In truth I could not have conceived that a parent could have such feelings towards a child as I had towards her. I felt

a reverence for her. I felt as if she were a little being sent here, in no sort more mine than that she was under my protection; but then I never felt she was to leave me. * * * *

The reason of this chastisement I trace up through a line of sins from my infancy. God grant that my hard heart may be broken. God grant forgiveness of my sins. Mary seeks not only to be comforted and to rejoice in this affliction because our dear babe is now a glorious spirit among the redeemed, full of life, and soul, and bliss; she seeks to rejoice in it on the simple ground that it is the will of God. Thy will be done. She says that if it have the effect of making me a devoted, able, sanctified minister of the sanctuary, she will be glad that we are so severely bruised. We both feel that we are in a critical moment, that all this will do us infinite good or harm speedily.

* * * * * * *

This affliction will seem like a bereavement in your own family. It is so. How have we set our hearts on seeing Mary L. love her name because it is yours. God grant you the sanctified use of this proof that he will do what he will with his own. If a wish could bring her back, we would not. May we go to her— We shall then go also to the same Saviour of those little children, in whom the seeds of sin, ere they were active, were eradicated by his grace. Oh to join and know each other there! * * * *

The dead, *small* and great, are to re-appear."

New York, March 30th, 1825.

"The death of children is a common calamity, but I find all who have felt it, speak to me with an unusual sympathy, as well remembering when the iron entered into their souls. This event will I trust, better fit me for ministering from the gospel the consolations which God has provided for our innumerable trials. I certainly feel this loss more and more. May God continue to grant me his grace, that I may continue not to murmur, as I trust I have not murmured yet. We have thought much of you, dear sister, and how the sad news will come upon you without preparation. We pray for you, as you do for us. Your dear husband also will sympathize with us.

My labours continue in the Dom. Miss. Soc. which is blessed with singular prosperity. The prospects in our church brighten exceedingly from our being joined within a few days, by some very active, intelligent, praying christians. * * * * Dr Romeyn, pastor of the Cedar street church, died a few weeks ago. The sabbath week after, I preached on Psalm 141 and 7: "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord; in thee is my trust, leave not my soul destitute." The following sabbath, I laid my dear daughter in the grave." * *

New York, April 24th, 1825.

"Our missionary year is just closing, and the business of preparing the annual report pressing. God has granted us great prosperity, for which I am personally exceedingly thankful, for I should have felt it personally a great rebuke had it been otherwise. We are out of debt, and the receipts and expenditures increased one half. One hundred churches have been sustained upon ten thousand dollars, which I believe to be as economical work as was ever done. There have been revivals of religion in most of these churches, and probably from two to three thousand souls converted. Although it may seem in your land of hereditary opulence no great work to raise a little more than £2,000, yet the British and Foreign B. Society scarcely grew with more rapidity than this institution. We are to have the communion too, in our church on sabbath week, when some will join us.—Our edifice will be done about the end of the year. So you see I am filled with duties; either work is enough for one man. I intend in a few months to decline this office in favour of the church, which will need vigourous efforts, and the divine blessing."

May 23d, 1825.

* * * "Our anniversaries were exceedingly interesting at the Tract and Bible societies; we had Eustace Carey and Mr Ellis the missionary from Taheite and the Sandwich Islands, at the feet of each of whom, I could have laid my heart in veneration.—

They are on their way to England; I trust you will see and hear them." * * * * *

New York, June 23d, 1825.

"The most solemn duties and responsibilities have devolved on me since I last wrote. I have answered affirmatively to a call from the Bleecker street church, and been installed as its pastor by the presbytery. It was a renewal of my ordination vows, a fastening them down to a definite locality, where I have promised to do the work of my master. May he give me strength. I shall only try your heart if I repeat all I feel and have often said of my own condition in the view of these duties, which are delights to an *anointed* prophet. The Domestic Missionary Society, I leave as soon as a suitable person can be found to be elected, except so far as to continue one of its executive committee. The usefulness of that institution is only limited by the horizon of our republic; but I hope I have done right for the interests of the church in leaving it. I seemed fitted for it, but such is the secularizing tendency of its cares, that I often felt it endangered my soul to stay there. He that sitteth in the heavens only knows where my soul may be safe. This world looks to me very much of late, in the sober grey of evening. If it were not for two or three converts, who honour me with a devotion which makes me ashamed, I should fear my ministry was never to be of any avail before the night cometh. But I stand and hope—alas! I fear not in the armour and with the spirit of a watchman in Israel."

June 29th, 1825.

"Last Monday evening the executive committee had a meeting to consider my resignation and to elect a successor. But we can find no one to whom the interests of this loved and invaluable institution ought to be committed. It is therefore put to my conscience to jeopard its welfare, or to endeavour so to combine the duties of the secretary with my pastoral charge, as to manage its affairs until a suitable person be offered to us in providence, for which we earnestly pray. It is, taken separately, the most important and auspicious event of my life, that I should, with the unanimous approbation of the churches, and of a wise and faithful committee, have managed an institution which has permanently evangelized probably eighty thousand human beings. The society has just about doubled, and might increase in the same ratio for two or three years, if active agents could be had to pass over the thousand leagues of our populated territory, in its length and breadth. I see deficiencies in the year, which fill me with self-reproach, and see that the society owes nothing to me; but other people think not so. I must build up Bleecker street with one hand and the society with the other, for the present. But they need a whole man."

New York, August 3d, 1825.

* * * "How can we forget our Mary—The sensation of her loss creeps all over my flesh,

when I write her name. I look not at a child and ask its age without thinking of her who would now speak *Papa* if she lived, and who clung to me with inexpressible evidences of affection, from the first moment that she could choose. Alas! how vain to go over all this to any one, of which, but once or twice I have spoken to my dear wife, and then only to learn what is beneath the submission in which she has faded, and seeks to be cheerful and to make me happy. God sends his rain upon the unjust, and so has given her to me. But I was speaking of your dear name daughter. I know I idolized her. I felt as if she was not even to be looked at but with peculiar eyes, by a select few. In remarking how I regarded her, I thought this afternoon with a strange new feeling, that God made her. God has made her anew and glorified her. His name be praised!—this blow will never pass from my heart; may it be ever sanctified to me. If I live for many years, I shall think what she would have been. May I think what she is, each year, in heaven. But I have lost the visible tokens of her love; perhaps it is sordid to inquire whether it can exist where she is. But I should have been too rich with her. I did not intend this strain, dear M—, when I took my pen.

* * * *

Our last communion was a more comfortable season than the preceding. It seems strange that God can bring good out of such poor ministrations of his truth, as I offer at his altar. Just now I find an or-

phan girl of sixteen under conviction, commencing from the address I made at the first communion. I am rebuked and yet encouraged by this fact exceedingly. I always fear that my life and conversation are so little spiritual, that whoever sees me near at hand and at home, cannot be so benefited by my preaching. But God can send by whom he will send. You will not, dear sister, think these things too minute to notice. * * * *

Within a few days, I have formed a friendship, I hope a lasting one, with a young minister of whom you may hear much if we live a few years. I therefore name him, ————. He is not much older than myself. But the years I have spent upon Italy and England, he has passed in the most prayerful devotion to preaching the gospel, in which he has arrived at such eminence, as makes it appear doubtful to me if any one in this land exceeds him.

No one scarcely ever thought less of the wisdom of words, or spent less on the human part of preaching. Manner, which the world calls eloquence, goes for nothing with him; and as a natural consequence he rises often to the highest eloquence.

* * * I begin to look forward with much delight to being at home once more, and to study. I think our preachers, such as learn in the school of President Edwards, excel in usefulness, any I saw abroad. I trust I shall not become careless.

I know manner, gesture, voice, are important; but unction, thought, and power over the conscience, through the truth of God, are so separable from these, and superior to them, that my idea of perfect preaching simplifies itself daily."

New York, Nov. 19th, 1825.

My ever dear and faithful sister,

"The prospect at length beams upon me that I shall soon be released from the trials of my present service, and may wind myself up closely in my ministerial and private relations. My home for the last year and a half has scarcely been home to me, from the necessity of attending to business at the distance of two miles every morning. My preparations for the pulpit have been hurried, and entirely inadequate to my own apprehension, although my hearers have been patient, and not complained. My friends at hand have been unvisited, those at a distance unwritten to. It will give you the best satisfaction to know that I am about to deliver my office into excellent hands. We have been unanimous in our election, which is a happy omen in providence. I shall retain here as much influence as I desire, and carry away many lessons that are invaluable, an influence that money cannot buy—an influence which is one of the most solemn of God's deposits of talents in my hands. Although I perceive some faults, and more omissions in my administration, pardon my self-

love, if I talk in governmental style, of my management of this little province of our Saviour's kingdom, yet the unequalled prosperity of the institution is matter of general remark, and the increase of its funds the proof of general approbation. In many ways, my life long, I hope to aid its interests."

CHAPTER XIV.

As Mr Bruen's experience in business, and his influence in the churches increased, the correspondence which at one period was an important item in his occupations, began to diminish. Though he says, "the only living being who has any written record of my actings and thinkings is yourself," yet the record of 1825, was less extended than that of 24, and that of 26 than 25, and so on to the end. Nay it was sometimes painful to see how his unchanging and exalted friendship caused uneasiness to his generous heart. The recollection of how much he formerly was accustomed to narrate of himself, and the reluctance he felt to sacrifice his habit of writing, which he knew gave so lively an interest to his friends in Scotland, rendered the rarity of his later epistles a subject of lively regret. His exertions were drawn forth in the most elevated cause; his time, even for relaxation, was consumed, as those who long for the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom would have it consumed; and if the earthly record be less in the year 1826, than those who cherish his memory, or would be

aroused by his example, might wish, we have reason to believe that the record of that year's exertions will be found in heaven.

New York, January 23d, 1826.

"Since the beginning of the year I have not written to you, nor for some weeks before. With the business of delivering up the keys of office to my successor in the secretaryship, has come the duty of initiating him in its details. So that the change has scarcely yet been a relief to me. A fortnight ago, it became necessary for me to undertake a toilsome journey to Boston, to take the preliminary steps for the formation of a national domestic missionary society. Clergymen and others of influence were to be convened, and as the centre of operation is to be New York, it was required that some one should represent our interests, who is acquainted with our plan. To furnish the millions who already live beyond the Ohio and the Mississippi, with the institutions of the gospel, is a measure of inexpressible importance, and I think not even the establishment of the American Bible Society is more eventful than this National Home Missionary Society. I set off through weather and roads which made the journey very disagreeable, and sometimes perilous. The business of my mission has been happily accomplished. There will be a general co-operation among presbyterians and congregationalists, in this great matter, and probably the evangelical of other

denominations will largely contribute. We intend to appear as liberal as we feel, but until we all think less of denominations than we do, and other sects become purified, we must observe certain limits, in order to be sure of the character of the ministers we employ, and what are the interests they would promote. If the Lord prosper this institution, as he has ours, and give it favour in the eyes of the people, it will work wonders. You see your poor brother ought to be busy when those who love Christ think he may be useful. I feared on entering on so great a matter that I might be the Achan that would rather bring discomfiture than blessing to the armies of Israel.

Our dear little church prospers, and overwhelms me with astonishment that God blesses my preaching. Some in our sabbath-school have been brought under deep concern of mind, which has in some cases issued in their conversion."

New York, February 16th, 1826.

"I have great encouragement in my preaching, considering my few auditors, and hope that my sphere of usefulness will be enlarged when we enter the church. It is only my barrenness in secret prayer that weighs me down with the impression that I cannot be useful; but this one impression is like a mountain. My views in the doctrines of religion attain great clearness chiefly, at present, by means of Andrew Fuller's writings. Ask Mr —— to read

them. The way some of us presbyterians are bred to look upon the gospel, as a sort of special provision for the elect, trammels the preaching of the glad tidings of great joy to all people. Put election in the place it ought to hold, after the rejection which the wilful depravity of man will make of the expression of the love of God in Christ, and then we only see in it God's purpose that heaven shall be filled with holy worshippers, gathered and sanctified by his spirit on the earth, and we understand how Bethsaida and Capernaum really increased their condemnation by refusing the gospel of Christ. The fulness of the love of God towards a sinful world can never be too loudly expressed; it has no bounds but his own holiness. Whosoever will become holy shall be saved and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life. The just view of this love of God convinces of sin and is a terror to the ungodly, as much as it is consolation and life to the renewed. I hope Fuller's works may be within your reach, and if you can have president Edwards, read his account of the revival in New England; his sermons seem to me the best in the language. Your volume of "Sheppard's Thoughts," is excellent; a little wire-drawn and *London religious*, I think, but still excellent. In some things new, in all useful."

"Will you tell your dear husband that I grow daily more tolerant. My organ of benevolence will never equal his I know, but I am tolerant to all sorts of Christians."

"A friend walking with me the other day, in the energy of conversation, fell upon a choice way of describing. He spoke of one man whom he did not believe in, who filled a certain space in the public eye; and then of another, a methodist preacher, he said, "I believe in him. In short, *I believe in every body who believes in prayer.*" I also am exceedingly tolerant to every body who believes in prayer. The straitness of sect finds no advocate in me, and if I were once more at your dear husband's table, I should express my deep regret at the almost intolerable, immeasurable *wideness* of the *straitness* of a Confession of Faith, that fills a volume. Here is surely too much to sign to. But it may be safest, and as I happen to believe it all, it only does me harm by shutting me out from nearer communion with those whom I ought to love. We are coming to have a tempest of a controversy in our church about Confessions of Faith. What it will issue in, whether a better understanding of our Christian liberty, I know not, but I trust we may live to see the day when we shall be much further advanced towards the millennial state than at present. Douglas of Cavers finely remarks of the Bible Society, that it has done better than to confute a thousand heresies; it has silenced the controversy. All lovers of philanthropic societies, all men valorous for Christ and full of good deeds to their fellow men, in this great age, are becoming visible, and must love each other, and the vast stream of effort which christianizes a conti-

nent, may hereafter stand in the stead of a Confession of Faith.

The apocryphal controversy is exciting great attention here, not merely as threatening the greatest monument of living christianity, the Bible Society, but because we have ourselves a most deep stake in the question. The American B. S. circulates all its spanish bibles with the apocrypha; it is said they will not be otherwise received. The opening in South America is for millions upon millions of the word of life; and the mind of an angel, if he had not divine knowledge, might tremble when he decided whether millions should have the bible with Bell and the Dragon, and let the sword of the spirit kill the heresy; or tens have our authentic copy. Yet I incline pretty strongly to the scottish view of the subject. We have received the circular of the B. and F. B. S. and shall soon note our opinion. Surely in so great a question God will not permit his servants to unite deliberately in a wrong opinion. The final issue in London we shall regard with the deepest interest."

New York, June 7th, 1828.

"Our church has been opened amid such middling success as may just encourage and not elate. Perseverance and prayer and the divine blessing may fill it; but for some time as hitherto, I must be content with a little audience. We have begun to build a dwelling house next to the church, and if we do not

die, we shall begin to live in a few years. "Say not it is thy rest."

* * Our May meetings were full of interest. The American Home Missionary Society was formed amid happy omens of success. The Jews' society has undergone a radical reform, in which I have been forced to be active, and run right counter to some, I know not whether to call them friends or acquaintances. I have got a good deal of odium in a certain quarter, and the approbation of my own conscience. We must now make it a missionary society to the Jews. To complete the reform I have been forced to accept the office of secretary of the Jews' society this year.* * * We want men for our great societies. We are learning to act liberally upon the plan Douglas of Cavers suggests, to pay agents. But it is a slow business to teach our common religious people; and then living in cities is so dear as to make large salaries requisite for officers in cities, which hurts collections in the country. But we must come to this. We must have the best men in the land in the bible and missionary societies, and pay them accordidgly. If my heart did not sigh after the pastoral office, I would take some such place as watchman upon the walls. * * * Above all things those societies must be economically managed.

* The report this year of the Jews' Society, was written by Mr B. In the same month he resigned the office of Secretary, as he saw no probability of being able to accomplish his object

Mr Bruen's attention seems first to have been attracted to the management of the Jewish society some time previous to this date, when he wrote of the danger of exciting Jewish cupidity by providing too comfortable an asylum for converted Jews; and also of the operose and costly method of drawing converted Jews from Poland and Germany, where they might have constant opportunities of preaching to their brethren, to congregate them on the American shores. It is likely that an asylum for converted Jews may be absolutely necessary in some despotic countries, where their brethren, whose faith they have outraged by forsaking it, may find multiform methods of afflicting and tormenting them. But it is not easy to see how the plan of hiring a farm in America to form a Jewish settlement, originated, unless it were with some premature interpreters of prophecy, who having settled it that America is "the land shadowing with wings" which is to restore the people to their own land, set about fulfilling their own interpretation, by drawing many Jews across the Atlantic, previous to emigration *en masse* in American vessels to Palestine. The work of conversion is not in general promoted by forced and unnatural measures. Jesus did not go out of his way to the city Sichar, though he had many souls there. He went because his road lay through Samaria. Let the gospel be preached to Jews, as to heathens at their homes, and if after their

conversion, circumstances constrain their removal, they will find providence opening their way. The varieties of opinion, the divisions and subdivisions of those who have wished to promote christianity among the Jews, partake mournfully of that confusion of counsels which prevailed, when there were three High Priests in Jerusalem. Efforts to do them good remind us continually of that judicial sentence which is still in its course of infliction. Not only has "blindness happened to Israel," so that they cannot see Jesus whom they persecuted and slew, to be the Messiah; but the counsels also of those who would enlighten them are confounded, so that not knowing how to obtain access to the Jews, they fall into confusion and variance among themselves, expend zeal, and energy, and money in vain, and sit down disappointed. Yet how honorable the motives, how interesting the exertions of those who continue to hope and to pray for the restoration of Israel. All who contemplate, believing the wonderful history of the Redeemer, must feel a brother's interest in that family of the world of which Christ came. And when at last the glorious hour arrives, unknown to man, but surely on its way, when "thousands shall be born in a day," when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs to Zion, happy they who shall be engaged in the work, and be the earthly instruments of accomplishing such heavenly mercy. In the mean time, blessed are they who would promote the great restor-

ation if they might, and who have had faith and patience to toil on through many disappointments, looking to the fulfilment of God's word as their only incentive, and to the promotion of His glory as their rich reward.

Those divisions which a few years ago were more obvious among the friends of Israel than among other christian societies, have now alas! extended and broken out with bitterness in other religious associations in Europe. We see all the machinery provided at great expense for producing a mighty effect; but the effect fails to be produced. The stout ship is built, she is rigged, she is manned, her ensigns wave against the sky; but her timbers want the bonds of christian love, her sails are not inflated by the spirit of prayer. An extract from a very recent pamphlet by the same Douglas whose work on the advancement of society, is so often and so respectfully referred to by Mr Bruen, is so weighty and so true on this subject, that it cannot seem out of place.

"But now, not only has no considerable progress been made in the great work, than are apparent the usual marks of decay. The enemy has been successful in his wonted device of stirring up strife between those who were once considered as eminent fellow labourers, workers together with God for the salvation of the world. Disputes as to the measures for spreading religion, have, as is usual in the course of things from bad to worse, been followed by disputes

relating to the doctrines of religion; and in the midst of strife and contention, the spirit of holiness and peace, it is to be feared, is less felt and listened to, and is preparing to withdraw, in some degree, at least, his reviving influence.

"Such at least has been the history of many past times of refreshing from on high. The work of love and mercy has been terminated by the unholy strivings and emulations, by the partizanship and divisions of former ages. And what is deserving of much consideration, these revivals of religion have often gone before the destruction of the nations in which they took place. Thus the revivals in the times of Hezekiah and Josiah preceded the Babylonish captivity; and the pouring out of the spirit in the days of the Apostles, was the precursor of the long desolation of Judea. Thus the angels restrain the winds till the elect are gathered in, and thus nations become fitted for judgment by the gospel being faithfully preached; those who receive it being gathered into the ark of mercy, and those who reject the offer of salvation being ripe for the immediate punishment.

"Every thing at the present moment depends upon prayer; if prayer is restrained, the reviving work of the spirit is restrained also, religion will gradually decay, and Britain will follow the fate of the nations that have gone to ruin before it, and which from neglecting their appointed day of repentance, are monuments to all succeeding ages, that God, though long suffering,

limits the term of his forbearance, saying, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." But if prayer be now abundantly poured out before God, that of itself would be a sign and a pledge that this country is not only to be spared, but made a chief instrument in promoting the divine purposes, and in forwarding the glory of the latter day. It is true that many are the societies now in operation for spreading the gospel; but small is the result of all their labour and expenditure. This is partly to be ascribed to their measures being ill advised, and imperfectly arranged, but most of all to the influence of the divine spirit not accompanying their efforts. For considerable success in former times has attended much smaller means; and these too not directed by any remarkable sagacity. One great reason why small means are not unfrequently honoured with signal success, while large resources are often wasted away, is this, that in the first case men have no temptation to trust to an arm of flesh; but in the latter case they often feel confident in the sums of money they amass, and the number of labourers they employ. In the first case the glory is all ascribed to God; in the second, men are more disposed to share in the honour of whatever success has been obtained." Thoughts on prayer at the present time by James Douglas, Esq. 1830—p. 11.

CHAPTER XV.

New York, June 30th, 1826.

My ever dear Sister,

"In what crisis of your life this letter may find you, it is fruitless to inquire; time must teach, if we have time to learn. Our sympathy is unintermitted, and our love for you not seldom presents the image of your trials. This world looks to me now composed of altogether different colours, from what it once shewed; and it appears to me nothing could have given it the grave aspect it now wears, but the death of our Mary Lundie. I never can love any thing again with the same kind and degree of affection. Perhaps *you* too are yet to learn more by the severe pressure of your continued sorrow. "He will not lay upon us more than we are able to bear." I have been recently reading "Howe's blessedness of the Righteous," a volume of exquisite practical divinity. I agree with Robert Hall and Foster, that Howe is the prince of divines. I feel corrected in your last letter in reference to a phrase I used, "the common places of consolation." Truly nothing is common

place if we fully believe it, and no consolation small or fading which God offers, if we really take it, and how much may we not take? These wells are full "whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. The words which I speak, they are spirit and they are life." May that life fill your heart."

New York, July 31st, 1826.

"Your narrative has affected us as you knew it would. It carries me to that home, to those friends, to the person of that friend, towards whom certainly no continuance of life, and I hope not death will extinguish my tenderness. The angel of His mercy has been with you, who is afflicted in your afflictions. Your deliverance hitherto is no less unheard of than your trial. But it seems impossible that the consequences, of this calamity, for such it is now, whatever be its everlastingly blessed issue, must not be disastrous to your health of body. I trust your soul will prosper. Out of this furnace I pray that you may come the brighter. I look forward to the time, perhaps it is near, when some catastrophe of importance will be sent to visit me, who have with so little profit had many trials since I left your home.

* * We note with thankfulness to God your deliverance amidst the perils of human help. That the physicians have added so little to the sufferings of the dear child is a singular mercy, and that you should have had so many hair-breadth escapes. I fully be-

lieve medicine can do little in most cases. The doctors think so, for when they are in trouble, they do not much resort to their own remedies. We should gratefully receive what relief medicines afford, but as to making ourselves more sick that we may be well, it is perhaps as often a tempting of providence, as pursuing the method God points out for health. I remember the resolution you fairly expressed about your M—— in the moments of greatest danger, that if she were to die, it should be without being tortured at last with blisters, on her head. In health we feel our feebleness, and that we are in the hands of God; in sickness we *must* acknowledge this; and while God permits men to know so little of the real nature of diseases and their remedies, it is foolish to repeat the sin of Asa. It is one of the mercies of God that we may lean upon them for advice and alleviation, but it must be in measure, else we shall find them as a broken reed to pierce our hand. For the most part I think physicians an article of luxury; I would always have them for myself and my friends, and generally attend literally to their prescriptions; but here it is superlatively true "unless the Lord keep the house, the watchman watcheth but in vain."

The recent pamphlets from Edinburgh are of vast interest to me, and whatever be the merit of Dr Andrew Thomson's, Mr Grey's has much. The whole spirit of it is admirable, and the talent I think very considerable. Among unprejudiced men, it will

pass as of more worth than that of the St George's Doctor, for whom also I have a great regard. But with the author of the letter, I see in all this much of Mr H. That letter writer describes Mr H. exactly as Dr Mason did to me ten years ago. You, who are perhaps more tired of this painful controversy, cannot easily think how much Henry Grey's satisfied and delighted me. The question is of vast moment for our society in reference to Mexico and South America. The B. and F. B. Society seem to have been guided to a most just and truth-loving decision. I am glad to hear of Malan, he will always do good, but he is very fervid in believing in conversions upon slight evidence, as I have had some examples. The impression he is calculated to produce is great. I correspond now regularly with no one on either side of the Atlantic but yourself, so not with him, but I always love and revere him."

New York, August 23d, 1826.

"It becomes me to give you up into the hands of God, trusting that the time of your deliverance from these deep waters is at hand. If you reap a joy proportioned to the measure of tears in which you have sown, it will be a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Your trials seem to me altogether too heavy to be borne, and I especially am required to stand still and wait for the salvation of God. We know that his government is the best, and I know that all things

shall work together for your good. It is often said that we are the creatures of circumstances, and there is much truth in the observation; what need then have we of the doctrine of God's all circumscribing particular providence. That providence which threw us together most strangely, has separated us for the most part, if not for the whole of life; but the period of our friendship will last as long as my breath, and the effect of our acquaintance upon my character will be as long. What shall be its result upon our immortal character, God only knows. We will look to the Lamb, and may be assured that if we belong to Jesus, He has decreed and will cause our perfection. Looking unto Jesus we may confidently hope in the mercy of God unto eternal life. If it were only revealed as mercy to us, if the blotting out of our sins appeared only as a deliverance of us from death, we might fear to believe the glad tidings. But when we see the higher reason for the thing, and that unto all principalities and powers in heaven, by the Church, is made known the manifold wisdom of God in his method of redemption, our faithless hearts are encouraged, then we see God hath made all things for himself. Not for our sakes, but for thine own great name's sake is our prayer, and we feel a confidence in the gospel that grows up and seems like a pillar of heaven. It combines the deepest view of the enormity of our sins, with the highest contemplation of God's

increasing glory in forgiving them. Such may be some glimpse at our thoughts, if we are saved, and dò not, being enlightened, and having a taste for the heavenly gift, fall away, so as never to be renewed to repentance.

It is easy to feel when we are at peace, that God orders our circumstances. But when trials increase, when we are tempted to murmur, to indulge ourselves, to throw off our cross; then to feel that God puts us into this strait to try us, to shew us what is in our hearts, is difficult. But you have felt so in this solemn season of suffering. You have passed through, or are yet in a furnace heated seven times. Oh that it may not shorten your life here as it will certainly, I believe, promote the measure of your life everlasting. Does it not often increase your sense of the temporal responsibility of having children, that the flesh is heir to so many miseries? It is one of the thoughts that most subdues me, and makes me willing that my Mary should so early have been taken to paradise, that she might have lived to suffer as your S— did, or to suffer as you do now. "Man deviseth his way, God orders his steps." They are delivered from evil who are delivered from this present evil world.

I feel remarkably well since my visit to Saratoga; the waters have been of essential service to me. They are probably the most powerful and useful waters in the world. The average number of visitors there was

said to be twelve hundred, and to show you what an asylum we have here, the Ex-King of Spain sat at the head of one table; and the Ex-President of the Cortes of Spain at the other. There were many clergymen there; much to see, learn, forget and despise, as well as to improve from. Summer is a time when by the scattering of our congregations for three or four months, our churches usually languish. It has been very much so in Bleecker street. The more on account of my illness. We have increased very little, and great diligence and much labour and prayer will be required to build up our little church. I fear that we are not popular with the poor people around us, and that it is supposed to be too much a church for the rich; an idea that can only be eradicated by visiting, and holding meetings in the houses of the poor. This, as my strength and other duties will permit, I must undertake. I love the duties of my calling; but it is easier to sit down and write a sermon, than to go and talk acceptably, and usefully, to the poor."

New York, September 30th, 1826.

My dearest sister,

"At length the consummation we have anticipated is arrived—the days of ——'s mourning are ended, and other and tenderer arms than yours bear all that can feel in your late precious charge. Dear and oppressed, afflicted and rejoicing sister, the days of *your*

mourning are not ended. There will be some back currents in the flow of feeling which is now so in unison with the truth as it is in Jesus. * * * Believe me that I am far from viewing this affliction as all penal; I know, however, that pain does not come without sin. It comforted me when our Mary was taken away, to read in John Howe, that as God never creates for our good pleasure, so he never takes away life for our punishment chiefly, and that it is a very mistaken inference from the fact, of the death of our friends, that our punishment is the chief object.

The parallelism you speak of in time is one of those coincidences of which I have observed many, which convince me that God ruleth on high. I am as sure of his moral government, a government which has reason and motives for its acts, as I am of the shape of the room I write in. Oh that my deeds were convictions. * * * * * I remember a perilous illness about the same age, when all the blindness and obstinacy of sin possessed me; such wilfulness as human nature at every age can exhibit. You first turned my attention to the connection of thought in the passage, "This is not your rest, because it is polluted." She is far away from sin, in a rest that is unchangeable, where associations can never cause evil, where no one can be harmed by those who approach. Are we, dear sister, to have the inconceivable joy of entering that rest, and knowing that we are both there?"

Brighton House, October 4th, 1826.

* * * * "I have ceased to hope any thing from the *natural* effect of afflictions. I see that none but christians get any good from them. They are sometimes the occasion when people begin to think and to seek the Lord, but the great body of afflicted people seem more brutish than the beasts, and many mourn not so long as the beasts for a bereavement. This may sicken us of the world and of human nature as it is, but christians are assured of the benefit of afflictive providences."

New York, December 30th, 1826.

* * * * "The last saturday night of the year has come. Our saturday night engagement I feel has been most imperfectly fulfilled on my part. In relation to nothing does my heart so much condemn me as in reference to prayer. My frequently inadequate and earthly attempts at this duty, my abuse of this unspeakable privilege, often fasten on my mind the conviction that I am not in any sense that is saving, within the church of Christ. But there has been, I might almost say an involuntary performance of the engagement, always to desire that you may find in God, your chief, your perfect joy. It seems, to look back, a tract of years since 1817 to 1827, when we count days and years. But how all that space seems little in the acts of his time. It seems but the other day, sometimes, since

you tapped at my door in your house to call me to breakfast; at other times it seems an age. But it is inexplicable to me the time seems always like a cold century since I saw my departed child or sister. * * * * I often hope, and ardently expect to meet you once more in this world, but, if never here, may it be where the body of death enters not, where death is swallowed up of life. * * * I touch upon my avocations for the last sabbath of the year, which are, as usual, two sermons in the church, an extemporaneous sermon in the evening, in the lecture room; and what is unusual, and what I have never done, and what I refused to do for Mrs S—— in Paris, a private administration of the Lord's supper, to a man in the last stage of a consumption, who, we believe, has experienced a saving change within four weeks, and who wishes in these circumstances to join our church. Our customs are set against such things, but I am little or nothing fettered by the traditions of the Elders. Having a spiritually minded Session who think as I do about the measure of binding power in the usages of the Presbytery. * * I have seen nothing further than what you sent me about the B. and F. Bible Society. My opinions are very strong against the Edinburgh; and if forced to condemn in the lump, I think them vastly the most condemnable. I made a good deal of sacrifice, and being requested gave Mr Henry Grey's pamphlet with the others to the Library of the Ame-

rican Bible Society. It has excited here with good judges, great admiration."

The American Bible Society had fallen into the same error with the British and Foreign, by sending the scriptures with the apocryphal books to Spanish America, and other Roman Catholic countries, whence they knew the word of God would be excluded without these spurious writings. Their managers had their attention turned to the subject by the proceedings which arose upon it in England, and having heard with much regret of the divisions excited by the discussion, adopted the most judicious measures to prevent a similar result among themselves. They consulted the most judicious men in various parts of the country, most of whom recommended the exclusion of the Apocrypha from the Spanish Bible. After this they held a meeting attended by all the board, and many ministers of the gospel besides, of whom Mr Bruen was one, when they came to the following resolution:

"Almost in the commencement of their distributions, a question has arisen among the friends of the British and F. B. S. as to the lawfulness of circulating the uninspired relic referred to, in connection with the sacred canon. A discussion, long and anxious, has resulted in the resolution of the B. and F. B. S. to distribute henceforth, in all languages, the sacred canon exclusively. This decision has caused your board to inquire also into the propriety, on their part

of distributing the Catholic scriptures. They have discussed and deliberated with deep interest, and with some diversity of views as to the lawfulness of such distributions, yet always with perfect charity and christian forbearance. They have sought the advice of the wise and prudent, and found likewise among them a difference of opinion. To perpetuate that harmony which now so happily prevails among their auxiliaries, and to prevent an evil which has shaken the mighty society of England as with the heavings of an earthquake, your board have with great unanimity resolved, "that no book containing the Apocrypha shall henceforth be issued from your depository."

This resolution has in a great measure stopped the circulation of the Bible in the West Indies and Spanish America. Some wise and good men thought that the Apocrypha had better remain with the express declaration of the American Bible Society annexed, that it was not a part of the inspired word of God. But surely it was most judicious to exclude it altogether, for it is better that Spanish America should be without the scriptures for a time than that the American Bible Society should be shaken, and thus many of their own country be shut out from their influence.

CHAPTER XVI.

The year 1827 is marked especially by a severe visit of sickness to Mr Bruen, and by his growing animation and zeal in the extension of the christian faith. A remarkable example of this zeal was his having projected to forsake all the intellectual enjoyments, all the polished amenities, all the christian society of a large city, and to retire into the fast peopling regions of the west. His object was to do what he might to supply that new population with the means of instruction, and save them from passing the important span of life in providing only for the body. This plan, even had his life been prolonged, would not have been executed, as it was thought more for the edification of the church, that it should not spare a member who united great mental refinement, with extensive and elegant scholarship, for a service which might be better accomplished by less polished instruments. But though unexecuted, his purpose to make so great a sacrifice will not be forgotten of Him who observed with complacency, that "it

was in his servant David's heart" to build him an house."*

New York, January 30th, 1827.

* * * "But I will proceed to the inside—a new occupation this winter has given me much pleasure and improvement—a class for instruction in the Bible, for both males and females, separately, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, of each week. I study carefully a chapter or two, with all the help of critics, &c. and question on each verse; and give them leave to question me. I have thus gone on at some length with the harmony of the life of our saviour from the four evangelists. I preached a sermon in which I told them it was the duty of old and young, of fathers and mothers, to come; and in proportion to our small numbers in the congregation, we have a pretty good attendance, and great interest. I feel my mind daily more independent of systems and commentaries in studying the word of God; and I joy in my liberty. Old Calvinism, such as Fuller *opposes*, seems to me to cloud the scriptures sadly, and the glory of redemption, and the *holiness* of our faith, I mean the real nature of sanctification. I am sure many texts are wanted to support ancient interpretations, whether the doctrines be true or false. So without attending

* It is regretted that some very interesting letters from Mr B. to Judge Tucker of Missouri, on this subject, could not be obtained. They would show his anxiety to get minute information, that he might be regulated in his decision as to duty in this matter, and they might have stimulated others in so noble an enterprise. Ed.

much to other things, my first object is to teach my auditors to think what is the scope of the place, what the doctrine taught in this very place. Our Lord's sermon on the mount especially, has opened with much grandeur in this view, considered as a true exposition of the moral law, of the law of Moses, as much upheld in the gospel as at Sinai, offences against which the Redeemer only can remit, and which no person can willingly indulge and be saved. With all this, I am writing a course of systematic theology, which I wish Mr —— could see, for I think he would like my present opinions, and read them with satisfaction. But my life seems all preparation, as if I truly accomplished nothing.

Your anti-slavery efforts have their counterpart in this country; but our wisest philanthropists are baffled in their attempts as yet to benefit the blacks in any considerable degree. For the most part the plan of colonising is pursued.

Slavery is an evil and a curse entailed on this country, from which none can tell how we are to be freed. The result must soon be some tremendous crisis, for the legislatures of the slave states are rendering more severe the laws against the free blacks, and preventing their slaves from becoming fit for freemen, and even depriving them of religious instruction. I see your West India Islands are ready for insurrection on this fearful subject; but all the world looks with admiration upon the consistent, firm, benevolent

progress which your government and public opinion are making towards complete emancipation."

New York, March 31st, 1827.

* * * "The influence of our intercourse in creating just views of myself, the world, and I trust of God and eternity, has been most decided; and I feel it involves one of the most momentous portions of my moral responsibility, and I trust will add for the present to my real usefulness, if I am ever made useful in the cause of the Redeemer. * * * I feel myself growing terribly old, but know not that I am more indolent in constitution My duties take hold of me with an iron hand, and so often that unless I move pretty briskly, I get no middle ground to stand on. I know not which to wonder at most, the happiness or criminality of the times when I could spend days on trifles. I almost fear now to plan to read a classic, or even to hunt up theological antiquities; it seems as if the whole of a minister's time ought to be spent in the precise cure of souls. Remembering Mr ———'s account of Dugald Stewart's report of Principal Baird's prayer in the University Library, the consideration "that the souls of the men who wrote the books that surround me are with God," keeps up the moral conviction that in theology itself, it is possible laboriously to trifle with Grotius, and die in distress, if not an infidel, and without the love of Christ.

"You would be distressed if you knew all I feel about my old sermons; they could never have done any good, they were not of the kind which God blesses to conversion."

New York, May 17th, 1827.

"The remarks you make about natural ties are beautiful; nor will you so interpret my former expressions as if I dissented from your views. Still the gospel does in a certain sense set father against child, and wife against husband. There will be an obvious diminution of interest in the irreligious toward the religious; I say not of the religious toward them. My temper is vastly changed since you saw the cynical expression of my countenance. I am sure good is never done in that temper, and that people cannot be driven into good. We must be kind and loving to do good. If I ever had *fierté*, I think it is much worn away in the toils and knowledge of the years since we parted. I estimate things better and myself more humbly—I am sure contempt towards a drunkard, or a pig, is no christian sentiment. We are to look at every thing in the world, *all things considered* and therefore at every *man*, eternity considered. Do not fear that I shall now be arrogant. * * *

In the month past God has been pleased to send a special effusion of his spirit to Mr Skinner's church; they are now enjoying a revival of religion. To the first meeting of inquiry, for awakened persons held at

his house, sixty came. We truly live in the latter day of miracles of grace. A brother minister preached for me on sabbath afternoon, whose church has had an addition of three hundred and fifty within a few months, and all after such an examination as you could not well understand, without hearing. Ministers who see such things believe strongly in the efficacy of prayer, and relate signal answers from God. Usually preceding such an effusion of the Spirit, the church is roused to the duty of united and extraordinary prayer. These three hundred and fifty were convicted in a population of two thousand, and such was the impression for a few weeks that God was there, that sinners were prayed for by name as unconverted, and were thankful, instead of being offended at being particularised. The most interesting proof given me of the novel state of the church at such a time, is that the minister told me the people seemed to feel that they had but to pray, that preaching was important, but inferior to prayer; and that if it had been announced that Dr Chalmers was to preach in the church on a week day afternoon, and that there was to be a prayer meeting in the court-house at the same hour, and that it was equally right for the people to go to either place, they would have gone to the place of prayer, in preference. Oh my dear sister, that my affections kept pace with my intellect in this subject of everlasting interest; so fully, so clearly do I believe that this work is of God. God

is ready to work any where, when his people are ready for the reception of His Spirit, and if truly prepared, we need but to ask to receive. True prayer is always successful.

We have some precious christians in our little church. The poor minister sometimes thinks he may yet be useful, but the worm at the root is the leanness of my closet duties. There are times when hours of meditation here, seem not to make one breath of true prayer. Pray for me dear sister, that I and this portion of God's heritage may be watered. How little time does it take for God to work! How quick, how admirable the transformation. A decided change of taste, of associates, of friends and studies comes in a day. Your account of dear ——, is delightful; advise her not to delay too long her public profession if you think she is prepared for it. Young converts learn when kept too long back, to be comfortable without the entire dedication God demands. She is quite old enough. Though not often, we sometimes admit them, when in favourable circumstances, from ten upwards.

Our *May* anniversaries, have been more interesting than usual, less mere speech making, more pious business spirit. Have you received the first Report of the American Tract Society? That and the present report are precious examples, as few reports are, of what an institution of Christ ought to be. I have had a painful agency here in endeavouring with oth-

ers to reform the Jews' society, which is in complete confusion."

New Haven, September 1st, 1827.

My ever dear sister,

"The long interval of my silence has been near being prolonged into eternity; and you will bless God, as I endeavour to do, that I can once more write, when you know how near to all appearance I have recently, been, to the gates of death. The immediate cause of this illness, was my ascending the rail-way and visiting the Lehigh coal mines, when I took cold; and in descending with the rapidity at which the loaded wagons run, at the rate of twenty miles an hour in some parts, all the bile in my system was moved. These mines, and this rail-way are among our greatest natural and artificial curiosities,—but more of them another time. Nothing could have reconciled me to these circumstances, and given me a tolerable answer to the question "What dost thou here?" but the fact that Mary's health required the journey.

For years I have been very bilious, which has much impeded my studies and labours; and if I had been at home it might have been simple bilious fever, and have carried me off. An Episcopal clergyman, a friend of mine, who has succeeded in gathering a church very near ours, who was one mile from me, apparently in perfect health, came home to die suddenly of this disorder, while I was carried through

other dangers and brought hither safely. While at Cherryville, seventy or eighty miles west from Philadelphia, I was seized with a very severe attack of pleurisy, accompanied with bilious fever, such as made my case doubtful for some days. I fell into the hands of a quack doctor, eminent in his line, being out of the range of my knowledge of persons, and sending for the nearest physician, and was only instrumentally delivered from death by the intervention of a better one. You may conceive the situation of my dear Mary, at such a distance from every friend save *one*. When my disorder was running fast to its worst, a kind providence sent to the Inn where I was taken ill, a gentleman and his wife from Easton, a town on the Delaware, twenty miles from us; who being in the next room to me during the worst night that I passed, inquired after me in the morning. When Mary, overcome with their tokens of sympathy, said that I was exceedingly ill, and that we had no confidence in the physician, they proposed to send one of eminence from Easton, to which we gladly acceded. He arrived late in that day, changed the whole course of my treatment, and unquestionably saved my life. I had had a very severe attack of pleurisy in 1812, which left me strongly inclined to consumption for the four years I studied with Dr Mason, and from which I never recovered until I went to Europe. This attack had something different in its form, but I knew it is a disorder, that soon finds or makes an end.—

I knew myself to be very ill, but did not at any moment think that I was yet to die. I felt how exceedingly this chastisement was deserved, and could almost rejoice in it, in the hope that it would benefit my soul and my ministry. For the first time in my life, I was patient and submissive, which I took as an omen for good, and thanked God for. But I have exceedingly failed to realize in my getting well, the good I expected, so much does sin dwell in me.

Concerning my medical treatment, I conceive I owe my life, after bleeding, to two usually accounted incongruous articles, calomel and cold water, of which last, in the height of my fever, and notwithstanding the calomel, Dr Swift allowed me to drink freely. Some of our physicians are adopting a sensible theory, that whatever a patient intensely desires in dangerous sickness, is likely to be a remedy which nature instinctively points out. There is nothing fever points to more ardently than *cold water*. * * *

You see I am writing much about the carcase, so I will only add, that I hope now to be bodily better than for a long time, and am to preach the next sabbath, once in my own pulpit in New York, and afterwards hope to resume my ordinary labours, which however, cannot be over abundant before I get free from all remains of pain in the side. As to the soul, the thought of how much I needed such a trial was the prevailing one. Beyond my own situation and character in God's

sight, the reflection of Christ's having chosen to render himself capable of sickness next most affected me. *We* suffer when we must. *He* chose to suffer, and made himself an offering for sin. Oh for this love!—The son of God, the son of *man*, thus showing what sin deserves, ought to control all hearts. A further rather imaginative reflection often passed through my mind. Here for six thousand years, God carries on a world in which sickness abundantly reigns. Does he not thus show to the holy angels, who only can know of sin as a metaphysical idea, what is its evil, since they see matter thus the means of torturing the soul that has sinned, for they could not understand the affliction of a mental character which sin produces, having never experienced the gnawings of conscience.

You would be pleased could you see the testimonies of deep and earnest christian love which my danger has drawn forth from my little flock; and certainly my heart ought to be warmer towards all the world, since so much undeserved kindness is heaped upon me.—Many true prayers are offered that our vineyard may be blessed of Him who giveth the increase."

New York, September 30th, 1827.

"This year has been unparalleled in the history of our church for revivals of religion; I mean the ecclesiastical year from May to May. Our hopes are ardent that this work may extend to the cities. It has hitherto, for the most part, been confined to villages, with the exception of Boston: but we trust the Lord is

preparing his way here. Many pray for it. Upon this subject, I suppose it is difficult to have accurate ideas, unless one were present at such a work of God. For that it is a work of God seems manifest from the single argument that the church is very often so visited when no extraordinary means are used by the minister; and when every external cause apparently remains as it existed for months or years, and yet tens and twenties suddenly inquire what they must do to be saved. In our little community we are without this token of God's mercy which we pray for; but not in such a temper of heart as makes us fit recipients of the grace. These revivals furnish ministers for our churches, missionaries for our Home and Foreign operations, and keep alive a flame of piety, which was rare fifty years ago.

I have just seen Mr King, who has returned from Palestine. He is full of interesting anecdote, and will add much inspiration to the general zeal for foreign missions. Indeed our efforts (I speak of America) have been wonderfully blest. I think you will agree with me in judging Mr King better fitted than any missionary for the field which he has explored. I know not whether it will be right to retain at home, a man thus qualified; and yet he will here give an impulse to every thing, and may be the head of an important missionary college, to prepare our own countrymen to go abroad, and also to receive instruction, and send back again Greeks and Jews to the land of Paul and Peter."

CHAPTER XVII.

"I have omitted to say long since, how much your curious bit of information about Clarkson's discovering a slave ship in Liverpool, interested me. On the last fourth of July slavery ceased in the state of New York. My feelings have grown up to the size of yours upon this subject, and if we were now to talk about it, you would not find me so careless as want of reflection and the habit of seeing it made me when we were together. It is an evil of unparalleled enormity. Your efforts in England are doing good. But you are not all good, not all unanimous. I see the Glasgow Courier sometimes, which has the hardihood to espouse and defend the cause of slavery; and in a very late paper, traces Mr Canning's death, among other causes, to the thousands of useless pages that have gone to the West Indies from the colonial department upon that subject. * * *

You have, I believe, more than once found fault with my ideas of heaven, which are too abstracted and indefinite for you. You humanize a little too much that whole subject for me. God grant that we

may both know which is right. The idea of seeing God, and of being with Christ is so absorbing, and with our earthly attachments so much of sin is mingled, and such recollections, that in the want of some very distinct declaration in scripture, that we are fully to renew an acquaintance there, I have rather yielded the whole subject as one to be investigated only by *experiment*. I am not sure but this is quite wrong, and that more may be revealed at least by fair inference than I suppose, and the condition of another world less unlike the present, than most think. Our soul offers a distinct image of God's being. Earth may be as near an image of heaven. But how near are we to the experience of the reality, or the experience of the loss. Abstractedness from the world has always appeared to me to be one chief preparative for heaven, and the disquisition about how much of our friends we shall know there, to savour much of lingering earthliness. However I do not judge that we shall love our earthly friends less in proportion to our spirituality of mind, but more; and so long as we have identity we shall have memory, and if we know Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven, we may know our brothers and sisters also. I can see the practical use of such distinct impressions as you carry. If we held all our associations in this world under the continual feeling that they were forming our associations for the next, christians would rapidly fit each other and themselves for the highest seats.

Since our removal into this neighbourhood, the scene of the first year of our marriage, we have been deeply reminded of our first born, with the thought of whom the heavenly state is naturally connected. We are now where we ought to prepare for heaven, for we have almost all the earthly facilities for usefulness, and all that make up a terrible amount of responsibility. * * * Now only a filled, instead of a half filled church is required, and a minister eminently, zealously, laboriously useful. I feel as if just geting ready to work. Alas that I should be so long in putting on the harness. Ah! what will be the account when it is put off.

I have been a good deal occupied here in the plan of a French Protestant Church in New Orleans. The Rev M. De Fernex, who brought letters from Mark Wilks and young M. Monod, being disappointed of a settlement here, went to New Orleans last winter, has collected quite a numerous congregation, and they are now about erecting an edfice for public worship, for which our aid is asked. Indeed we equal or exceed London and Edinburgh, in the frequency and magnitude of these applications. A young man went to England and Scotland a year and a half ago, begging for money to build a mariner's church in New Orleans. The result of which was that he saw Chalmers and Robert Hall, and had his expenses paid out of his collections, and returned. I wish there were a law against permitting such vagrancies—But this is a most

deserving applicant, and not certainly to you but to us. The state of Louisiana contains 70,000 inhabitants, one half French, and not one French protestant church. Your imagination can scarcely stretch to the reality, of the importance of our home missions of which my reports have explained to you the method. That society has grown wonderfully since I last wrote about it, being now the American Home Missionary Society. My successor in the office of secretary, the Rev Mr Peters was most happily selected."

Were it not that the following extract conveys one of the truest pictures of Mr Bruen's affectionate sympathy, and gives some hues to the character which none other of his letters so completely reveals, many private feelings would have dictated its suppression.

New York, November 7th, 1827.

"Your letter of the 11th September has come to tell me of the consummation of the 26th of August. I did not believe it so near. I thought my dear maternal friend might linger into the winter at least.—Your letter has impressed the scene of her dying very powerfully upon me. I shall never more in this life see her in whose countenance quietness and love were so singularly united with strong sense and activity. Your dear mother's admirable qualities I have often reflected on, and I am sure the measure of the bereavement it will take years to tell. On all this subject it seems vain for me to write. You know

what I would say. Death itself effects me very much as you describe of yourself, and it may be a bad state of feeling. It is wrong, when God's coming so near us turns us into stone: when we rather stand and wait to see what will be next than intelligently, lovingly rejoice in his government, his ways, and his promises. My thoughts pass rapidly from K—— to M—— and again to K—— and have been full of your self-sacrificing discreet, affectionate mother. We have more reason to rejoice than to sorrow. But oh, what a change is that which takes a conscious being from our society to God's—Who could bear the thought of any friends' going there but for the belief that Jesus will make perfect the spirits of the just. We, most dear friend, draw hard on to that world. Are we prepared?—Am I?—Your dear mother's late soul exercises are indeed very decided, and show that He who holds the keys was preparing her to enter safely. I wish I could be with you now, if it were only for a little season. I do indeed know where she lies,—how near the wall I passed over to see your father's burial place, on that day of mingled sunshine and snow which I can never forget. Her little keepsakes here, shall always be among my relics. But this is vain; her most precious relic is such a death, and the temper she shewed of patience, discretion, and love before it came. I rejoice that you were enabled to watch her to the end. * * * *

It is affecting that in your last letter to me, in her life time, she should have said nothing of remembrance. Truly she loved me with a mother's kindness. For years I have thought of her love in unspeakable associations. You will my dear sister find this one tie to life now broken, to have had a force which only its rupture could disclose. "We can have but one mother," yet, if more troubles await you, you will be happier to meet them alone. My heart thanks you over and over again for all that you tell me, and longs for every thing more which you can write."

The multitude of Mr Bruen's avocations, and the mass of writing which he was obliged to accomplish, did not prevent him from writing a very long narrative of the death-bed experience of the Rev Dr Payson, of Portland, which was printed in one Scottish, and one English Magazine. As a life of Dr P. has since been published, we only extract the faithful sentences with which he concludes the account.

"Thus you have what will convey strong emotion to your heart, and edify and comfort you, I rejoice to believe dear sister. As it corrects and reproves, may it quicken and bless you. Oh what an example in life, in death, as a minister, and as a saint! How can this world continue to look so big to us, in the view of such death-scenes, and God seem distant when he is so nigh?"

"Last Sabbath was the anniversary of my ordination at Homerton, nine years past. Ministerial life most unprofitable—I seem just entering upon duty, and so we are often beginning till we die. Truly I deserve to be instantly removed from the vineyard as barren. May I now at last become faithful, receiving mercy of the Lord. I leave you in his hands who is I hope always near you now in your experience. Your loving sister and friend, my dear wife, joins in deep sympathy and kindest wishes."

New York, Dec. 31st, 1827.

"The last day of the year happens most opportunely for my writing, to be on a Monday, the day in which I endeavour to think myself, in a certain measure, free from the close bonds of pastoral duty, which so often cross the path of friendship and taste. The last of the year! are we to live to the anniversary in 1828 of our most intimate acquaintance. Eleven eventful years! how soon past! The death of your mother marks this year for you. My dangerous illness is its most solemn monition for me directly, although also many and near deaths tell me the time is short. I think I feel this daily more, and hope I am more willing than I have ever been, to spend my speck of time before eternity, any where, where I can be most useful. I have now in this spot all that heart can wish. A domicile entirely to my mind, dear neighbours and friends, a young church just sprouting,

a growing influence in the church and in the city. And yet I am not sure that all these ought not soon to be left by me, to go to our westernmost settlements, to raise up there the Lord's standard. Some two or three years may open this path to Illinois. I think my wife, as well as myself, would feel the sacrifice as much as any body, and could make it. If it were determined on, and we make up a colony here, it will be of first rate men, who will go in a band and influence millions, the spirit of the Lord helping towards pure religion. The age is inexpressibly animating, and I think our States will feel its full power. Since the five and twenty thousand pounds which were subscribed in one night here for foreign missions, the whole country is inspirited, and rivals our exertions. All *that* was done, chiefly in consequence of Jonas King's statement of the wants of Palestine, and for the purpose of sending missionaries thither. Our hearts bled often for Greece. There was prayer made for the people on the tombs of the seven churches of Asia, and behold! five days after, the great battle of Navarino, for which we "thank God and take courage." Surely no execution of any murderers was ever such a comfort to humanity as that exterminating battle. I felt it from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. We are all exhilarated and the very rulers of Washington, who have kept our fleet floating in the Mediterranean, which might have done all this

years ago, can't help rejoicing. No war would have been so popular last year, indeed for three years past. As it is we all say, well we will send missionaries there, and it may be the purpose of God to keep us out of the scene of blood, and why should we desire to be God's peace officers or executioners, if we may be his preachers? It may be that this people have been kept from the bloodshed of Europe, to be his ministers for good to the ends of the earth. Still, if we had your admiral Codrington here in our park, I should not trust myself for not shouting huzza with our thousands. However, I would rather sing hymns to God. I want to shake you up, dear sister, and ask you if you know it is the grandest civil event of the century. We may live to see the false prophet cast into the lake of fire, and the Euphrates dried up and the way of the kings of the East prepared. Mr. King tells me it is about the 1242d, year of the Mahometan Hegira, and that it seems pretty apparent that the beast and the false prophet are to exist 1260 years, as the years of the Musselmans are human. Something more than twenty years more must be calculated for the duration of that empire; but I hope it is to be much sooner exterminated. I do not belong to Edward Irving's prophet's Society, but I believe in the divine inspiration of the Revelation, and that we touch upon its last age.

How Canning would have triumphed had he lived to see this day! Poor man! what is all this to him in

eternity, an eternity he was probably unprepared for. I have listened to Mr G—'s conversation concerning him with deep interest. He says no event out of the circle of his own relationship ever struck him more than Mr Canning's death. Fourteen days before, Mr G— spent six hours with him, two before dinner, all in talking about political affairs, and much of Mr Canning's own situation amid conflicting parties. Mr G— told him he could never live amid so much business. To be secretary for foreign affairs in fact. First lord of the treasury in fact and name, and not only prime minister but sole minister. Mr Canning explained that lord Dudley only took the place of secretary for foreign affairs to oblige him, and pro tempore. But that he had been induced to come out of that office, with all the details of which he was acquainted, and to take the treasury, by having received a letter from an ancient friend of Mr Fox, who told him that Mr Fox always regretted he had not taken that, as there lies the patronage. And, said Mr Canning, although I might have put a friend there, it is very different my asking a favour, or a favour being asked of me; and I am determined, said he, moving his hand with a most emphatic gesture of ambition, to hold the reins while I live. He lived fourteen days!—He told Mr G— he had not been free from great pain since the Duke of York's funeral, when they kept him in the cold damp vault two hours—nor

slept a whole night since Lord Liverpool's illness. Such is worldly honour, and the best thing the world's possession does for us!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

New York, March 15th, 1828.

* * * * "You are right. It must be a considerable element in the happiness or misery of the future state, that we shall know of our good or ill use of our acquaintance here. Two sinners together forgiven, washed, sanctified and justified, may, more perfectly than all others, understand the height and depth of the mercy they experience.

I confirm your view, that ministers are the measure of the church's growth in piety. We have here some examples of excellence, I think unrivalled.

News of Dr Kennedy's* death had not reached me. None but God can repair the loss. My interest in Greece grows daily. We are endeavouring to send a few ship loads of provisions and clothing, and I am to preach a sermon and have a collection for this object next Sabbath evening. I was told that more than

* A Scots physician, who was intelligently and actively useful in the Ionian Islands. The same whose conversations on religion with Lord Byron, have been published by his widow.

a thousand pounds sterling worth of goods was collected in one street of the city among the merchants for this, the other day. Dr How who has returned from the distribution of our cargo, by his reports, creates the sympathy which an eye witness only can cause. Their sufferings are indescribable, and if the devil has ever been incarnate it is in a Turk,—however renegade Americans, Englishmen or Austrians may say the Greeks are as bad as the Turks. *Shame* to the Christian tongue that will repeat it. The Reports of our missionaries *thence* have great weight, and since Congress will do nothing, without meddling in the warfare, I think we shall help a multitude of the women and children, driven out to live under the olive trees, with their noses cut off. Greece is to be frèe, in spite of "the ancient ally" of her tyrant, as your king of England styled Turkey in his speech to parliament received to-day. The fact is, there is an *esprit de corps* among kings which inclines them to support each other, whether they agree or differ in policy or religion. When God made a government it was a republic, and it was to break his statutes to ask a king. I am sure we have the system which can stand up to the mellenium; and I doubt whether another will. This whole country would have gone to war with acclamations, for Greece, if a few had not stood out against it, and I know not whether to be sorry or glad, but I hope we shall act with true charity, and that the American press at Malta, and American missionaries

will add spiritual charity. Jonas King told me that in towns where I had heard that he would be assassinated by the *Priests* if he opened his mouth, he preached fearlessly, and was heard kindly, because he was an American. "Ah you come from a free country," would they say, "yours is a republic," and think the better of a man's religion who had breathed our air. —— says, many of our merchants, traders, and your consul at Smyrna, hate the Greeks, for the most selfish reasons, and it is part of their special business to calumniate them by the foulest slanders. If the Greeks are bad, who made them so? and who is better, a Turk with the Koran who lives up to it, or a Greek with the New Testament which hourly reproves his lies? May a merciful God cut short their miseries!"

New York, March 31st, 1828.

"You did right to print what I wrote about Dr Payson, and in revenge, I have just copied for the press, what you say about it and Dr Waugh. The first time I have dared, what I have often desired to do, given many hearts the benefit of what has spoken to my own. Good, dear Dr Waugh is gone to see God. He prayed over my head at my ordination as if inspired; and how little have I answered those prayers and ardent hopes, with correspondent exertions, to make it consistent in our holy gracious Lord to

answer them with abundant blessings! But my life is one scene of failures.

The Illinois plan does not meet the commendation of those best acquainted with the wants to be supplied. A correspondence with one of the first men in Missouri, a statesman and a lawyer, as well as a Christian, describes such a scheme as mine altogether in advance of the country. * * * You need not, therefore, fear that I shall take the first wind that blows from you, to blow me further west. Some great and useful things might be and must be done. * * My review entitled Unitarianism at Geneva, is useful. I shall send it to you, with one just finished of Douglas of Cavers' book, on the Advancement of Society. * * * Was there ever any thing better and more like the friendship of this world, than Hunt's dissection of Byron? a base, and useful office; I got some excellent hints from it."

New York, April 14th, 1828.

My dear sister,

"The day of the month draws on, the anniversary of our parting. The fleeting years when we were together seem sometimes like a century and sometimes like a day. We only know the past and the present; may we be sufficiently grateful for the privilege of committing the future to our Almighty Friend, and Father, and Redeemer. How do earthly attachments sink in the view of Him! How ought He to be all in all, and all

attachments used to promote our deeper interest in His glory. Oh! that the consideration of all things, even of my sins also, could be swallowed up in that bright view which the gospel gives of the Redeemer, mighty to save. Every time we think upon it, we must see the more weight in the reflection, that the name the saints appropriate for God, is God all-sufficient. God himself is all and in all. On the contrary, how apt are we to look at God only in His immediate tangible benefits, in the gift of some friend, in some present fortune, in health or worldly deliverance, or in forgiving our sins, but rise not to Himself with adoring love. * * * Your comment on Dr Payson's death is true. We do shut out ourselves from the joys he experienced."

After a heartfelt description of a member of his church, which delicacy forbids us to insert, Mr Bruen continues:—

"Would that I could tell you of an hundred such. I believe my letters have not enough entered into such particulars. My ministry is comparatively little blest in the conversion of sinners, but I humbly hope some of our christians grow. One lesson, at least, they all learn daily, that if they do not, it is their own fault and sin; that the Lord's hand is not shortened, nor His ear heavy. The obligation to grow, the danger of relapse, the dubiousness of that piety which is not progressive, I often insist upon, and think I can see that those who formerly would lay it to Satan, or

selfishly grieve that they were not better, now *feel* sin lying at their own door."

New York, September 25th, 1828.

"I thought when I reached my first manhood, that a great change had overtaken me, that days seemed not long, and that there seemed scarcely more hours in a week than before in a monday, when saturday was the only holiday. But now what a change! What are months and years—yes, years of which at most seventy, work the die that moulds our eternity. The years since we have seen each other, how long; how short; how crowded with incident; how barren of that immense change which our Christian aspirations have longed for! Summer and winter, seed time and harvest, Tweedside and the Manse; —how altered and how the same. I sometimes revisit my old haunts on the banks of the Hudson—how the same are they, how changed am I. It may interest you, my dear friend, to know that the haunts of my childhood I have never yet revisited since I saw you; at first a little from accident perhaps, but since from comprehending what your memorable letter about Roxburgh expresses—the pain of seeing the changed place. I desired not to dissipate the clear images of the past, or to lose the sense of locality which the sight of these scenes now altered might affect. Every thing changes here rapidly. Wooden houses decay quickly, occupants remove,

forests are cleared away, new roads opened, brooks dried up, ponds drained. Indeed all but the butterflies and the birds half domesticated, seem in the way of a rapid improvement, inexpressibly annoying to the sentiment that would feed on recollections. The very people are made better. The ministers cannot walk about with a long idle cane and wig, and control a parish as trees drive away crows by shaking their heads. They must utter sense energetically, and have Sunday Schools, and scatter tracts, and be content to have less influence than other people, unless they procure a good deal more by being very useful. And then the old meeting house is painted up, and a new one built within a mile or two, which has drawn off half the old faces whom death has spared, and each is filled with new comers from some distant towns, or with youths who dream not of you, while those who might, are off to the new settlements, perhaps twelve hundred miles away, planting corn beyond the Ohio. In short—for I had no intention to drive on in this style when I began, this race of everlasting improvement is killing fine sentiment. We are not in the case that Sir Walter Scott triumphed in, the fine morning your dear husband made me so happy by conducting me to Abbotsford, when he crowed over the bleak hills and light streams about Melrose, that there was not enough to invite any cotton spinner or canal-monger, to invade the domains of Thomas of Ercildoune.

The moral of it all is, dear sister, that we have much to do here, great facilities for doing it, and that Providence has so ordered it that even letter writing to you is an employment which must be confined within such limits, as that it prove not a detriment to indispensable duties. Yet if one does not intend to prove recreant to the best emotions of the heart, and to let the heart be altogether unfit to live, it is an indispensable duty, as well as a pleasure, and so I only censure myself for not writing enough to you. * * * What a death-bed is that of the wicked! What a different aspect does the very corpse assume to our eyes! How descriptive is the process of returning to the dust, of the moral condition of the soul! How like are the sins it has rioted in to the corruptions which now seize it? "Deliver me, O Lord, from the men of the world, which have their portion in this world, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure. I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

So you find time to read over again all my letters. All of *me*. For it is legible and extant nowhere but in your portfolio, and in the records of the condemning book of the great Judge.

The extract you send me from ——'s letter is delightful, and shows a great advance in piety; these storms have rooted them in the best things. How true, that it is sin, chosen bosom sin, which makes a penitent! "It is our errors and our

sins which work our humiliation." When we suffer for doing right, we may be lifted up. God sees our secret sins in the light of his countenance, and then we cry out for mercy and pardon."

New York, November 7th, 1828.

"I have been at a missionary meeting at Northampton, Mass., which was a very interesting occasion. I went as the representative of the Home Miss. Soc. All our missionary affairs advance with a manifest blessing, and already we seem destined to do much to evangelize the world. At Northampton I visited Brainerd's grave, with more sensible emotion than I remember ever to have experienced any where, I believe, among monuments;* and at the meeting, could not refrain from showing the obligations of Northampton, which contained such a monument, to forward the missionary cause, and whence such a book as Brainerd's life had gone forth, which instrumentally had sent Henry Martyn by Hindostan to Persia, and been fire from the altar to every missionary since. Mr Temple, one of our missionaries from Malta, also addressed the meeting. These anniversaries seem to me to correspond with the great Jewish festivals, when the people came together to

* Those who recollect what Mr Bruen printed in his volume of Essays on visiting a protestant country cemetery in Italy, and also that of Père la Chaise at Paris, will believe that his emotion was not small.

praise the Lord for his mercies and for his wonders in Zion.

The American board of commissioners for foreign missions held their annual meeting in Philadelphia. The sermon by Dr Rice of Virginia, and the addresses at the subsequent public meeting were eloquent. Dr Beecher made one of his best speeches. He said, "We often hear repeated what the missionaries of the last thirty years have done. Now, I shall not go over the history of the last thirty years, but I shall take another method. Suppose all that has been done to be blotted out—suppose one messenger of calamity, as in the case of Job, to follow another, entering this church. The first tells us that the Serampore mission is destroyed, its missionaries dispersed, its translations burned, its converts apostatized," &c. &c. Then he went to Taheite. "Suppose we were suddenly to learn that those Islands were in the situation in which Cook found them, that the Duff had spread her canvass filled with the breath of prayer in vain," &c. &c., and in brief, so he made with splendid eloquence his survey of the world—supposing the London Miss. Soc., the Church Miss. Soc., the B. and F. Bible Soc., the American B. Soc., &c. &c. &c. all gone down, and that in the midst of this catastrophe a white-robed seraph should descend from the skies with plumage folded and dropping large tears, to say that there has been a new apostacy in heaven, and that all whom the spirit of missions had carried up

thither in the last thirty years, have joined the lost army; that Africaner has returned to his Hottentot crall, that Catharine Brown, leaving her broken harp in heaven, has taken up the Cherokee war-song —Would all this be nothing?—The enemies of missions say so.

Throughout there was the oddest kind of sublimity and power I ever felt. Knowing that it was all a phantom, yet comprehending it to be a conceivable evil, it had the effect of inclining you often to smile either at the incongruity, or at the argument and triumph of the statement; or else to feel the highest emotions of gratitude and praise to God at the review of his glorious providences for his churches in the thirty years we have seen. If this speech is printed I shall try to get it to your hands; however, its spoken effect must ever inexpressibly excel what follows the reading.

After this of spoken efforts, I must tell you of one silent appeal, when I was at New Haven. Mr Ashmun died there, the agent for the Colonization Society on the coast of Africa, who had come home to die. Just as the funeral sermon was beginning, his mother, who had not seen him for twelve years, and who had hastened from the state of Vermont to behold his death bed, entered the church. She desired earnestly to see the remains, and even after the procession moved to the burial ground the counsel of the physicians was asked. When it was deemed improper,

she stretched out her hand and touched the coffin with a natural gesture of uncontrolable modest grief, never to be effaced from the memory.—I have become as much a friend of Africa, and as much a hater of slavery as yourself.

To conclude this hurried notice of my travels, I have just returned from synod, seventy miles up the Hudson river. On my way I took a pedestrian tour of some twenty miles into the mountains in as poor and miserable a region as I ever saw.—Slept at the log house of one of our missionaries, composed of one room, which served for kitchen, parlour and strangers bed room, while the good man, his wife and three children, slept under the rafters in a little grain garret over our heads. Thus God orders differently the lot of men. How happy they who stand in a lot like Daniel's in the last day! Here the people are employed working in iron ore and charcoal for furnaces, and are wretchedly poor and ignorant.

New York, December 6th, 1828.

* * * * As to my own affairs, I have been entirely well all the year; have the great joy of seeing a little outward growth in this little church, and at last, things seem here as if after the ship had been long built and ready to launch, it was started. Our best members begin to think our darkest days over. * * * It is the mystery of folly that people who have so much of the world, and who do not get to give away,

can never have enough, nor have time enough to use what they have. This also is vanity. After all due precautions to be honest to my successors, one thing I cannot but believe I shall always do, use what I have now, and give forth Christo et Ecclesiæ.

New York, December 31st, 1828.

My dear sister,

The kindly providences from the midst of which I last wrote have been continued. A life has been preserved and a life given. * * * We are favoured in every respect, have all and abound. The feelings with which I greeted the first born can never come back. But we can love this daughter enough. If she is to bear your name, you must assume part of the duty of praying for her in this eventful existence.

The packet of to-morrow, is the first packet of the year. We are to heap years upon years in eternity, but of our little span here, we rapidly fill up our measure. This year has been eventful to your dear friends, and I wait to know the providences with which it is to close at Kelso. Again and again I reflect on the circumstances you relate, and feel as if they must have shortened by ten years your days.

In no small measure by my own fault certainly, I begin to feel less acquainted with your state, and less familiar with all your circumstances, than the omens of a year ago rendered probable. A long absence from the homes of those we love has the distressing

effect of wearing down many of the remembrances of place, while other objects are incessantly before us. And while I will not attribute to mere infrequency of writing, the want of what nothing but use could furnish, I should long to see you, if for no other reason, to get a new starting place in this world of change. No imagination can now show you to me, so that I can be tolerably sure that I know you just as you are. Your heart, and all that is immortal, I can never cease to know, but I want much to know a thousand things beside, that you live among, and that affect you.

You will be glad to know that this church, so slow in taking root and starting, has grown perceptibly within a month. It is so obvious as to be subject of gratulation to all engaged here. We have had some additions to the church members, and I hope are growing in grace. They are liberal in the least thing, that is money. More than 700 dollars for foreign missions this year, and as much for home missions, besides all other things, in so small a church as ours is great liberality. My preaching from week to week seems to take more hold, and I encourage myself with the hope that there will be a harvest, when all at once I shall see some fruit of my labours. We know not, and ought to be satisfied that the Lord knows, when and how his message is to take root.

We have been very busy here in the attempt to

stop Sunday Mails and the opening of Post Offices. Last summer, as you know, a large association was formed, who pledged themselves not to travel in stages or steamboats, which violate the Sabbath, where they had a choice. As a result of this, a new line of Sabbath-keeping stages, was got up from Albany to Niagara, at an expense of $75,000, solely to strike a blow through the country, and to prove that the religious part of the community were determined on this measure. The old proprietors had previously refused all overtures when invited to do right, and now the uproar and hubbub were almost unparalleled. Through a populous region four hundred miles in length, nothing else was talked of. The supporters and oppositionists of this line, divided the whole land; and at least this good was done that the question for or against Sabbath sanctity was argued at every fireside, and in every stage and steamboat. The feelings of the wicked amounted to rage, for it touched what they know, the value of money, and it showed for once, that christians were willing to spend some money to forward holiness in the land. This new line of coaches too, was the best. No coachman who should take even one glass of spirits, or utter even one oath, was engaged. In short, it was a complete reformation line, and did not land its passengers every six miles into a bar-room. The din of this business would astonish you. In any other country under the sun, I believe it had been laughed

down; but here it took strong hold; how long it will run well is doubtful. The proprietors have been to Washington to contract for carrying the mails six days, and petitions have been forwarded from all parts of the country, that government will allow the Lord's day to be a day of rest to all; but I doubt if there be Christian principle enough in this community to have have this point carried. There are some men in Congress who will give the question a thorough argument, and who can tell what advantage it is, even to have an argument in such a cause?"

The "acceleration of the mail" has become for the time one of the fevers of Great Britain, so that tranquil people, whose pursuits are neither political nor mercantile, look on the endless newspaper paragraphs on the subject, with a degree of breathless uneasiness. Those who feel themselves to be pilgrims and strangers in this world, cannot but wonder what every one is driving at in such pellmell haste. When we reach the end of life, it will affect us little that we had such and such intelligence an hour and a half sooner, by means of the "acceleration of the mail." It is obvious that were the *day of rest*, which is observed in the government offices, extended to all the cities and towns of the land, all would be on an equal footing in respect of commercial affairs, and political intelligence. How becoming would it be, in those who reverence the Divine commands in England, to take the hint from their American

brethren, and exert themselves to let the jaded men and horses of the mails rest, and thus to shut out the prevalent and unthought-of sin, of receiving and answering business letters on the Lord's day, and rendering it a day of worldly transactions, only changing the scene from the counting room to the parlour. How wisely did Lord Bacon say with his usual force, that "this incessant and Sabbathless pursuit of a man's fortune leaveth not that tribute which we owe to God of our time; who we see demandeth a tenth of our substance, and a seventh, which is more strict, of our time; and it is to small purpose to have an erected face towards Heaven, and a perpetual grovelling spirit upon earth, eating dust as doth the serpent.'

CHAPTER XIX.

New York, January 23d, 1829.

My ever dearly loved sister,

"Years are heaped upon the months we lived together. The scale of suffering and of trial has preponderated sadly with you; 1829 has come, to continue or to conclude changes which the last year began or carried forward. I have just now found out what St. John means by "the pride of life," which he classes with the other two things which make up that world which is not of the Father. It is not pride in the usual sense, for that is embraced under the lust of the eye, but the pride of life, boasting of to-morrow—explained by James where he says all such *boastings* are vain. How much have we to disabuse us of vain confidence in continued life.—The sudden deaths hereabout have been very numerous, and I have reached such a period that each newspaper almost brings me note of the death of an acquaintance. Surely to be proud of life, or boastful in the hope that it will continue, is vain. * * * We have had two or three cases, unusual every

where I believe, of persons of middle age or after, becoming quite serious, perhaps converted."—The concluding sentence, detached as it is from what introduced it, may appear to some too insignificant for insertion, yet it contains one of the most momentous and melancholy truths, with which the church militant is acquainted; a truth nevertheless so familiar that it does not affect us as it ought. How sad is it to think that when a minister offers the blessed gospel to his flock, he hardly hopes that those who are nearest to death and judgment may be those who will receive his message? and when one of them does receive it, the church stands amazed at the unusual event. Such is the deceitfulness of sin, such the dangerous habit of the mind, when persons feel as if they had passed the age for learning, and might settle down in the notions they have adopted—such the hardening effect of worldly dealings, and worldly sentiments, that the heart seems to have become inaccessible, and the church scarcely can believe when it hears that the word has been powerful enough to reach a soul in such a case! How affecting is it to observe the calculations of the Temperance Societies, which calmly estimate the few years that must pass before the present race of drunkards shall *die out*, and their places be occupied by the abstinent! Is there then no hope for the sinners who live? Are christians, those who know the solemn and dreadful results of impenitence, to fold their hands quietly, and

have their exertions paralysed by the idea that the repentance of those advanced in life is unusual, and therefore not to be striven after? Surely if the churches were aroused to make the salvation of the aged more their care; if they were awakened to ask of Him, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, the aged would become subject of hope like the young, and we should have many saved even at the eleventh hour.

New York, January 30, 1829.

* * * "May your heavier trials be far away! I have been studying the doctrine of trial in the New Testament lately, and seeing how fully this world ought to be a place of self-denial; and I wonder how any of us are to get to heaven with so many comforts. The Lord will provide. Provide us with a fit state of heart, as well as a fit place, in his own time. If we contemplate death aright, all our worldly affections will be held within the rule of our supreme love to God. Mr Patton met his sorrows with composure, and even comfort. * * * Did I mention to you how Mr Duncan heard at his door, of the death of a fine child of seven years?*

This matter of children's dying is needful for parents, and I suppose is the only thing that can put

* Rev. Messrs Patton and Duncan had been travelling in Europe to recover health. The first lost two dear children during his absence; the last, one on his return.

our minds into a certain state. Never again since the death of our first Mary can we be as we were. The brightness and zest of the world is fairly departed. My peace partook of full youth and joy with her, no place now, with one or both our children, has any thing approaching to that zest of life.

Our petitions against the mail travelling on Sunday have roused the enemy, who bellows that there is a great conspiracy abroad to league church and state. This is the bugbear most popular in this country. A large portion of the Baptists take part against it. Many of the Episcopalians, and the Methodists also, are either careless or opposed. The sin of the attempt falls upon the poor Presbyterians, against whom it lies more plausibly. We shall probably gain so much that the mails will not be opened on the Lord's day, though we may not stop their transportation. With the Presbyterians here you must understand me to join the Congregationalists, answering to your Independents, for that is the prevailing rule of Church Government in New England. Presbyterianism prevails in New York and all the States south of us.

We are having some changes just now, very auspicious for the interest of the revival of religion; for you will understand a large part of our churches are destitute of that peculiar spirit. Dr MacAuley, one of our best men is about to go to Philadelphia, an event which will have great influence on the city and on the General Assembly.

New York, June 16th, 1829.

My dearest sister,

The indescribable interest of your late writing about ——— has an instant transcript from your heart to mine. What hath God wrought? How have you been borne through such seas of feeling and so much toil? I have studied your narrative with a breathless hope of reaching the assurance of his true conversion. He is still in slippery places. Besides general prayer, has he a heart opened to pray for the Holy Spirit? Does he comprehend that his present convictions and all good desires are by the gift of that Spirit, whom he may grieve and drive away? A man deserted of what he loves best may pray to God, and see the grace of the gospel; while after all, the child of God alone, is born of the Spirit I long to hear, nor have I ever seen a case more critical, and few which to human eyes seem more important. His true conversion might be hoped to work the salvation of hundreds. Can he not be made to feel, that not his children's souls only, but the souls of hundreds may depend on his turning heartily, wholly to the Lord. The great point to press is the duty of immediate conversion,—not lingering, not waiting; God saith "to day." There are barriers like mountains against his conversion. I should think ——— would be indefinitely provoking and opposing, the more because full of zeal, kindness

and sympathy. He is the very personification of all that in the spirit of the age opposes the gospel. He is the mirror of the age in this respect, as Brougham is the mirror as to Popular Education and other important objects. Not that they *make*, so much as they *take* the image, feel the impelling tide and swim their bark first in the stream; see what the world asks, and produce it, and are the creation of the will of the people, and so they become kings. But, if the world and the gospel be in opposition, the true gospel has not a more refined, set, subtle foe than —— I doubt not he would honestly be astonished and displeased with such a charge; and that his conscience does not charge him thus; but the King's Levee is not more opposed to a prayer meeting than all the influence he circulates is, to the religion of the New Testament. I earnestly hope his letter to —— is preserved; it must be a curiosity of the strangest kind, especially if, as I suppose, he fairly thought him under conviction of sin, and in process of what we call conversion. He knows so much that he would write wittingly; and so little that it would be the foolishness of man against the wisdom of God. Here is an opportunity to scrutinize an inside section of human life, different altogether from what is often reached, and which will be of equal interest with all that Mrs Kennedy can reveal of Lord Byron.

What has your Erskine (of the Evidences) got in his last work on the Freeness of the Gospel? Some strange theory, partial views, imperfect theology, leading to dangerous lenity, in leading forward the souls of men, if concerned about religion. Surely to say that God has actually forgiven every body, and that we only need believe so to be sure of salvation, is not the way to break the stubbornness of the natural heart, and cannot bring sinners as totally lost, and actually and at present objects of God's displeasure, to feel that if they enter not now, they may never enter hereafter. Instead of making conversion a moral transaction between two beings, each of whom has a *will*, a choice, unfettered except by the conditions God proposes; this leaves it for the selfishness of man to barter, and the wickedness of man to wait, under only the general contingency of life remaining, assured of salvation so long as he has opportunity to take salvation, really suspended, it would seem, upon his choice alone. This is surely a very different thing from praying to God, "Create in me a clean heart, renew in me a right spirit," and a very different thing from being indebted to God for a new heart, "I will take away the heart of stone," &c. To reduce men to the state of utter misery and lay them at God's mercy, they must feel that such is their character, that they hate God so much, that if He do not turn their hearts to His love, and are so blind to His perfections, that if He who

shined with the light into darkness do not shine into their minds, they will always be unconverted and blind. Hence every ray of light, every thought of good, every inclination to receive Christ, and to walk in Him, is felt to come from the Father of lights, because the carnal mind is known to be at enmity with God, and if the man comes to be in Christ, he knows himself *a new creature*, old things pass away, all things become new. His religion is not a process of giving up one thing for a better, something temporal for something eternal, something illusive for something satisfying, (although this is always essentially in religion) but it is hating sin, regarding our previous evil state with abhorrence, whatever is the consequence, whether we be saved or not. It is submission to God, unreserved indeed, and yet submission to a God who has proposed mercy to us, eternal salvation, *his gift* which is eternal life, but all as suspended on the conditions of repentance and faith. I know some theologians more bound to words and theory than to facts, dislike this phrase, *conditions* of the gospel, and plead for the gospel's unconditional freeness. But what language can bear a more express condition than this, "*Except ye repent*, ye shall all likewise perish," "He *that believeth not* shall be condemned?" When a sinner feels that his heart is so carnally minded, so averse from God that it will not repent, even under all the motives which the cross of Christ presents, unless God break his heart

by his spirit; and so blind and base that it will not believe, unless God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shine into his soul, then he feels himself the more at God's mercy as the terms of salvation have been made more low, reasonable and kind, and he views his desperate state of rebellion and hatred of God with self-abhorrence, and submits himself totally to the righteousness of God. God gives him peace of conscience. The love of Christ constrains him. He loves God, not upon this general theory, that to make salvation mine I must believe it mine, and I may now love God because He loves me, which surely requires no change of heart, but he loves things as they are essentially, all that is in God, all that is in Christ, all that is in the plan of salvation he loves. And no doctrine of the New Testament (not the Election in the 2d verse of 1st Peter, nor any thing else) will trouble him who has *unreservedly submitted himself* to the righteousness of God. I have written thus at large because what is called the Hervey and Mashall (on sanctification) scheme, speaks differently, and runs into Erskine's views, and seems to our most experienced ministers, experienced in revivals, to be very injurious to the progress of the gospel, to immediate conversion, and in many instances to produce changes very doubtful. That scheme you know is the prevalent one through England and Scotland.

Have I been intelligible? In the haste in which I

write, I fear not. Is there any difference between us? Have I imparted any light which I seem to have gained on this subject of dealing with persons under concern of mind? It is painful to write when a little talking and a few questions and answers would put one to the test whether I have any knowledge, and whether you are in possession of what I seem to know. But finally, the end of this matter is—advise —— to read principally the simple Bible; and if you will have thorough conversion, let him read President Edwards' sermons, on "Pressing into the kingdom," "Ruth's Resolution," "the Excellency of Christ," and "Pardon for the Chief of Sinners." They have been published separately with you; but are also in the sixth volume of his works, London edition. I know nowhere else such thorough dealing.

Our anniversaries have been full of interest. I must give you them in detail, or rather execute a purpose I have had for a year, to unite at length a sort of *revue philosophique* of our age of benevolence here, that you may read it yourself, and then send it to "The World"* if you will. I see the world is moved now a days by letters.

Our greatest effort just now grows out of a resolution of the American Bible Society, to supply every family in the United States with a Bible in two years, with the blessing of God, and the expected help of

* A religious Newspaper in London.

ten auxiliaries. Over such an immense territory as ours, the log cabins of our new settlements so extended and scattered, thousands in the new states altogether without the leaven of the gospel, the attempt to supply 700,000 families with the Bible in two years, is the biggest resolution ever made by a "voluntary association." I pray we may accomplish it. We had a meeting at the Masonic Hall last week, at which, in default of a better, I was forced to be one of the speakers: 7,600 dollars were subscribed; $400,000 must be raised for this object in the two years. Besides the expense of agents will be something. Almost all our sects, and all our religious people are bestirring themselves in this great effort. I wished to give something, and I enrolled ——* among the life members of the American Bible Society. The agent has sent me his life certificate, and wishes to know of what state, city and continent the gentleman is, that he may send him the annual reports. I will leave it blank, but I fully believe the gentleman will rise out of obscurity from his play ground on Tweedside, in less than twenty years, to plead for the giving the Bible to all flesh, and to labour himself for the cause. God grant it!

* It was the eldest son of the compiler.

New York, August 15th, 1829.

"When I think that more frequent letters from me would have been a comfort to you, I cannot but censure myself; and yet between the labour and the lassitude of my post, it is not strange that I should give way to that selfishness which can feed long on a letter before a return is made. * * * * *

I shall be strangely disappointed if we do not live to see each other again in this world. If feeling be prophecy, I am almost sure we shall. I neglect all letter writing till I am ashamed. Several projects here absorb the minutes which remain of the hours which my ministerial duties leave. For example, we have our society for promoting the observance of the Sabbath, of which I am secretary, and other new things besides our Home Missionary business; and then we are endeavouring to do something for common schools in Greece, in which effort I hope and believe much good will be realized.

And now it is a question, since I have succeeded in putting so little into these pages, whether I ought to send them. It may seem careless of your love to write and send such scrawls. But I have no health and spirits to-day, between seeing one person taken out of life, who wished me to visit him, before I arrived, and the secular and spiritual duties which awaited my return. We were very successful in our Bible society tour. Two towns pledged themselves to raise

in a year $3,000 that is £600, for the great effort to supply every family in the United States with a Bible, it being supposed that 800,000 families are destitute, and that £80,000 will be needed. The whole country is to be roused in this enterprise.

The packet sails to-morrow, which is our communion Sabbath. On monday I am to go to New Haven, and afterwards to make a charge at an ordination of four ministers who go to Illinois to found a college, and to preach the gospel.

If you could see me, you would only find me eleven years older than when I left you, and stooping a little, but in very good health. Remember my most affectionate respects to your dear husband, and all your dear relatives. Kiss the little ones among your dear children for me. I hope my eyes may some day be set upon them all, and believe me, with a love that can never change,

Your faithful M. B.

CHAPTER XX.

New York, August 22, 1829.

My Dear Sister.

"My heart settles with much, I might almost say, incessant anxiety on the most important topic in your last letter—your health. The surprising vigour of your constitution has hitherto given me the hope that you could outlive any thing, and would at least live long enough for us to meet once more, and for the first time, I now fairly tremble. Foreboding connects itself strongly with hope that I am to see you in some of those quarters of an hour, when to see you and do two or three things, seems all that remains to be done before dying. If I lived as some people appear to do, just to please themselves, I should compass the transportation of me and mine to you before mid-winter. The world moulds itself so variously, that I have quite a belief that with a good conscience I shall be led to your continent before half the number of years expire, which are passed since I left you; but that you or I are to live half as many years, who

assures us? Tell me if you can in your next that you are decidedly better. Among my faults in the past year I clearly number the infrequency of my letters. Without a conscience sharply self-accusatory, I feel how much better it had been to have answered your reasonable hopes, and instead of selfishly rejoicing in your letters to me, supplied you with more frequent expressions of my unabated love. Pride has ceased between us, with other more youthful feelings; we can never feel wounded pride if either write, or cease writing, nor almost can we feel wounded love. But that any thing from me might have been an afternoon anodyne to your cares, and yet be withheld, is truly a moral delinquency. My cares are not more numerous, if they be of another kind, than yours; my interruptions not so many; yet you write steadfastly and at large.

I have purposely omitted giving you an account of one affair which has employed me, having left it to my dear Mary, who desired to write you a long letter upon it, I mean, an attempt to do something for the Greeks, furnishing schools and school books and the nucleus of a college. Before this reaches you, the Rev. Jonas King's journal will, I suppose, have been republished in England. He has made a tour through Greece at the expense of some ladies of this city' having gone out in the Herald, the last ship with provisions, which we sent. Since it was in the possession of the Turks I imagine Greece has never been so

thoroughly investigated; never surely upon the points where we most desire information. Every where he finds an earnest wish for schools; for good female schools especially, and his journal which is published in the religious newspapers, weekly almost, is full of interest. I know not that I told you that we formed a Greek school committee, had a public meeting at the Masonic Hall, the week of our many anniversaries, where (a brother may say it to a sister,) I made the best speech I ever uttered, quite extemporaneous, and for half an hour or more, and better than I can ever speak again. There is a warm sympathy through the country. We then expected to have done more by this time, but are now waiting for information from the Mediterranean—waiting especially to see how your English government, with the French and the Russians, will tread down the germ of a republic there, and create a monarchy on that soil;—Oh! what shame upon the two or three men whom the world calls England, for such is the mystery of this world, that some two or three govern at least for the time. This, however, will not free your beloved native land from the shame of a scandalous attachment to their ancient ally the Turk, and love for the legitimacy of slavery.

Before the famous protocol, Mr G— told me that lord Liverpool three years ago talked with him about a king for Greece, and proposed the ex-king of Sweden. If they have a king, we must enlighten

Greece if we can, and they will be poor enough to need our money, since Ibrahim Pacha burnt up their olive trees, if they are forced to pay an everlasting tribute to the Turk. Next to the origin of evil, this business of having bad men govern is the greatest mystery on earth. We have had some twenty young Greeks or more, in a course of education here; some have been, as we hope, converted, who may be the future reformers of their country; I believe that Greece is to be the reformer of Asia. I never saw a nobler scene of good open to the mind, and I need only to see the door a little more open, to feel it my duty to give myself up to forming Sunday Schools, &c., even there, and passing to and fro on the earth for this purpose. Any man who will now dare attempt great things, may succeed, and can draw out untold resources for a good cause. I see it plainly. While congress is disputing whether they will give $50,000 to furnish out a mission to Greece, I would beg it here for a college there, if the country is free for its establishment. You will be somewhat interested to know that things have not improved since count Oxenstiern's time. Mr — quoting that saying of his, "go my son and see how little sense governs the world," assures me that the three great allied powers, had no plan when this war with Turkey began; that each of the ambassadors, with your prime minister confessed it to him, that Capo d' Istrias declared it to be so, and that while he, Mr. —

urged it upon each of them, previously to resolve upon their ultimatum, as to what should be done with Greece, what should be her boundaries, what the boundaries of the Porte, and what the state of the adjoining territory, and that then Austria should not be permitted to be neutral, and the Porte be absolutely threatened with the war of all united, if she would not yield; that no one of these things was done, no plan of the future formed, that they went blindly forward, and as Capo d' Istria's phrase was, he was forced to commit himself to the chapter of accidents. But I will entertain you no longer with your national enormities, but will turn to ours.

We have soon to be acted here, I fear, a most horrid tragedy—the state of Georgia taking possession of the lands of the Cherokee Indians. These Indians have become almost entirely civilized, live by agriculture, print a newspaper, have christian churches, and are advancing with a most rapid improvement. The state of Georgia, within whose territorial limits they are, has determined to permit no such *imperium in imperio*, and calls upon the general government to remove them beyond the Mississippi. The Cherokees refuse to sell out, and to go. To force them to sell, Georgia extends her own state laws over the whole country, one of which is, that no Indian can be witness in a court of justice against a white man. Thus deprived of their natural rights, if the general government does not

protect them, they will be forced to remove, to go off among savage Indians, and live by hunting. Our President General Jackson, refuses them the same protection they have heretofore enjoyed (for all the blustering of Georgia has only rendered former Presidents and Congresses, more set in the just cause hitherto,) and seems determined to yield the point.— We are having the newspapers filled with the discussion; thousands are moved at the injustice to the Indians, and all New England and the middle states feel alike. The southern and western have a less deep-seated love for justice and pity for the Indians, as indeed who can expect much from a slave-holding state. The issue will probably be during the approaching Congress, but I have great fears that our country is to bring on itself a deep blot, inferior only to the continuance of slavery. If we drive the Indians into the wilderness, because we have made civilized and christian people of them, we must blush for our country. Governor Coles of Illinois, who has more than any other man prevented slavery being permitted in that state, by the constitution, has just returned from the Falls of St Anthony. He says it is most extraordinary, that wherever there is English blood, there is cruelty to the Indians, that the French sing and dance with them and cheat them, but do not kill them. But there is no end to our coveting the land of the Indians. One family of nine persons he found out 400 miles and from the

settlements among a tribe of 900 Indians. These wanderers had come in among them with their cattle—squatted on the Indian land, began running their ploughs over the Indian squaws' patches of corn, and *over the graves*, shooting the Indians' dogs, as valuable to them as our horses, because the dogs barked at their calves, which they had never seen before; and seemed determined to oust the 900 by fair means or foul. The chiefs met in council with the governor, who did all that mere advice could do to restrain their outrages, but the probability is that the poor Indian will be driven to some act of retaliation; and then we shall have another Indian war to the *lawful* murder of thousands of these aborigines! For the whole frontier is always ready to run on an Indian war. My heart, if ever sickened, is truly so by all this story. Will there ever be a world which the injustice of man will not pollute and devastate. Surely if ever a people had land enough we have. We look up to the supreme providence of God amazed that such things are permitted. Convinced of the depravity of man in all climates, seeing how few have the love of their neighbour every where, we cry out, "Oh Lord how long?"

I intended this letter to be a quiet recipient of my thoughts about you, and instead of that I have wandered from Greece to this end of the earth. (Whenever Mr King's letters reach you, pray get them reprint-

ed.) Every letter of yours touches me always—your last perhaps especially. Your environs have perpetual verdure, and you will not believe any thing else, even from my silence.

God grant our friendship may flourish in His pure presence. It will be so if we are purified and owned by our Saviour. I am coming to believe as much as you can desire in the mutual recognition of spirits in the separate state.

My beloved friend, whom more than all except my wife, I surely love, you must no longer sacrifice yourself to the wishes or even the wants of every body; let other people suffer as well as you, and take some rest now yourself. Believe me, you ought to rest.—Pray tell me how is dear R? Now I hope he is better since his good pleading in the Y——m cause. I have the impression strongly, that both J— and H— have improved much in spiritual religion since I was their guest. Tell them I pray that the near approach of the rod, and its removal now, may make them meet for *the* inheritance.

My dear wife is not quite so well as she was at Saratoga; your namesake suffers from teething. They all remain in New Haven for a month longer. I am in exceeding good health. I hope your dear M— is stronger. I sigh for a letter from you, however undeserving. Once more the same hand and heart express the same love. Adieu, my dearest sister. Do

the church yard at Dumfries, the hill this side L—d, and one or two other places, retain what other things may lose of all swaying reminiscences? Oh is it not almost worse than useless to review, where the pain of the loss overpowers the pleasure of recollection!—And yet that cannot be—again farewell?"

CHAPTER XXI.

Here terminated a correspondence which occupied alike, the minds and hearts of those who carried it on. The first letter of that correspondence was written September 8th, 1817, from Edinburgh, the last, August 22d, 1829, from New York. It was the means of stirring up many a christian emotion, and conveying many an interesting fact of the state of the churches. And now it seems as if a tie which had strengthened the christian relations of the United States and England were broken—a slender one, it is true, but one of the multitude of slender threads, which combined, weave the web of life. Let not the politician smile, nor the scorner mock. Who shall count the worth of those sympathies which connect the human family in the intimacy of the domestic hearth, though half the globe intervene? Who shall compute the power of christian prayers and christian exertions united in one blessed cause, that of drawing the world into conformity with its God? Who shall tell the influences of christian example, acting and re-acting, arousing to mutual imitation, and mutual help? And

this tie is broken!—broken in a moment!—and what remains of those sweet communings and of those hopes, is but as scattered fragments. Yet they are precious fragments to be carefully gathered that nothing be lost.

How strangely has the departed put words into the mouths of those who survive to mourn, in the last letter which his kind hand traced, "Oh, is it not almost worse than useless to review, where the pain of the loss so overpowers the pleasure of recollection?" "But yet that cannot be"—no, it cannot be. Independent of the submission which those feel who believe in the wisdom and goodness of Him who appoints the hour when the soul is born into this world, and the hour when it is born into the world of glory, that submission which bows in the midst of keenest anguish, and says, "Even so, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight." Who would not purchase such pleasure even at the expense of such pain? Who would lose the improvement of such intercourse, to be sheltered from a separation which cannot outlast the little remnant of life? Especially when the very separation, if met and used as it ought to be, may be the means of drawing the survivors to more holy walking with God on earth, and to more earnest longings for a meetness for heaven.

This last letter has been copied with scarcely the omission of a word;—though of it, as of many of its forerunners, it must be confessed that it is developed

to the public eye, not without trembling apprehension of violating those secret treasures of the affections, whose preciousness lies in their being peculiar. But to represent Mr Bruen as he was, that the heart may be made better by the study of his character, he must not be seen only in the pulpit or the sick room;—not only in the conduct of perplexing business for many societies, or in the still more difficult employment to a person of his delicacy of mind, of becoming a suppliant on their behalf. He must be seen in his familiar intercourse, when sentiment and feeling were allowed to take their free and unfettered course. Considering that it is to the church who loved him that these pages are devoted, the owner of these letters has quelled and subdued, as selfish, the emotions that revolted against the exhibition of any of the shades of a character, so worthy of imitation, and even in its most minute characteristics so eminently christian.

The occupations of the last few weeks of Mr Bruen's life are interesting, not only because they shut up his labours under the sun, but because they give a fair sample of his industry, energy and toil during his last five years,—energy and toil, which according to human calculation increased, till the springs of life broke under their pressure.—But it is not so.—He who gave the life could have strengthened it to endure, had the soul not been prepared for a removal, and had we not required such a chastisement as his loss inflicts.

During the anniversaries of the spring of 1829 he was very much excited. He was secretary for the General Union for promoting the observance of the christian sabbath, and though it was the first year of the society, and there were few materials to form a Report, those who have read his, but especially those who saw the dignity, the grace, the beauty with which he was animated while reading it before the society, will admit that he acquitted himself admirably of his task. But the Greek School Society occupied his mind, if possible, more than any other. It was of his speech at the anniversary of that society that he so modestly wrote—"a brother may say to a sister, that I made the best speech I ever uttered, and better than I can ever speak again." Those who heard him, described his speech as possessing great eloquence and grace. This subject of the renovation of Greece had taken a strong hold of his heart since the year 1823.

The plan for promoting Common School Education in Greece was peculiarly Mr Bruen's own, and the mass of writing and thinking on this subject, with the exercise of wisdom and caution that tempered and rendered efficacious his noble enthusiasm, fills the mind with surprise and admiration. The portion of his exertion which the world witnessed was much, but could they remove the covering from the machinery and see the multiplied and complicated move-

ments, balanced and counter-checked by prudence and experience, it might be subject of wonder that during all this activity, he applied himself without remission to his other duties, and that his very dreams were not of Greece.

From a bulky correspondence with the Rev Leonard Bacon of New Haven, we venture to make a few very sparing extracts. They tend both to vindicate the character of the Greeks, which has been too willingly traduced by many interested partisans, and to exhibit the writer full of occupation and christian zeal, yet kind, forbearing, and even playful.

To the Rev Leonard Bacon.

New York, March 16th, 1829.

"Some of us here have been a little surprised and sorry to see the attempt to clear up the reputation of the Turks from Mr ——'s pen in the Connecticut Journal. I know that truth never does harm, but it is all important when we publish it, to know whether it will be truth in the minds we send it to. Now the Turkish party in the city is pretty large, headed by the ——, and all the infidels, &c. which such a common sewer as we are, collects. A document from the hand of a missionary vouching for the humane character of the Turks, for a fair offset of cruelty on the part of the Greeks, and stating that poverty neutralises the law permitting polygamy—that there is never a miracle among the Turks but the Greeks get

up as big a lie; such things in the *minds* it may be—certainly in the *statements* of the adversaries of all good, will not be truth however abstractedly true. They have always said that this was a war like any other. *We* have conceived it to be a war of Mahomedanism against the feeble and abased remnants of Christ, "*Even the storks know the difference between the houses of the Turks and the Christians, and frequent only the former.*" It is not added that in Egypt, the ibis and the crocodile would only have frequented the regions where they were worshipped. Where religion takes such a fantastic shape as to worship idiocy, it may protect birds and kill men. *We* have thought the Turks committed the murders of this awful and not yet concluded war. Now it is the Egyptians, Albanians and Cretans. If said in truth, I doubt whether these things are said in time, and they are liable to a misconstruction and misrepresentation so powerful, as to prevent *the world* at least, from giving one dollar to help the Greeks in any thing. I particularly asked Mr King, what other reason besides that the Greeks were slaves, and the Turks the masters, not forced to steal while they can murder, made all travellers from Smyrna give the Turks a good character. He replied, the Franks in Smyrna have all the commerce, while the Greek factors are exterminated, and so the Franks always calumniate the Greeks. I asked Dr How why Boston is so lukewarm in the cause of Greece. He said, the Smyrna trade

makes it so. Mr King vouched for the character which the Turks have been so many centuries making for themselves, and that popular opinion is true. It is with nature as with books, things that last through centuries must be true.

I will not pretend to express the vexation this publication excited in my mind in reference to this very plan of schools for Greece. I should have no objection that Mr —— should know how far I think he may have put an instrument in the hand of an adversary. He is as much at liberty to differ from me, as I to judge in a matter so public." * * * *

May 4th, 1829.

Dear Brother,

"Happily breathing is an involuntary exercise—so I scarcely know that I have breathed since you set me running on this Greek business—for the other societies and preparations for the anniversaries press us on every side. I cannot repeat my scrawl to professor Goodrich, which please to read. But pray excuse my not keeping you informed from day to day of the matter. We have been incessantly busy, however you may have thought us idle. Now hear your sentence—You *must* be here *Deo volente*, Friday of next week, to fill a niche, if we find no better man to speak—indeed you must open. We have sent for Perdicari*

* Mr Gregory Perdecari, Greek instructor in Mount Pleasant school at Amherst.

and for Col. Nagris. The New Yorkers, like the Athenians, seek To νεον. * * * * But they must have some plain English and we shall fully depend on you to give it. You must make one business statement—fail not on your part, that the republic suffer no injury. We shall have a grand anniversary at the masonic hall. Write to me that you will be here. I wrote a full letter to ——, besides other communications. It seems to me the plan cannot fail to take, over the whole land. Look well to your child and come and see after it. I hoped to have had ——— of Louisiana, to make the closing speech, but he went to Washington yesterday.

Your friend,

M. Bruen."

New York, June 8th, 1829

My dear brother,

"Your queries shall have a full answer. For many reasons I am glad to have them propounded. The anniversaries *pretty well used me up*, and I am only coming to life now, so that it needs a direct question to bring a letter to pass with me.

Imprimis—My confidence equals yours in the project. It may be made the greatest *factum* of the age.

2. No terms are to be kept with * * * * who would have our country stand like a great rich bully, both hands in his pockets, and say, we are the

most learned, free, and magnanimous people on the earth, and intend to be always in the superlative by showing no mercy to all the positive wretchedness on the globe. I am delighted at the ground they take, "American money on American soil!" It fairly shames their own adherents, *as I know.* This school project has done good in having pushed the objection to benevolence away from christianity, and interfering with people's religion, into the bald question in the abstract, namely, "Is benevolence more praiseworthy than selfishness?"

3. 4. 5. * * * * * *

6. As to the *Onward*—We, my dear brother, have got hold of an enormously great scheme, and if I obtain help, I will not let go the rope till I die. But our first movements must acquire the confidence of the calculating, prudent and less zealous than ourselves. I never saw any thing so feasible and so grand. Jonas King's letters, coming as they did to the public meeting, seemed a direct ray of heaven on us.

7. * * * * * * * *

Time forbids my putting a tail to this seven-headed monster. Until the next letter this will put you in possession of our views—I say *our*, though they are mine—I feel that one man who does one thing can do it—but I am bound up in half a dozen things, all tending to the same end, any one of them enough for one. But we have a choice committee, and I have every wish of my heart gratified by the form in which this

thing now lies before the public. It shall have my best efforts, though you did desert me in my utmost need, but I labour not for your behoof—*sed contra inimicos humani generis, pro humano genere et ecclesia.*

Look well to this ebullition of Latin, and take heed how you write To νεον interrogatively, or I shall give you some modern Greek. * * * I think a man likely to fight against providence who has but one boat to sail in this age of enterprise. Besides thinking of going to Greece, I have thought of going to Illinois, and Paris, and Labrador. It is unhappy for a man to determine that his whole life shall be disastrous, because he cannot preach the gospel in the Bowers-e. g. Or if he have the gift of tongues, to refuse to talk Hottentot, because the Greeks stop their ears. So you see at least professedly, I am for being used up somehow.

Your friend and brother,

M. Bruen."

New York, July 2d, 1829.

"As to my going to Baltimore, Mr Perdicari could not be had, so that was useless; and as to other efforts you will not see more than I can, why it is my special duty to abandon my parish, more than it is yours to abandon the Centre church for a week or a month to go begging money over the country. Will you go and do it? The Greek S. C. will be very glad to send you a commission forthwith. I occupy a

place which I wish you had, but would rather be accused of sloth than of error. If you think the field all clear, I pray you get Mr Tappan to move, and believe that I am only humble scribe to the meeting. Perhaps my last letter had too much elation in it, for I have my ups and downs in this business—it is as difficult as it is important. But I intend to have the confirmation of my own judgment at least, for of however little worth to others, it is all I have to guide me so long as I belong to this committee. I do not say this, as implying that you have censured it. * *

I have written far more than I intended, more than I have fairly had time to give.

Believe me with christian affection,

Your brother,

M. Bruen."

It is not fitting to dilate further here on this affecting subject. But O! that a voice as from his tomb might summon anew the enemies of oppression, the friends of liberty, the patrons of learning, to put forth fresh energy to this noble work. The call is more urgent on America, because the groans and tears come from a republic, the ruin of what once was free;—from christians the remnant of those who once were holy, and the protectors of other churches. And shall not the happy and honoured daughters of America also verify that cherished hope of Mr Bruen, that wherever it is felt how indispensable are female

intelligence and virtue to a nation's felicity, they will exert themselves to restore and elevate the character of the degraded and afflicted daughters of Greece. Who better know than the honoured females of a free and christian country, how their influence molifies the man, alleviates his griefs, smooths his asperities, and leads him, by means of the small, sweet charities of life, to estimate those peaceful virtues which tyranny and injustice have driven from his home. Shall not both sexes be roused to a generous emulation in such a work of love; so that Greece may not be left to feel that the strength of her friends failed, though their spirits drooped when Bruen expired.

CHAPTER XXII.

After the exertions of the time of the anniversaries, Mr B. felt relaxed by the warm weather, and went with his beloved family, to the springs at Saratoga, for a fortnight. While there, he was in high spirits and full of that placid enjoyment which his nature was so peculiarly fitted to relish, with friends whom he loved. Early in August, they returned to the city, but the health of his children constrained their mother to leave its deleterious atmosphere and seek purer air leaving him full of occupation at home. During this interval he went to New London to represent the Bible Society in the extra effort to supply every family in the United States. Then went to New Haven, for the same object.—Returned to New York for the duties of the sabbath, and on the monday joined his family. It was the last time. On tuesday he was travelling to Woodbury, in company with Professor Taylor, of the Theological Seminary of New Haven when that most instructive and satisfying conversation took place, which so shortly after, on his most unlooked-for death bed, he requested Mrs Bruen to obtain from Dr Taylor.

It is peculiarly a subject of gratitude that Dr Taylor has rescued time from his pressing avocations, to embody in writing those words so precious. They are precious as an example of what ought to be a christian's occupation "when he walks by the way." They bring before us two servants of the Lord Jesus, journeying for the purpose of ordaining missionaries for a barren land, not slothfully resting in their own christian privileges, not placing any confidence in their occupations as evidences of their union to Christ, but taking deep counsel with each other, and searching to the very foundation what is their hope. They are precious as an example of the means by which a pastor becomes wise to win souls, and studies the hearts of his hearers in the mirror of his own. It is thus, that "iron sharpeneth iron," and the man of God becomes thoroughly furnished for every good work.— They are precious as an example how time, which is by many who travel, lost as to any mental occupation, may be improved to the quickening of the spirit, the clearing of the views, and to preparation either for usefulness in a prolonged pilgrimage, or peace at its close. Dr Taylor must forgive what may to his first impression seem a breach of delicacy, that he is thus mentioned. It is one of the small penalties which he must pay for having had the privilege of holding this his last communing with his departed brother, and for having himself uttered sentiments so fitted to be useful. Without doubt he will pay the penalty with satisfac-

tion, when he considers that by his reminiscences of this conversation he has consoled the grief and guided the minds of those who mourned with him the loss of Mr Bruen, and that the sentiments here published are what he doubtless often inculcates in his character of a minister of the blessed gospel. But his own expressions of hesitation to comply with the request made to him to recall this conversation "lest he should give undue prominence to self in his part of it," proves that the most disinterested motives prompted him to write it at first; and the same motives we cannot doubt will induce him to forgive the publication of what he in christian kindness wrote.

From Dr Taylor, New Haven.

Dear Madam,

"I have intended to give you long before this, the account requested, of your beloved husband's conversation with me, to which he alluded in the hour of his departure to a better world. I have been prevented from attempting it chiefly by the pressure of my occupations. There is another reason why I have hesitated, and often thought of requesting you to excuse me from complying with so reasonable a request; the difficulty of doing it without seeming at least, to give an undue or unbecoming prominence to myself, in regard to my part of the conversation. I trust it is for your own use and gratification you have asked me to do this, and I ought not to hesitate. In-

dered I do not know that it now possible for me to distinguish the parts which were his from those which were mine, and since I can see no special importance in this, as there was the most perfect coincidence of views and feelings expressed throughout, I shall not attempt it. It was one of those conversations, which I trust may prove to me an earnest and foretaste of the heavenly happiness. To him it was not so much the foretaste as the commencement of the joys of that world.

The conversation was dictated by the intimacy of confiding friendship; and began on his part with a design to his own profit, though it might, with more propriety have proceeded from a regard to mine. He commenced by asking me to state to him the grounds of my christian hope, and the degree of confidence I had in my own preparation for the heavenly world.

The first topic was, that *highly excited emotion*, though apparently holy, was not in itself the best evidence of christian character. On this point it was remarked as a fact in our own experience, that it was not difficult in retired devotion, and abstract contemplations of the great objects of religious affections, to feel deeply and strongly in view of them, —not difficult to bring in upon the soul a tide of emotion, in which the heart should apparently soften in tender relentings for sin, and sorrow for it—in which its deformity should become sensibly odious, and our abhorrence of it seem to associate with itself a fixed purpose of its unreserved renunciation,

and of devotedness to the service of God, not difficult when contemplating the character of a perfect God, to seem to exercise a supreme affection for so much excellence, with those emotions of reverence and awe in view of his greatness and majesty, of gratitude for the riches of his goodness and his grace, and of joy in his universal dominion, which are so appropriate on our part. That of the existence of such affections in appearance in our own minds we could not doubt; that although we did not feel authorized to deny their genuineness, when thus awakened in the mind, nor to refuse our thanksgivings to Him, from whose grace they *might* proceed; that although in themselves, they are among the most delightful and happy frames of which man can be the subject, and of great utility and indispensable necessity to give decision, strength and activity to the religious principle of the soul; that although they are on these accounts to be cultivated and cherished by the christian, they do not when contemplated in the abstract form and insulated character of mere emotion, furnish the most solid basis of christian hope.

The defects of such a foundation of hope, were then displayed in such remarks as these; that the genuineness of no religious affections can be confidently decided on, at least in the imperfect degree in which they exist in this world, merely by *reflection*. That it is difficult by mere mental inspection to decide confidently respecting the reality of practical principles.

That affections awakened by the contemplation of their objects, though they may be genuine, may also be simply the excitement of those constitutional susceptibilities, which pertain to the *nature* of moral beings whether holy or sinful; and especially when such excitement is aided by the imagination, and some degree of hope, that we are already the objects of divine favour. Illustrative of the remark, that men simply as moral beings, are capable of this excitement of constitutional emotion, the familiar passage from Milton was cited, "Abashed the devil stood," &c. It was further remarked, that the object of holy affection must be apprehended by the mind, not only in their abstract nature and excellence, but in their *practical relations.* It was said, that we might easily contemplate the perfect character of God in that insolated form, which shall exclude his relation to us as a moral governor to whose will our will must be in entire and cheerful subjection, and that it were not less easy to contemplate an object of such excellence and glory, in this manner, with sensible and even delightful emotion. This fact was adverted to as the basis of much self-deception, especially in those sentimental religionists who speak with rapture of the goodness of the Creator, and of the love of Christ, but do not, the things which he commands. The fact too was illustrated by the power and influence which contrariety of will, or collision of interest, often has to render all the excellence and beauty of the most

perfect moral character, an object of aversion, disgust and enmity. Hence it was inferred, that affections, however much excited, which do not imply just views of the high relation of God to us as our moral governor, claiming cheerful and cordial subjection to his will,—affections which do not associate with themselves the purpose of holy obedience, or perhaps more properly involve such purpose in their very nature, are ever to be regarded as spurious; that there can be no security, that our affections are such as are appropriate to the object, except they rise through just views of the object, both in respect to its nature, and its *relations* to us; that the prominent relation in which God reveals himself to man, and one to which all others are subservient and in which they terminate is that of a moral governor whose will should be our will; and that accordingly those affections toward God are the only genuine affections, which associate with themselves, a full purpose of heart to consecrate the whole man to his service—to the doing of his will in all holy obedience.

With these things in view, it was further remarked, that affections awakened merely by contemplation, and evincing their existence to us *only* by reflex mental scrutiny, be they searched and held up to our mental vision ever so carefully, cannot authorize the highest degree of confidence in their genuineness, which is attainable by the real christian; that to evince their genuineness, in the most desirable and satisfac-

tory manner, they must show themselves in their practical relations and practical results. Here however it was added, that the want of affections—of all affections, having the appearance or aspect of fitness, or appropriateness to divine things, is decisive proof, that there is nothing in the heart which God can approve—that he who in the retirement of the closet, in his contemplations of God, of the Saviour, of the heavenly world, &c. has no emotions or affections which the nature of these objects is fitted to awaken in the mind, has not the shadow of a warrant for the christian hope.

After a series of remarks, designed with minute accuracy to distinguish "the precious from the vile" in our affections, dwelling on the difficulties of such discrimination; you will readily suppose that the questions occurred with deep interest, how then shall *we* decide the great question, whether *we* are the children of God or not? and what degree of confidence that we are, is attainable in this world? Here it was stated that religion in the soul of man is in its very nature a *practical principle*, the *governing practical principle;* and that of course it will and must always furnish legitimate evidence of its existence to its subject, by its actual results in the life; that there always is a *degree* of practical power in the principle, and a degree of practical result, that constitute legitimate proof of the reality of the principle. True, it was said, a man without the principle *may* do many

things, which he would do with it; and the subject of it may erroneously estimate or overlook the *legitimate evidence* in his own case, and judge erroneously respecting himself. But the man who is the subject of the principle, whether he judges that he has it, or has it not, *will do*, what the man without it will *not do*. There will in the case of the former be peculiar practical results, so habitual, so uniform, attended with so much conscientiousness, self-denial, &c. that the mind unperverted in the estimate of the evidence furnished, will see and know that these results are dictated by the right principle, and can be the results of no other principle. In other words, there will be *such a doing* of the will of God, from the principle of obedience to God, wherever the principle exists, as will evince to the unperverted judgment, the *fact* that the practice proceeds from the principle. Intimately associated with these thoughts, a common but unfortunate mode of judging of personal religion, was adverted to—that of appealing to past experience, in a manner, which disconnects it with the present state of the affections and the practical purpose of the heart; or rather with religion as a practical principle, a mode in which the mind is ever *searching after* evidence, and overlooks the *necessity of creating it, at each successive moment* of accountable existence, and is thus more anxious for the *past* than for the *present*; more desirous to *believe* that they are christians, than actually *to be* christians.

In this connection, also, a saying of John Newton's was referred to—substantially this—that if he ever became a christian, he thought he should be a far more exemplary and perfect one, than any he had known, but that he found after his conversion he was still a sinner—that after all his resolutions, prayers, and purposes, and experience, he was still a sinner, and must go down to his grave a sinner, as dependent on Christ his Saviour at last as at first. The manner of Stephen's death was also spoken of, as excluding in an absolute manner, all reliance on what he had been, or had done, or then was; and as a striking exemplification of *naked trust* in his Saviour and of its power to sustain the soul of a sinner—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit." This was mentioned not only as a desirable way of dying, but also as illustrating the connection between present experience, present states or exercises of the heart, and the supports and consolations of religion, and shewing what there must be when and where it is not. As a further exemplification of the sustaining and cheering power of trust and confidence, the transition from terror to serenity and joy in a lost child on meeting his father, was specified.—In connection with these remarks, there was a recurrence to what had been said before, respecting the nature and the power of the practical principle, shewing that along with the imperfections and sins of the christian there was a trust or confidence

in the Saviour, that destroyed their influence to alarm and agitate the mind, while with the reality of the holy principle evinced as before described, there was inseparably associated in his own consciousness, the feeling of oneness in purpose, design and action with God. This thought was dwelt upon at some length, modified and expanded in various forms; as, that the christian in view of the character, will and government of God, must be conscious, and this by the conscious union of principle and action in himself, that he wished for no other *mode of being*, than that in which he should be engaged with a perfect heart in doing the will of God, promoting his designs and witnessing the results; that in this mode of existence he could not be unhappy; that nothing could be preferred to it, or compared with it, that all else conceivable, were he excluded from this, would be to him a dreary exile, leaving him no employment in which he could delight—no friend in whom he could confide—no object worthy of pursuit —no home for eternity where he could rest; that to be shut out from *this mode of being and of life*, would be to render him an orphan, and an outcast in a forsaken fatherless universe; that instead of a universe bright blessed and glorious with the displays of God and the accomplishment of His designs, and the joys of our own instrumental agency, it would become an absolute desert. Inquiries were then made, which

from the interest we felt in the subject, seemed to be the expression of our real feelings, than questions needing an answer. What *should* what *could* we do, under such an exclusion from God—from that active co-operation with God, in the accomplishment of his great and glorious designs, which is the portion and blessedness of His servants. To be placed in what part of the universe we might, and to know that there is such a God, with such a system of instrumental action, appointed to creatures like ourselves, for the accomplishment of such results as will fully exhibit God's power to bless, His Kingdom would awaken those longings of spirit to live and act for Him, which nothing could extinguish.

This led to the mutual expression of the wish that we might live and act thus, both in this and in a future world, as workers together with God—and of the assurance that with such feelings and purposes of soul, evinced by their conscious connection with doing the Divine will, we should not want the consolations of christian hope, while in this world; that though uncertainty might in some degree mar our prospects, it would be rather the result of the apprehension that we might be mistaken in our judgment of ourselves, than the belief that we were—that it would give us comparatively but little disquietude, while we found ourselves living thus for God—that death itself with all its terrors would not much disturb us, for the feeling would be and could not be dislodged from the mind,

that it would not separate us from God—that our happiness is incorporated with His glory, and the fulfilment of His designs; and that that life and mode of being which are known to be our hearts' desire, will and must be that of eternity. I remember well that while we thus communed, all seemed to be safe, all to be well with us for evermore.

From this course of thought, continued for some time, we adverted to the system and course of effort to be made for the miserable world in which we were —our own respective places of residence—our country—the world—and more particularly Greece, were the localities to which our thoughts were directed. Your husband here more fully perhaps than to any one except yourself, disclosed to me his thoughts and purposes respecting that country. I need not detail this part of the conversation to you. Had he lived I doubt not that Greece had been indebted to him, for an agency of philanthrophy and benevolence that had eclipsed all the glory of her ancient heroes or patriots.

Such is an outline of the substance of the conversation as I recollect it. I should doubtless have thought less of this interchange of thought and feeling with a beloved brother and intimate christian friend, had it not been so soon followed by his death. It derives from this event peculiar interest. It may very properly in my estimation, be regarded as a heart-searching scrutiny conducted with that frank and open disclosure which is peculiar, (I ought to say this of my

friend rather than of myself) to a confidential conversation of a christian who in it was aiming at a decision respecting himself, the most momentous on this side of the judgment seat. And I should not omit to say, how distinctly I recollect the interest, the mental intensity, with which he adhered to the subject of inquiry, and still more, in that part of the conversation, in which the result was obtained, how obvious were the mental serenity and peace, of strengthening hope and confidence. I might say, it was easy to see a beaming joy in his countenance evincing that with him all was safe for eternity, as his thoughts thus recurred to its legitimate warrant in that state of heart, which he knew to be his own.

And now, my dear Madam, I am glad that your importunity has overcome my reluctance to give you this narrative, imperfect as it is. To recall the interview is pleasant, and I hope may be profitable to me. I commit it to you with the confidence that it will give you in some degree the pleasure you anticipated. It is a better testimony of the kind, perhaps, than could be given in any other circumstances, of the piety of your beloved husband, and his preparation for death. It seems to me to be saying on his part, without anticipating the suddenness of that event, in the midst of life, and with all his earthly prospects as bright as ever, "I am ready to be offered." That his God may be your God, is the prayer of your friend and humble servant. N. W. Taylor.

Thus we have by means of his respected friend, Dr Taylor, a minute and delightful record of the mental occupation of that day of journeying.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the evening of tuesday the 26th, when at Woodbury, he wrote the charge which he delivered the next day, wednesday the 27th, to several missionaries who were appointed to go to the valley of the Mississippi to preach the Gospel and to establish a college. It was written in such haste, that many words are very difficult to decypher. He said himself previously, to his most beloved earthly friend, "I could do better extempore, but the clergy may think there is a want of respect if I do not write." This is characteristic of his deference for the feelings of others.

On thursday the 28th of August, when he arose in the morning, Mr Bruen remarked that "he never was so well, that he felt the conscious enjoyment of health, that it was a happiness to breathe." A part of that peaceful day he occupied with his then happy family, in reading aloud about Greece. But he felt indisposed in the night, and during the following day, though his tenderness for those who loved him induced him to conceal it, as on saturday the 30th, his duty to his flock

called him back to the city. He reached home in the evening, and read the 51st psalm at family worship, with the only domestic who then remained in his lonely dwelling; then he read and prayed in his family for the last time. On sabbath morning, his heart being set on his master's business, he resisted incipient sickness, and entered the pulpit. He gave out the psalm, made the short prayer, and began to read the first chapter of John, but after reading a few verses he stopped and requested a clergyman present, to proceed with his duties. In a little time he retired from the church to his own house, a brief journey to be retraced by him no more, till his frame had lost the principle of life, and was reconveyed to that spot, the scene of so many solicitudes and prayers, to wait for the blessed morning of the resurrection.

He had immediate medical assistance, and on monday morning seemed quite lively and active. An instance, characteristic of the general bent of his thoughts may here be mentioned. The domestic who was left in charge of the house during the absence of the family, complained to him with some anxiety, that the moths were injuring a portion of the furniture.—"Never mind," he replied in a cheerful tone, "we shall all be eaten by moths soon." Though he continued unwell, he deemed himself recovering, and even on wednesday did not send to hasten the return of his beloved wife. But she, having learned that he was not well, was re-united to him on the thursday

morning. During the agonizing pain which he endured previous to her arrival he congratulated himself that her feelings were spared the witnessing of it. But now the conflict with anguish was fast thickening, and the solemn hours as they passed away, were bringing nearer to his contemplation the last enemy whom he must encounter. The hours were not many since his health was so complete that he felt it "a happiness to breathe." His plans for future usefulness had embraced years to come, and there was nothing irrational or presumptuous in the calculation. What wonder then, that when the conviction first reached his soul that these agonies must bring life to a sudden close, he should be stunned, as if his God had not accepted his sacrifice. What wonder that he shouid exclaim, "God is coming in darkness—Lord have mercy upon my soul." If the actual presence of death be startling even to the Christian who has waited his approach through lingering months of languor, how much more to him who was in the prime of life, of intellectual might, and in the zenith of usefulness. But as his respected friend, Dr Skinner, narrates in the sermon occasioned by his sudden removal, "quietness, and assurance of spirit soon returned, and gave utterance to the triumphant verse,

> "I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
> And when my soul is lost in death,"

and to the Psalmist's effusion of confidence. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee."

And now, when his minutes on earth were numbered, when there might be much to feel and much to arrange for his beloved ones, and when his natural delicacy and reserve of temperament might have led him to desire to exclude all that were not of his very bosom's intimates, the new nature triumphed beautifully in him. At an interval of relief from surpassing suffering, strength was given him to speak, and they so felt the worth and danger of souls, and were so desirous to use the last precious occasion of doing good, that their doors were thrown open to all who would enter. It is affecting in communicating with with those who loved him, to observe that each has a parting love token, some words of admonition as a memorial of him they love; and to those whom he did not see, he sent messages. O that they may sink into our hearts, that he may be honoured to build up the church by his death, even more than in his life. To one he said, "Hold on M—— be a consistent christian, and then though you are poor in this world, you will be as rich as any princess in heaven." Of another he said, "Tell her I love her, I am sure she will be saved, and we shall meet if I am saved." Of another, "Say to brother S——, I love him, I have always loved him, for he is a faithful minister of Christ." To one dear relative of whom he took delight to converse when in Scotland, he said, imprinting at the same time his farewell kiss, "Had I been a lively christian, you might have been a chris-

tian. Be a christian now, and preach the gospel. There is nothing worth living for but that." To each of his kindred, he sent earnest messages of love; and to each of the members of his church—not one was overlooked. He was as a father going into a far country, and must leave a word of advice to each of his precious family. To one he said, "Be saved to-day; before you sleep this night be saved, and tell your husband to be saved. *Now* is the accepted time"—and then he motioned to be left alone, and as he cast his eyes upward, she who watched his every movement, heard him say many words in a low tone, the meaning of which appeared to be, "If *I* have never been accepted, *now* is the accepted time for me."

Of his children he said, "Bring up my children for God. Be strict with them on the sabbath. Tell them it is beautiful to die, when one dies well—yes it is *sweet* to die"—surely here he was speaking from his present experience of the sweetness of death—a sweetness which neither its suddenness, its agonising pains, nor its separating him from those to whom his most affectionate heart was knit, could diminish. Surely we may take up the exulting words of the apostle and say, "thanks be to God who gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." His neighbour and fellow labourer, the Rev. W. Patton, asked him if he could now rest his soul upon the truths which he had urged upon his people. He

replied, "I think I can, but Oh that I had been a shining and devoted minister of Christ. If God will accept the poorest and most wicked of all his creatures, then I may be saved." It was asked "can you cast yourself just as you are on the merits and blood of Jesus?" He replied, "I can, I can."

Though his tortures were exquisite (for his frame was most delicately constructed, and capable of keener suffering than falls to the lot of many,) and though he was not capable at many intervals, of expressing himself in conversation, his faculties did not waver till within a few hours of the last, and even then, during the wanderings of his mind, his thoughts dwelt on the cause of missions. That cause lay near his heart, and to his associates in the Home Missionary Society, he sent a brief and dying message, which will not be forgotten while the United States have liberty of conscience, and bosoms that swell with pity for those who are ignorant and out of the way. "Yours is a great work; the work of God; hold on." At the risk of repeating what has been heard by many we would present a passage from Dr Cox's sermon, entitled "Consolation in death," which was delivered to a crowded and mourning audience while the remains of our brother lay yet uninterred in his church. "The death-bed of Bruen was a privileged place. I bless God for permitting me to witness it. From no death-bed did I ever carry away such impressions. When all the strong and tender

ties, that bound him to society, were mentally sundered, by the sentence of the physicians—though tenderly and discreetly announced to him—that his death was inevitable, he felt the unexpected shock, like what it was—a summons from the throne of God. On my coming in on friday, his articulation was difficult; but his speaking eye, beaming with a full intelligence that never left him but with life, recognized me; when he said, in somewhat broken accents, "My brother?" with a pause; "we shall meet," he meant to say, "in heaven;" and then added, "if we deserve it;" when perceiving (for he ill could choose his language,) that the phrase was improper, he thus corrected it; "if Christ has made us meet." His agonies were "fearful," as he often said; and with their paroxysms, his mind so sympathized, that for long intervals he could not communicate to earthly friends, or realize the consolations of a Saviour's presence. He would then ejaculate, "O my heavenly Father; have mercy on my poor soul; my poor body; I am an unworthy sinner, and my God is coming in darkness." Such was the spirituality of his perceptions; such his sense of the unsuffering and uncovered holiness of God, into whose presence he was about to be precipitated; such his utter self-renouncement, his ingenuous self-abhorrence and self-abasement; such his humiliated estimate of his services, his ministry, and his motives; and I may add, such his characteristic self-diffidence and unfeigned humility, always thinking "others better

than himself"—in which I need not say to you that he was singular in his judgment, if not in his example—that the mighty conception, that such a sinner could be "saved in Christ Jesus with eternal glory," was staggering to his faith, and painful to his hope, and fleeting for a time to his grasp.

One prominent characteristic of his death-bed was, agony for the salvation of his people and zeal for the conversion of souls. Some of his faithful charges to those about him, will never be forgotten. O how his soul travailed in birth, my dear hearers, for some of you; that Christ might be formed in you, "the hope of glory!" Ye relatives, ye brothers, ye friends, will ye forget his death-bed admonitions? I pray God that ye may never, never, forget them! If ye love him, O love his Saviour too! I am merely giving to his sentiments the utterance of my lips, when I add "to-day, now, while it is offered to you, while it is attainable in Christ, this instant, turn to God, give Him your affections by faith in His words, and take as your own, the Salvationof the glorious Gospel." To his people, whose souls seemed to press on his anxieties, he sent solemn messages, general and particular. He seemed deeply, and even awfully impressed with a sense of the difference, that too often exists in fact, between a professor, and a possessor, of the grace of Christ. He wished the semi-christians warned, the doubting and irresolute resolved; and every professor to have as it were "in his

forehead" the legible impress of crucifixion to the world, and of glorying in its medium—the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. "Tell them, "said he" to be thorough christians, decided, sincere; for death will try them." He was afraid that some of his church-members would be lost; and this evidently agonised him on the couch of death. "O tell them," said he, "that I hope they are christians; by which I would be understood as expressing a doubt of it"—his solemn countenance spoke the rest! His messages and charges were most discriminating and appropriate. I will add, they were most benevolent, faithful, heavenly, excellent. But you know this! then let them be appreciated. Great God! O sanctify them to us all, for Jesus' sake! that they arise not up in judgment to our horrible confusion!

It is said of the Elder President Edwards, that having settled all his earthly affairs, when he was about to die, he bade adieu affectionately to all his friends, and then turning from all, he said, "now where is Jesus of Nazareth!" Our departed brother also, having despatched all other business, seemed deliberately to withdraw from his attendants, that he might transact the solemnities of special preparation with his God. As if retiring, and bidding us farewell, he said to me, "I die in peace and love with all men." His soul gradually acquired a tone of serenity and acquiescence, of tender and collected thought, of trustful, submissive, and devout expectancy in God. So

high was his general estimate of the Christian character; so perfect his sense of perfect responsibility; so conscious of his own unworthiness, and of the ineffable glory of heaven; so lofty his conceptions of the dignity, the sublimity, the moral grandeur, of those exalted spirits that surround the throne of God Almighty and the Lamb; so unexpected, formidable, sudden, the illapse of death; so trying so irritating so insuperable, his disease; that, while we nothing wonder at his occasional dread of death and fear of eternity, we can see in the dispensation a light in the darkness. As it is, the total scene is invested with a deeper awe, a more appropriate eloquence, a richer and more salutary instruction to the living."

From Dr Skinner's on the same affecting occasion, we present also an extract. "His thoughtful affection did not confine itself to the friends who stood around him. It was generously occupied also, about those who were absent, to whom he sent appropriate messages of his constant love. And how did this watchful pastor remember in his death-season the flock, of which the Great Shepherd had given him the oversight?—in the well evidenced piety of some, expressing his warm delight; for others, trembling anxiety, lest they come short of the promised rest; for the manifestly unconverted "travailing in birth," that Christ might be formed within them; for all, leaving his affectionate charges and valedictions.—And the care, not only of his own people, but of the

universal church, was not now absent from the mind of this liberalized and large-hearted man of God. You all knew how he had laboured for the furtherance of the gospel throughout the length and breadth of his own country; it was his dying message to the Committee of Home Missions in this city—"Yours is a great work; the work of God; hold on."—He gave directions as to his funeral service; but herein also discovered the loftiness of the ascendant feeling in his death. He wanted nothing said about himself but what would be of useful tendency to others: he was afraid, so low was his estimate of his own piety, that to panegyrize him as a saint, would but leave sinners less impressed with the necessity of those agonising exertions which all men must make to be saved; and he seemed to think also, that a discourse suited to excite tender and mournful emotions, when such emotions were likely to be sufficiently awakened by the occasion, would tend rather to prevent than promote those peculiar convictions of sin and ruin, which ordinarily precede true evangelical repentance and faith. "Don't make *me* out a saint," he said, "for that would be the way to ruin souls." "Don't preach a gloomy sermon, but make heaven seem brighter than the world." Nor was this noble zeal for the good of souls and the glory of God, unattended by conscious peace and confidence in respect to his own eternal state. "I die," he said, "in peace and love with all mankind."—He was asked, in an interval of comparative rest from bodily anguish, and

when very near the farthest limit of the dark valley he was treading, whether he could give his attention during a short devotional exercise; and having given an affirmative answer, the following scriptures were distinctly repeated. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled, in us who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit."–"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." "For this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality: so when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying which is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy

victory! The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—He had been profoundly still, and remaining so, the speaker was doubtful whether he had been understood, and said, "did you hear me my brother?" "I heard and loved it—every word."—"Is your mind at rest?" "Yes, I have a calm peace within." Then, after tenderly embracing his near relatives, and addressing them in a manner never to be forgotten, prayer was made until he became fatigued. The process of dying now proceeded rapidly on, and nothing more was said or done, that could be considered as indicating the thoughts and feelings of his heart.

So died our lamented friend—a death how characteristic of the man; how consistent with his life."

On the 6th of December 1829, in the 37th year of his age, just as the dawn was ushering in the first day of the week, were his labours and sufferings consummated. And now we rejoice to believe that he dwells in the presence of Him, whom not having seen he loved. Now he is in the full blaze of the light which proceeds from the Lamb. Can we wish him back again in this dark world? The delicate sensibility which made him susceptible of suffering here, now only increases his capabilities of happiness. He has lost none of the peculiarities of his character. He is the same man, made perfect, and in that bright light which shines upon him, not one of the traces we loved can be hidden.

CHAPTER XXV.

In Mr Bruen's private character there seemed to remain less of dross, than is almost always found even in those who have much of the pure gold of christianity. It is common to trace, or imagine we can trace, some peculiarity in the external circumstances, which might have elicited good qualities, and subdued evil. But in the early life of Mr Bruen, there is nothing which might not have produced qualities the very reverse of those by which he was distinguished. For example, his sojourn with his grandfather from his seventh year to his fifteenth, while it led a mind like his to seek occupation in books and contemplation, for lack of associates of his own age, might also have rendered him morose and uncommunicative; or as the only and much caressed child of this aged parent, he might have imbibed habits of selfishness, which would have tinctured all his life. But in truth he was distinguished for flexibility of feeling. His heart was as a many chorded instrument, which responds to every touch. We have seen him dry his own tears that he might smile in the happiness of oth-

ers; and we have seen his usual expression of benevolent tranquility vanish like a meteor, under the influence of a look of anxiety from a friend. It has not been our lot to meet with any one more truly generous; and that which he, in reviewing his early life, termed selfishness, would have formed the liberality of the generality of youths.

Again—During his first visit in riper years to Europe, when, after becoming separated from his revered and loved Dr Mason, no outward restraint was left, and temptation was urging itself upon him, in its thousand nameless blandishments, it might have been anticipated that his ideas of good and evil and his moral conduct might have been relaxed. The very reverse, however, was the result; and feeling himself in a land of pits and snares, he learned to walk more circumspectly, and to shun every appearance of evil. A friend who feared he might have suffered loss in spiritual things, inquired of him, half ironically, if he felt he had any habits to change now that he was come from gay France, to resume his character of American minister in sober Scotland. His reply was a vocal burst of indignation, which no letters can convey. But observing the looks of the investigator resting on him still inquiringly, tears flowed from his eyes. There followed a most interesting conversation, in which, after a first expression of grief at seeming to be suspected, he unfolded the sources of his safety, and his various exercises of what must have been strong self-

denial to a mind inquisitive like his, in a strain of genuine simplicity and sincerity, which excited admiration in the friends who were then but beginning to form acquaintance with his character.

The earliest portion of his years does not seem to have been his happiest. There was about him an unusual thoughtfulness, adverse to tranquility of mind, till tempered by a growing experience of the government of God, and the general course of life. And such a heart as his, young as he was, required more to occupy and soothe it, than this world has to give. He always had a remarkably tender conscience, which kept him from those sins of youth which so often shut out the Holy Spirit in His first strivings. At ten years he wept bitterly, and asked what he should do to be saved, and from that time till he was eighteen, he did not cease to feel the pressure of the obligations of the divine Law. As a proof of this there was a shade of thoughtful sadness in his countenance which became less and less marked every year, as it gradually yielded to the beaming of that peace which the Saviour gives to his disciples. His childhood was not marked by any striking incidents, except one or two hair-breadth escapes, which he used to relate with expressions of gratitude to the Providence that preserved him. One of these, his falling in the twilight into a cistern, where, had he not been instantly rescued, he must have been drowned, is peculiarly worthy of notice, as it occurred about his tenth year, and was in his own mind re-

motely connected with the solicitude about the state of his soul, which originated about the same period. His love of reading was very great. At six years of age he would lock himself alone in a room lest he should be disturbed. Through all his youth there was the same marked individuality of character, the same dignity, the same beauty, the same confidence, the same reserve, the same boldness and sensitiveness, the same honesty of heart, the same freedom from any thing politic or manœuvering.

Of filial reverence, even after his own understanding was matured, and the time for implicit obedience was past, he was a lovely example. Those who have heard him speak of the will of his parent, when half the globe divided them, and have heard his plans formed in reference to what he deemed "his father" would wish him to accomplish, know how he honored him even in things, the omission of which could never have been remarked by the parent himself.

Of his fraternal character also we must speak. How has he in earlier years delighted to select and set fourth the bright points of character of those of his own house, and to compute what they were capable of becoming. One who knew the secrets of his heart knows how in Scotland he set apart times to make prayer for them, and how he did so with many tears.—And even when advancing life, and crowding occupations severed him from his family, yet in a correspondence of years they failed not to form an affect-

ing portion of his subjects. He ever rejoiced in any token for their good, and mourned if his hopes were quelled.

As a husband and as a father—alas, we cannot speak, for the bereaved ones to whom he stood in these most endearing of human ties have lost him, and are left in the world alone. Let those who know any thing of human character, infer what he was in these relations, who was so lovely in those of son, brother and friend! They cannot go beyond the reality.

There were very few whom he took into his bosom-intimacy; but to them his affection was ardent and abiding, and his confidence unbounded. His benevolence was alike warm and diffusive, and knew no limit when it could operate to the elevation, encouragement and relief of others. His reverence for holiness in the creature, was such that he would overlook some traits from which his natural taste would have otherwise revolted, when he saw, or imagined he saw, the image of God stamped on their souls. There is no record of the progress of his mind while at college. One little incident in the closing scene of his studies may be named as an evidence how he acquitted himself, and as a specimen, among many, of the effect produced by his pleasing aspect and demeanor. Dr Silliman, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Yale College, happened to be at the Commencement *

* The same with our Commemoration in England.

of Columbia College, when Mr Bruen was graduated. There was in his appearance and the whole performance so much dignity and beauty, that the Professor frequently spoke of him, after his return home. He knew nothing more of him than these few hours told him, and when he spoke of him, he generally expressed a wish to know him more. Many years after, when Mr Bruen was passing through New Haven he was introduced to the Professor who on his return home exclaimed to Mrs Silliman, "I have found out my young man at last!"

His later occupations were so various, his exertions so intense, and his relaxation so entirely of a domestic character, that it required such an event as his sudden removal, to reveal how highly he was estimated by theAmerican public. He claimed so little for himself and was ever so ready to prefer others in honour, that he seemed likely to be thoroughly known and appreciated only by a few. It is grateful to the feelings of those who love him, to find that he was valued as he ought to be. Though we shrink, as he would have shrunk, from publishing much on this subject, and though he needs not testimonials of character from man, we venture to insert a letter from Professor Stuart to Mrs Bruen, honourable to the Professor as to the departed, and evincing his reputation as a scholar, no less than as a christian and as a friend.

From Moses Stuart.

Andover Theol. Sem.

My dear Madam,

I cannot by any words convey to you the anguish of my heart on account of the loss of your excellent husband. Never, if I except the death of Dr Dwight alone, did I experience sorrow or feel bereavement so great, as when the news came of his death. In all the vigour of manhood, with his judgment, memory, understanding, heart, all cultivated to a high degree; beloved of all, respected of all, looking forward to an influence in the church, subordinate to that of no other man in our country—a dear friend to me—O the recollection overcomes me to tears, and I dare not proceed to call up your sorrows afresh, by pouring out mine. What Beza said when Calvin died, I can now truly say, "Now is life less sweet and death less bitter." Never did I feel a more melancholy hour in looking over the future prospects of the church in our country, than that which succeeded the tidings of Mr Bruen's death. And to this moment the revival of the same feeling is frequent, and now and then overcomes me even to weakness. But peace! I loved the dear man too much, and calculated too much on his importance. This, I suppose, was your fault too, and God in his mercy to us has removed him from us both. I do not pretend to compare my loss with yours. This would be only to mock your grief; but I do say that however well you loved him as a husband, as a friend

and minister of the Gospel, I cannot allow that you have a higher regard for his memory than myself. I feel that the church is as it were widowed as well as you. Thy ways, O God! are unsearchable, thy judgments past finding out.

Never did I feel that all the powers of my soul needed to be called forth and employed in the practice of submission, more than in respect to this event. Even with regard to Dr Dwight there was a difference here—his sun was declining, but that of my dear brother and your husband was only rising towards its meridian splendour.—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." This is all I can say—I sat down to write you a letter of consolation, and I am aggravating your sorrows by pouring out my own. That Mr Bruen is gone to a world of peace and joy is what we both believe; our loss is his gain. But then as he was ripe for heaven here, so he was on this very account, the more useful, and his stay among us the more to be desired. I cannot think of it without again wetting the paper with my tears as I write. Who shall fill his place? My dear Madam, he was a prominent candidate for a place in our seminary: with all our hearts, should we have welcomed him here, and had he been better known to all our Trustees he would have been chosen earlier. Had he lived until September was past, I believe he would have been our Professor. "Help, Lord, for the godly faileth, the faithful fail from among the children of

men"—How can I forbear to use this most appropriate language of the Psalmist.

May the God and judge of the widow, the Father of the fatherless, grant you that peace, that filial submission, that quiet resignation, which will be more and better consolation than I, or all the world can give! Such is the sincere and fervent prayer of

Your sincere friend,

Moses Stuart.

At one period of his life, when his natural activity was too much without guide and stimulus, he accused himself of constitutional indolence. But his subsequent exertions have proved that if he were indolent, it was from the want of motive, and not from the absence of energy. When at last he found congenial spirits, how did his soul expand and dilate in the higher moral and intellectual delights. And when he could perceive openings for useful exertion in the spread of the gospel, with what ingenuity did he devise the means, with what skill did he put them in train, with what business-like accuracy did he fix his mind to the details, with what exhaustless industry did he attend to them all.

Those who were acquainted only with the gentleness, refinement, and literary taste, which were his predominant characteristics, a few years before, may well wonder at his dexterity in business, and his acuteness in selecting every point which could aid

his object. How much that seemed remote from his original character, had he acquired and brought to bear on the service of the church; how firm and inflexible when he knew he was right; how ingenuous if he felt he was mistaken; how docile when it was only matters of taste which he was required to sacrifice; how indignant at the appearance of chicane and duplicity; how placable to the infirmities of those whom he deemed sincere! His energy, his fortitude, his holy indignation against aberrations from the onward course of integrity in those from whom he had a right to expect better things, did not diminish in the least his tenderness, his sympathy, his always watchful care for the feelings of others. There are men who are kind, considerate, sympathizing; yet occasionally disappointing, forgetful, indolent, selfish; but those who knew him best, and knew him longest, cannot point out the moment when Mr Bruen put his own ease before the convenience of his neighbour, or his own estimate of himself above that of his fellow.

Possessing such qualities, with extensive influence, he seemed entirely void of ambition; that is, ambition in its selfish characteristics. If he were eager to do well, it was that his cause might succeed, not that himself might be admired. If he were desirous to accomplish a plan, and exerted influence in it, it was not for the pleasure of feeling *his* power and *his* influence; it was that he might do good. Still he cared for the love and approbation of others, and no one's

happiness depends more upon these than his did. But nevertheless, he would hazard all that he loved in a friend, rather than make a timid compromise with conscience, and pass by his faults without admonition. As Dr Skinner has beautifully said, "He was intimate in the higher classes of society, to whom in some instances, he privately evinced an intrepidity of reproof which shewed them that he valued their souls more than their friendship. He would sunder even the bonds of private affection sooner than those of morality. It is easy to condemn sin in a multitude, but he would condemn it in an individual, and to that individual by himself."* He was truly generous, and this trait shone in trifles, as well as in matters of weight; not only in the noiseless offices of mercy to the indigent, but in the nobility of his feelings in his estimate of others. "He was fond to a habit of acknowledging his obligations and rendering to all their due." Instances of an opposite kind in others, ingenuously grieved, as well as deeply disgusted him. To acknowledge obligation, however, is a pleasing duty, and one that is performed by many who have not yet attained to the acknowledgment of their faults. This last, a fruit of genuine humility and integrity of mind, existed in Mr Bruen to a most powerful degree. So long ago as the autumn of 1818, when in the west of Scotland, he was led into a hot

* Dr Skinner's sermon page 35.

debate with the editor of a periodical work, in reference to a political character. Though at the time convinced of the correctness of his judgment, he was unhappy for having suffered himself to become irritated, and often alluded to it with regret. Ten years had passed away, and this small delinquency had passed from the minds of all present, when a further development of the character who was the subject of discussion had proved that Mr Bruen's judgment of him had been incorrect, and at that distance of time, he once more by letter referred to the argument, once more apologized, and with double energy, being now convinced that his antagonist was in the right.

His zeal, patience, vigilance, and prudence, in performing the duties of a Christian Pastor, are fully known to those among whom he laboured, and whom he gathered, by the most disinterested exertions, from the multitude. If there existed no other evidence of it; his tender concern, his ceaseless watchfulness, his longing after their souls, is fully evinced by the partial extracts from his letters in the preceding pages. Did delicacy permit, those letters could furnish proof that he dwelt on individual characters with parental affection, and delineated christian traits in such a way as shewed that he studied each member of his flock for their good, and "was gentle among them, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." But there is, we trust, a holier record than that of his pen written in the hearts of his spiritual children, and a more enduring evidence

of his watching for their souls will be found in their meeting him again in the blessed presence of their Redeemer and his.

CHAPTER XXVI.

We gladly embrace the privilege of presenting a sketch of a portion of Mr Bruen's Missionary occupations, from the pen of his friend and successor in the Secretaryship of the American Home Missionary Society, the Rev. Absalom Peters.

It is addressed to Mrs Bruen, and dated

New York, March 11th, 1830.

Dear Madam,

Your beloved and lamented husband's connexion with the American Home Missionary Society, is associated in my own recollection, with the intimacies of an endeared personal friendship, which has given to his death the character of a real bereavement, such as my heart in some degree of sympathy with your own, does not cease to feel; while in common with all his associates in labour, I derive a most grateful satisfaction from reflecting on the life of one

whose counsels and labours, in so short a time, accomplished so much.

Mr Bruen felt that he had much to do, and often expressed his deep sense of the accumulated responsibilites of a christian and christian minister, in this age of the world. By his travels and his extended personal acquaintance in Europe, as well as in this country, the field of his sympathies was enlarged beyond that of most of his brethren. He knew more accurately than most of us, the condition of the family of man, and had so learned Christ as to make it a sentiment of his heart, that *all men are brethren*, and that every christian is bound to do what he can for the conversion of the *whole world*, while the warmth of his piety and the versatility of his mind, prepared him to embrace with eagerness and discrimination, every well devised plan of philanthropic effort. Thus constrained by the principle that governed him, to live for noble ends, he had also an industry and a facility in execution which few possess. His body, like his mind, was characteristically active. Of him it was peculiarly true, that his piety did not waste itself in mere good wishes and intentions. His hand was ready and quick to accomplish what his heart desired, and the rapidity of his conceptions and the ease with which he was accustomed to reduce his own and the thoughts of others to form, rendered his services invaluable in the executive business of the church and of benevolent associations. He had, accordingly,

much to do in the transactions of the several religious societies with which he was connected in this city. He regarded them all as kindred institutions, and with equal cordiality, gave his services to each as he had opportunity. I shall not dwell upon the estimation in which he was held by those who acted with him in the Bible, Tract, Sabbath-School, Education and Foreign Missionary Societies, and especially in the more recently formed Committee on behalf of ill-fated Greece. In all of these institutions he bore his part with an activity and devotedness which identified their responsibilities with his own, and rendered his death a bereavement, as his life had been a blessing to them all. But my own impressions of his worth forbid me to withhold this passing tribute to the memory of one, the loss of whose counsels and prayers I feel the more, because he was a brother of enlarged and liberal views, the goings-forth of whose benevolence could be confined to no single channel.

The providence of God, however, had marked him out for a field of still greater and peculiar efficiency in another department of benevolent effort. He returned from Europe with a freshness of interest in whatever plans had been devised to elevate the character and extend the religious influence of his native country; and of these, one of the first which attracted his zealous attention, was the enterprize of Home Missions. He was able to estimate the advantages afforded to the churches of this country for such an

enterprize, above those possessed in any other. He therefore regarded with deep interest the beginnings which had already been made, and having himself engaged in the labours of a Missionary in this city, his qualifications for extended usefulness, as a practical man, soon began to be appreciated by the friends of the cause.

And though he was compelled by the increasing responsibilities of his parochial charge, to resign his office, the results of his labours have evinced that the high estimate which the Committee formed of his service was not false. It was in the above office that Mr B. found himself at the centre of a moral machine, which he foresaw, if sufficiently extended, might be wrought with incalculable advantage in promoting a cause identified with the best interests of men. Being at once a member and the official organ of the Executive Committee, in common with his intelligent associates, he set himself to mature a new and improved plan of Missions, which, without discarding altogether the former custom of itinerancy, within defined limits, should bestow its principal aid on feeble congregations in support of settled Pastors or stated supplies chosen by the people, keeping steadily in view, as its ultimate object, the permanent establishment of the preached gospel in places which might otherwise remain destitute. In the language of his First Report, "If the Millenium be within 175 years of us, as many, not without reason, sanguinely hope, we, if our

life be a little prolonged, are soon to see greater things than the last quarter of a century has unfolded, which, in themselves are wonders."

Alas! Dear Brother! "*little*," indeed, was *his* life "prolonged;" yet, in that *little* period, he saw accomplished all that he had predicted. In *three years and four months* from the organization of the Society in its national form, he had seen it sustaining from four to five hundred different Missionaries, and aiding from five to six hundred congregations in their support; the blessing of the Great Head of the Church had come down upon their labours; more than 3,000 souls had been hopefully converted through their instrumentality; the Bible-Class, the Sabbath-School and other plants of righteousness, by hundreds, had sprung up under the genial influence of their ministry, and many spots in the wilderness were becoming as the garden of God. These new and extraordinary results were animating to all who had any part in their accomplishment, and the zeal and devotedness of our departed friend, in the work, achieving still greater things for his country, and the cause of the church, were increased to the very close of his life, by these manifest tokens of the Divine favour.

In principle a Presbyterian, Mr Bruen admired the freedom which the constitution of our church, rightly administered, as well as the genius of our civil government, allows to the voluntary action of Christian benevolence. This he regarded as the glory of Presbyte-

rianism, that while it throws every practicable guard around the purity of the Christian profession and the ministerial character, it leaves, unobstructed, the sympathies of the whole body, to be moved by the woes of the world and urged to activity by the claims of Him who died that sinners might live. On this subject he had reflected much; had watched the results of the efforts of voluntary benevolent associations in this and in other countries, and had come to regard it as one of the brightest hopes of the church, that different portions of the body of Christ were more and more disposed to combine in an unrestrained effort to give salvation to the world. These sentiments were at the bottom of his attachment to the organization of the Society which he so faithfully served. Its action was voluntary. Its labour was the labour of love; and he felt that whatever he did for its advancement was preparing the way for the universal reign of the Saviour. With these sentiments he held on his way; and it is affecting that the last public service which he ever performed was on behalf of the Home Missionary Society, from which he returned to his home;—to die in a single week!

Though myself beyond the Alleghanies when the Committee assembled, and recorded their last official testimony of respect and affection to his memory,*

* In the following resolution. "Resolved, that this Committee feel, that the dispensation of divine Providence in the death of the Rev. Mathias Bruen, has removed one of their most active, intelligent, and devoted associates, one who

yet be assured, my heart still responds to every sentiment it expresses. Commending you to God and the word of his grace, with the little ones He has spared to you, I remain in the best of bonds,

Dear Madam,

Your friend in affliction,

Absalom Peters.

has been foremost in the zealous and industrious fulfilment of the important duties devolving on them, ever since the formation of the society; and that they here record their fond remembrance of the sweet counsel so long and so diligently shared with him, and their tender sympathy with his bereaved family and church.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr Peters remarks that "Mr Bruen had watched the result of the efforts of voluntary benevolent associations, and came to regard it as one of the brightest hopes of the church, that different portions of the body of Christ were more and more disposed to combine, in an unrestrained effort to give salvation to the world." As the echo of the controversy on voluntary associations has crossed the Atlantic, we have required an explanation of the subject in dispute. We learn then that the term voluntary association is employed in an arbitrary sense on this subject, not to distinguish voluntary from compulsory benevolent societies, for no such societies exist, but to distinguish associations which are formed by one body of Christians, and which might be termed *exclusive associations*, from those which comprehend Christians of every denomination who choose to join them, and which might be termed *mingled* associations. Thus, the Board of Missions, appointed annually by the General Assembly, under whose guidance it operates, and to

whom it reports, is an exclusive association. The American Home Missionary Society, on the contrary, embraces three religious denominations, namely, the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Dutch Reformed; receives contributions indiscriminately and elects its officers from any of the three denominations. It employs Missionaries from each of these; nevertheless, each missionary so appointed, generally labours for the advancement of the particular church to which he belongs. This society is under no ecclesiastical patronage, but depends on voluntary contributions, and is a complete example of what is meant by a voluntary association.

This style of association is suited to the genius of man as a social being—suited to the genius of christians, as uniting in mutual love, and above all, suited to the habits, and tastes, and ideas of freemen. It is not to be wondered at, that amid ancient hierarchies and intolerant establishments, men think and plan in bonds of which they are scarcely conscious; and instead of courageously striking out new schemes of usefulness irrespective of their former habits, that they rather timidly lay aside every plan that cannot operate with an adjustment to their accustomed order of things; being reconciled to the limitations for the sake of the benefits which they have derived from their old institutions. But that any set of people in a new country, which glories in its freedom, whose strength lies in its republican liberty, should be in-

clined to raise partition walls among the benevolent, and prevent the union of any because they are not both of Paul, or not both of Apollos, seems a voluntary assumption of unwonted bonds, and an utter dereliction of the spirit of that religion which is the spring and source of all benevolence. It is indeed a subject of surprise, that christians in a free country, should wish to refuse the co-operation of fellow christians, or so limit their exertions. To have, in short, every other possession unembarrassed, but to have the gospel in fetters, and christian energy bound.

Of the thousands who learn of Christ, there are scarcely hundreds who understand much about church government, and scarcely tens who occupy themselves with it. If the churches who associate to do good, hold the essentials of christian doctrine, surely the points on which they agree are the most important. Let us not in our ignorance and pride stand aloof from those who may be to us patterns of christian zeal; let us not burden our conscience with the thought that such and such great plans might have been forwarded, had our brotherly union been lent to the work. The spirit of God works on the various classes of human beings, by all varieties of instruments, and raises up here one engine, and there another; but none appears to partake of the catholic spirit that will at last pervade the church of Christ, so completely as a band of christians who unite from no other motive but that of love to their glorious Master,

and love to their fellow men. What more beautiful example of fraternal love has this century beheld, than that of the whole eastern and more ancient portion of the states, stretching out its blessings of education and a christian ministry to the recently peopled regions of the west? What more noble than that effort of the sympathy of a nation which seemed to rise as one man to the relief of the crushed, the oppressed, the bleeding Greeks! Are such great movements of mind the fruit of a sectarian spirit? Was it a sectarian spirit which formed, and has now well nigh accomplished the generous resolution to put a Bible into the hands of every family in the United States within two years? A resolution which has called up to many a British eye the tear of admiration, and has been seconded by many a British prayer. Did a sectarian spirit unite British and American missionaries in the south seas, in Palestine, in India? Is this the spirit which annihilates the Atlantic waves, and gathers from many a clime the sweet incense of united prayer before the throne of God, as if it ascended from one heart and one soul?

O surely the christians, if christians they be, who oppose themselves to voluntary associations, perceive not the evil they promote, nor the good which they frustrate. A society confining itself to an individual denomination, assures union in church government it is true; but that is but a cold and abstract point, not at all aiding by its influence the promotion of the be

nevolent object in view. Voluntary Associations on the other hand, imply union about the object to be obtained; where men's hearts being warmed by a generous enthusiasm, they urge each other forward, and emulate each other in devising means of help. It is no subject of surprise that the *ungodly* should abhor such an instrument. The power of combination, so well known in all political and mercantile concerns, seems to have lain domant in reference to the progress of religon till the last quarter of a century. But now that we have seen how the slender contribution of a penny a week by a very poor population, hearty in their object, is able to put in motion an engine irresistible in power, Satan may well tremble when such engines, aided by the prayers of thousands, are at work to overthrow his dominion.

In great Britain what do we not owe to Voluntary Associations! There did exist societies connected with the established churches. There was in England a prayer-book and homily society, and a society for promoting christian knowledge; and there was in Scotland also a society for propogating christian knowledge,—languid in their exertions, and limited in their extent. They seemed dozing in decrepit security. It is only of recent date that stimulated by the example of the Missionary, Bible, and Tract societies, &c., which cover the face of the United Kingdom, and which are all voluntary associations, these elder societies which are part and parcel of the es-

tablishments they belong to, have awakened themselves to a renovated existence, and to new exertion. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which has been so often extolled by American christians, and which they have taken for their model, is entirely a voluntary association; and woe to the day when it shall fall into the hands of any one denomination, though that should include the majority of the Christians of England.—On that day it will lose half its vitality, half its energy, half its prayers, and all the Catholic spirit of which it has formed so honourable an example.

These religious societies which have within these few years been formed in Paris, owe their very existence to the principle of voluntary association. If the scanty protestant population there had stood aloof from each other, and declined to unite with any but French protestants, to the exclusion of Swiss, or English protestants, or Lutherans, how could they have found enough of any one denomination to make an impression? It must surely be in the very reckless extravagance which plenty produces, that christians in America can afford to quarrel with voluntary associations. Let them be but tried by a Parisian famine, and how gladly would they grasp the hand of any brother disposed to combine with them, without pausing to weigh the minor points, on which it is well understood that they do not, and on which it is not essential that they should agree.

The injunction of our Lord Jesus Christ to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, cannot be obeyed if there are not mingled societies. For the various denominations which are dispersed over the face of the country, are in many instances too far removed from their parent churches to co-operate with them, and too feeble to act alone. A voluntary association gathers all in, and saves from lying unignited one spark of christian zeal or benevolence.

It may be that the American Bible Society receives contributions and employs agents of at least ten denominations. Now suppose that these, withdrawing the right hand of fellowship, and narrowing the expansive spirit of love which at first united them, were to split into ten societies—would not each denomination thus sacrifice nine-tenths of its power? Would not the exercise of the feeble tenth be embarrassed and counteracted by collision with any of the other nine? and to what end would this great sacrifice be made? For the gratification of that sectarian spirit, which looking away from the uniting Head of the Church, chills and formalizes itself by fixing its attention on the subdivided and erring members. Can it be thought that limitations which check the flow of mutual charity among the churches, can be the means of promoting charity in the unreclaimed world? Or can those who feel the privileges of freemen expect that they are to fetter the natural flow of benevolence by their boundary lines, with impunity? When Robert

Southey was made Poet Laureat, it was remarked that an extinguisher was put on his genius, "and that his *Carmen Triumphale* had no spark of his former fire." This seems a most natural result of restraint in things that ought to be spontaneous. Were every zealous Christian withdrawn from the schemes of Christian exertion in which he has voluntarily embarked, and constrained to work only in the Church with which he is connected, however much the withdrawn might be attached to their Churches, from that hour not only would their exertion, but, it is to be feared also their attachment decay,—and this not arising from a rebellious spirit which refuses to be guided, but from the impossibility of legislating for the mind. Your object may be a very good one, but it does not interest him, his heart was possessed by that which he had selected for himself. Your plans may be wise, but those in which he formerly co-operated seemed to him more judicious; they commanded all his energy.

Well do we remember the admiration of Mr Bruen of a little circumstance which occurred in 1818 when he was with his friends in Scotland. It was stated that an Independent minister was going to preach in the church yard on a Sabbath evening, and it was asked of the minister of the established church, "how he liked that?" "The preacher is a good man I believe," replied thepastor, and as an old brother minister said on a similar occasion, "they are a stiff-

necked people, they will take* us both." Mr B. had first looked dubiously, as if he expected it to be the duty of a minister of an establishment to be offended with this as an encroachment. The answer led to a discussion, which he often afterwards referred to, and which was brought forcibly to remembrance by what he says, as quoted in one of his letters, that "he believes in every body who believes in prayer." Those who "believe in prayer," of whatever denomination, when banded together for the good of souls, must surely be the means of bringing members into the church of Christ, and if into the church, then surely into some one of its denominations; and thus will not only the general churches but individual churches also be strengthened. How blindly then do those argue who would withhold their members from general exertion. It is the very means by which they shall gather in numbers to their own community. Sectarianism has in all countries been an impediment to the spread of the gospel. We are approaching the time when all such barriers shall be overthrown, and those who would partake of the holy peace of the latter day glories, must hasten to adjust their minds to that expanded spirit of liberality which will surely be its harbinger.

A young woman who had been brought up in the house of a pious father, under the ministry of an *old*

* A scotticism meaning "require."

light congregation, belonging to one of the *exclusive* sects in Scotland, went to London without having had her heart touched by the gospel. There she received the blessed tidings, and returned to the parental roof in dying circumstances. Her father's minister visited her, and the good man's countenance beamed with joy when he heard the language of a child of God from her lips. But where had she learned all this? Where had the blessed change been wrought? She heard it from Mr M. an Independent minister in London; she had opened her troubled heart to him; he had counselled her. His wife had opened her house to welcome her; they had been as parents to her.—At the word "Independent," the face of her pastor underwent so painful a change, that the ardour of the dying christian was checked. "O Sir, why do you look so, do they not belong to Christ?" "I cannot say," replied the good Anti-burgher, "I would *fain hope* they may, but surely there is a right way!" "Well Sir—Christ is the way, and Mr M. led me to him, what more could I want?" This little incident which is of but yesterday, is an example of thousands of a similar kind, where prejudice, or it may be, even a just preference on minor points pushed beyond its proper limits robs the heart of its lawful subjects of gratitude, and deprives it of sympathy with angels who have "joy in Heaven, when one sinner repenteth." In such a state of limitation were the Associate Reformed Presbyterians in America, when the rules

of his church obliged Dr Mason to refuse the refreshment of the Lord's supper to one who, he could not doubt belonged to the Lord. His efforts were eminently blessed in breaking down such barriers. Shall not some other christian be the happy and honoured instrument of removing obstacles to Voluntary Association, and hastening the unity of that church which has surely but one head, even the Lord Jesus Christ?

ERRATA.

Page 26, Revered, for reverend.
Page 28, Whose house was then as it still is, for, whose house then as still is.
Page 221, Indeed, for indesied,
Page 250, Dr Howe, for Dr How.
Page 282, If the country were free, for if the country is free.
Page 253, Those for these.
Page Sheppard, for Shippard,

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